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THE NEW YORKER

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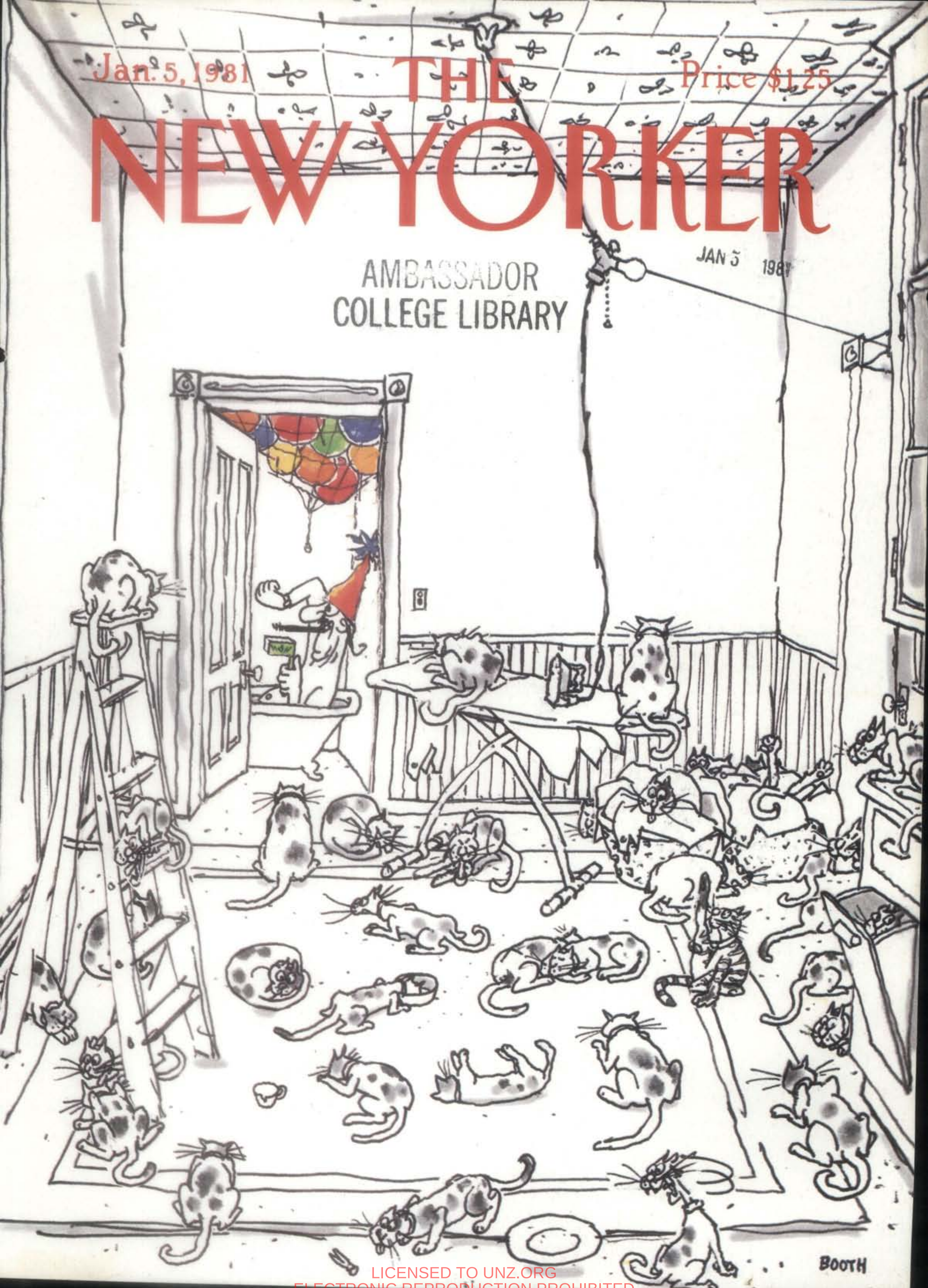

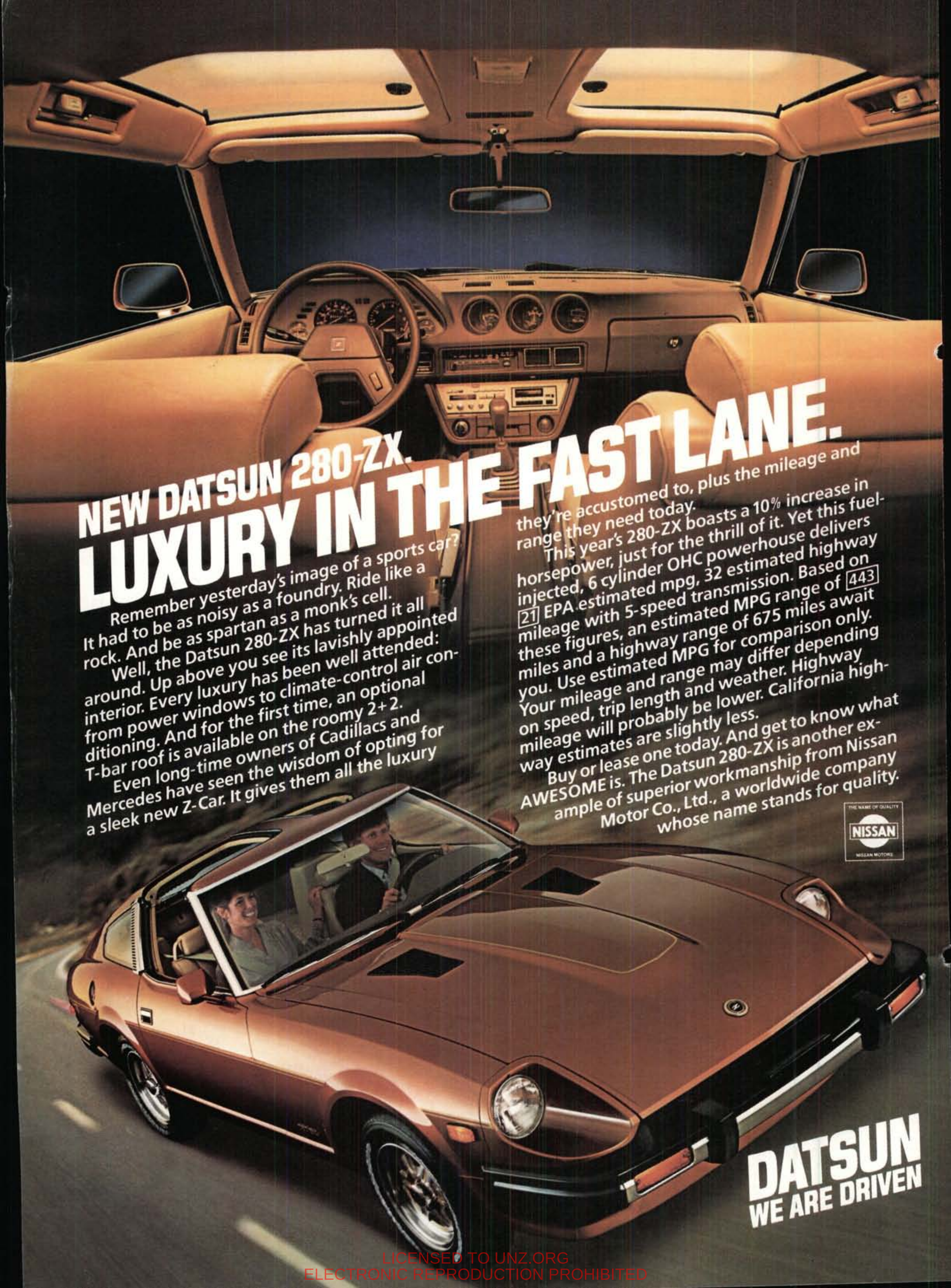

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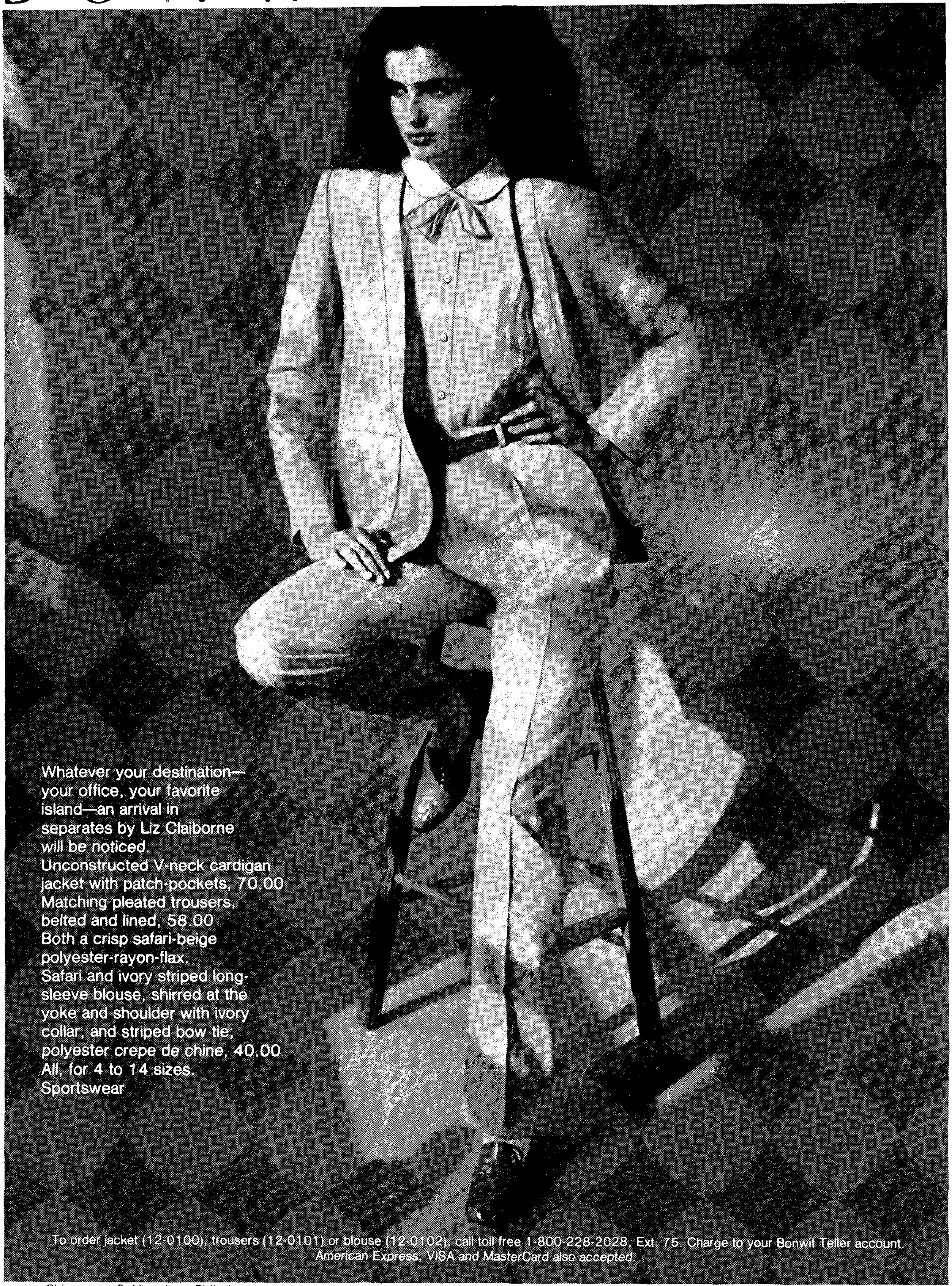

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Alice in Concert—Elizabeth Swados' musical based on Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass." Meryl Streep has the title role. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 18.)

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly, and Tim Curry is almost his match as Mozart. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 2.)

American Days—A new play by Stephen Poliakoff. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 31. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 1, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 25. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Barnum—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Brigadoon—The Lerner-Loewe musical is getting on in years, but then so is eighteenth-century Scotland, where the scene is laid. A flawless score, admirably sung, and the de Mille dance numbers are executed with zest and accuracy, Miss de Mille having been on hand to oversee them. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Chekhov Sketchbook—An adaptation by Joseph Buloff and Luba Kadison of three Chekhov short stories, "The Vagabond," "The Witch," and "In a Music Shop." With Frank Bara, Julie Garfield, Jeffrey De Munn, Stephen D. Newman, Jack O'Connell, and Mr. Buloff. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Chelsea Theatre Center—Presenting two plays. HIJINKS!, an ingenious and delightful musical adaptation of Clyde Fitch's Broadway hit (1901) "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." The score is made up of American songs of the nineteenth century, most of them familiar, and they are very well sung and danced to by the young, gifted company, under the imaginative direction of Robert Kalfin. With Joseph Kolinski, Jeannine Taylor, and Michael Connolly in the leading roles. (Reviewed in this issue.) Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . WE WON'T PAY!, WE WON'T PAY!, a comedy by Italian playwright Dario Fo. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory. Shakespeare's TWELFTH NIGHT: Lindsay Crouse is an enchanting Viola and Colin Stinton is a very good Feste in a lively, loose-limbed production under David Mamet's direction. Some of the clowning gets mighty trying, however. (12/29/80) Wednesday, Dec. 31, and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 8-9, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2. . . . ¶ Gerhart Hauptmann's play THE BEAVER COAT, translated by Michael Feingold, with Michael Ayr and Tanya Berezin at the head of the cast; directed by John Bishop: Thursday and Friday, Jan. 1-2, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 6-7, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—A play by Beth Henley, with Mary Beth Hurt, Mia Dillon, and Lizbeth MacKay. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays and New Year's Day, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 840-3800
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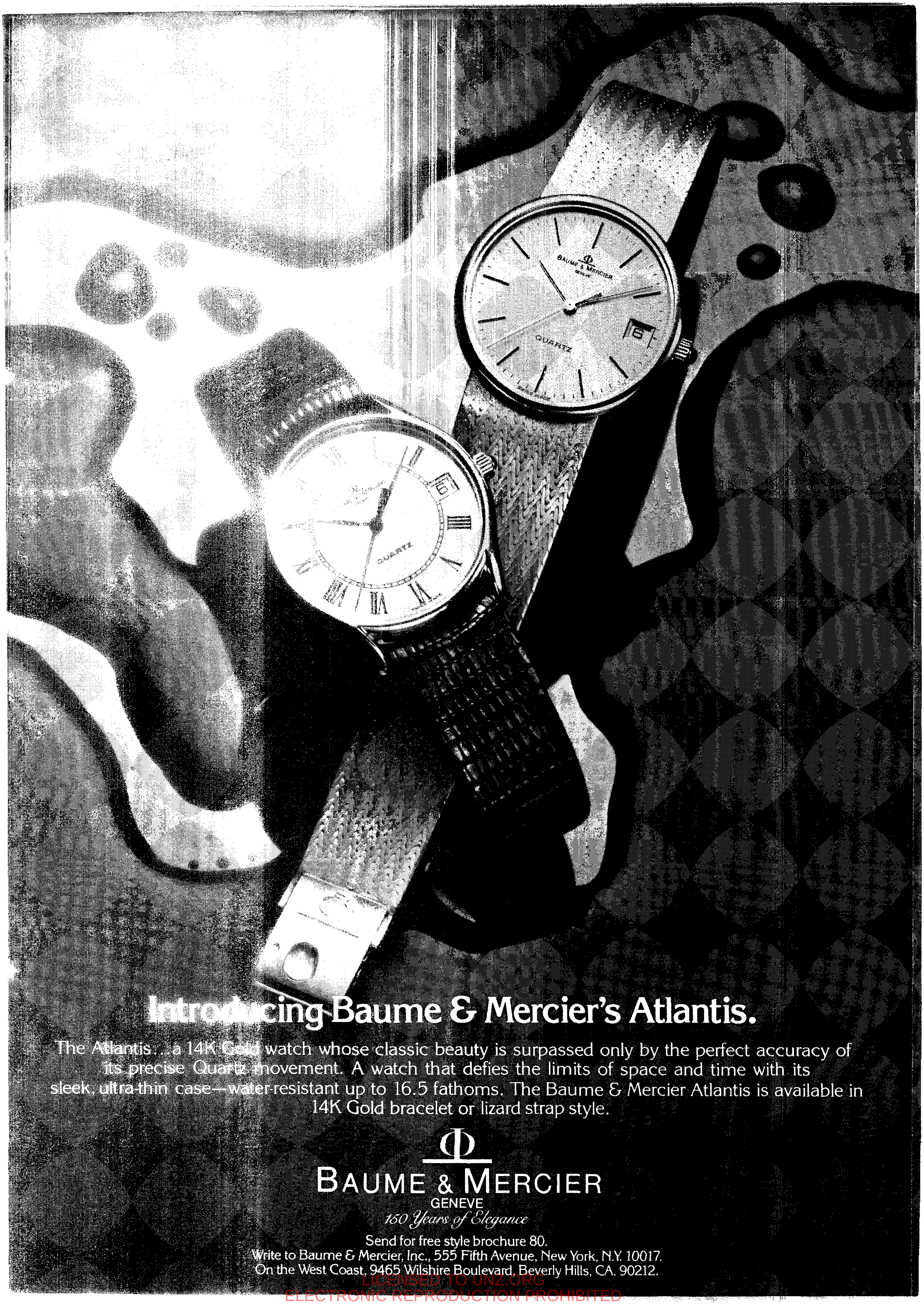
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LVI, No. 46, January 5, 1981. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1980 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $32.00. Other foreign, $36.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Don Juan in Hell—A revival of Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco, Arlene Francis, Paul Sparer, and Ronald Drake. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

An Evening with Joan Crawford—Lee Sparks portrays Joan Crawford in a play by Julian Neil. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8481. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Fifth of July—One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

42nd Street—Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Frankenstein—David Dukes has the title role in a play by Victor Gialanella, based on the novel by Mary Shelley. The cast also includes John Glover, Keith Jochim, and John Carradine. Tom Moore is the director. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 3. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 4. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Jan. 2, at 2.)

Home—A young playwright named Samm-Art Williams has composed a paean of hope and confidence about black life in the South. With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Friday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

John Gabriel Borkman—A late play by Ibsen, in which the old master was breaking out of the realistic, well-made box of a play that he had done so much to bring into being. With Rosemary Murphy, Irene Worth, and E. G. Marshall, directed by Austin Pendleton. (12/29/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Last Summer at Bluefish Cove—A comedy by Jane Chambers, with an all-female cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Lesson from Aloes—A tragedy about apartheid. The author, Athol Fugard, is a man of high principles, but his play is didactic and in want of dramatizing. (12/1/80) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life—Hugh Leonard is so eloquent a playwright that he is able single-handed to sustain the Irish reputation for having a way with words. The hero of this sad comedy is a "dry old stick" of a man, bitterly humorous even in the face of death. The excellent cast is headed by Roy Dotrice. (11/10/80) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Jan. 4: Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Jan. 7, Lehár's **the merry widow**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, Jan. 2, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 4 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 4. Thereafter, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL

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Lunch Hour—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, about a mild case of adultery in the Hamptons. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mixed Couples—A comedy by James Prideaux, with Julie Harris, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, and Michael Higgins as the leads. George Schaefer is the director. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2.)

Morning's at Seven—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The second in this season's series of four productions is **zooman and the sign**, a strong, accomplished play, by Charles Fuller, about the murder of a little girl by a vicious street kid and the effect of the killing on her shattered, courageous family. The production has been masterfully directed by Douglas Turner Ward, and the cast does him proud. With Giancarlo Esposito as the frightening Zooman; Mary Alice as the girl's mother; Ray Aranha as her brave father; and Alvin Alexis and Frances Foster, among others. (12/22/80) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Period of Adjustment—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Philadelphia Story—A delightful new production of Philip Barry's masterly examination—at once admiring and mocking—of life on the Main Line. Blythe Danner is the irresistible Tracy Lord. The gorgeous set is by John Conklin. (11/24/80) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

The Pirates of Penzance—The New York Shakespeare Festival's production of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, with Kevin Kline, Estelle Parsons, Linda Ronstadt, George Rose, and Rex Smith. The director is Wilford Leach. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 8. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays, except New Year's Eve, and Thursdays at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Friday, Jan. 2, at 3.)

Tintypes—Five young people, all exceptionally talented, singing and dancing and making delightful fun of our turn-of-the-century forebears. (11/3/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Jan. 2, at 3.)

Trixie True, Teen Detective—A campy disaster. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

True West—A play by Sam Shepard, with Peter Boyle, Georgine Hall, Tommy Lee Jones, and Louis Zorich. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Winslow Boy—A respectable, summer-stock kind of production of Terence Rattigan's play based on the actual case of a thirteen-year-old boy who is falsely accused of stealing a five-shilling note. With Remak Ramsay as the barrister who defends him. (11/10/80) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Wish Me Mazel-Tov—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays, except Jan. 7, at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special performance New Year's Day at 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

Long Runs—**ain't misbehavin'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **annie**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. With Alice Ghostley playing the role of Miss Hannigan. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas**: A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **children of a lesser god**: An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and David Ackroyd as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dancin'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing.

The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Robert Reed, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. On Sunday, Jan. 4, Mr. Bowie and Miss Elliott will leave the cast, and starting Tuesday, Jan. 6, Carole Shelley will return to the role of Mrs. Kendal. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,600 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays and New Year's Eve, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES:** The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wisecracking mind of Neil Simon. With Dick Latessa, Valerie Landsburg, and Bernice Massi. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** Why not? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Final performances Wednesday, Dec. 31 and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's Christmas show incorporates a hundred performers, a spectacle called the "Living Nativity," the singing of Chanukkah songs—and, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sunday at 2 and 6:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "The Mikado." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. New Year's Eve and Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2. For tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8; Friday, Jan. 2, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 1 and 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "In the Night," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Scotch Symphony," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Square Dance," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," "Sonatine," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Agon," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2: "Scotch Symphony," "In the Night," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," "Eight Easy Pieces," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 25—Saturday, Jan. 3, at 7:30 (a benefit performance), and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 7:30: "Bele," "Concerto Barocco," and "Scheherazade" (première). . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 6-7, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Adagietto No. 5," "Design with Strings," "The Beloved," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Jan. 8-9, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 8: "Four Temperaments," "Manifestations," and "Scheherazade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Pauline Koner Dance Consort—The first five performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 18—Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2: "The Beginnings," "The Farewell," and "Solitary Songs." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8: "La Malinche," "Poème," "Cantigas," and "Flight." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Mosaic," "Wingborne," "Cantigas," and "A Time of Crickets." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Phoebe Neville Dance Company—The first of ten performances of a program of contemporary dance. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 7-10, at 8. For tickets, call 477-1850.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. On Wednesday, Dec. 31, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, drummer **AL HAREWOOD,** bassist **LISLE ATKINSON,** and pianist **RICHARD WYANDS** get together on the tall bandstand; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, bassist **SAM JONES** will be present with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—This new club, named for the great Creole soprano saxophonist, is encrusted with mirrors. A trio made up of trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ,** pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** performs through Saturday, Jan. 3; on Monday, Jan. 5, a new trio—pianist **MIKE ABENE,** alto saxophonist **JERRY DODGION,** and a bassist—will take charge. Music from nine. Dining. Closed New Year's Day.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred seats—rock palace. The varied lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 31, singer **BETTY CARTER** and her backing trio *and* the **HEATH BROTHERS**—saxophonist **JIMMY,** bassist **PERCY,** and their quintet—too; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane bluesy-jazzy singer, pianist, and songwriter, and blueswoman **SIPPIE WALLACE;** Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, folkie Harry Chapin. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight; on New Year's Eve at nine-thirty and one-thirty. Dining. Closed New Year's Day.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, Jan. 3, and pianist **GEORGE CABLES** and his bassist beginning Monday, Jan. 5. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, works with pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty and from ten on New Year's Eve. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** holds court with his trusty sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBERT SCOTT**—at ten and midnight, until Saturday, Jan. 3, his last night before his midterm break. On Tuesday,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Jan. 6, Mr. Short's relief will arrive: it'll be, as usual, pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too. Closed New Year's Day. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—With its exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and general ramshackle feel, this downtown rock-and-roll club looks like exactly what it is: the ultimate garage—i.e., the place to which garage bands everywhere aspire. The musicians: Nitecaps, the Big Fat Pet Clams from Outer Space, and Telethon on Wednesday, Dec. 31; Thorns, Da Bronx, and the Parts on Thursday, Jan. 1; Shrapnel and Coolies on Friday, Jan. 2; and Helen Wheels Band and the Sic F**ks on Saturday, Jan. 3. Sunday through Tuesday, Jan. 4-6, will be audition nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings "Down Hearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976, and other tunes. Her shows begin Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and New Year's Eve at midnight. Sundays, **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. On Sunday, Jan. 4, trumpeter **GLENN ZOTTOLA** and drummer **BUTCH MILES** will co-pilot a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—*Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-*velvet walls, lots of people, but what really sets this place apart right now is the current entertainment—the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** and his quartet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Raw Sugar, a pop-soul troupe, performs through Sunday, Jan. 4; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 6-7, Vicki Sue Robinson will be singing here; and on Thursday, Jan. 8, **DAKOTA STATON,** a singer who comes across best on swinging, up-tempo blues-tinged numbers—her ballads tend to suffer from vibrato overload—will begin a three-night visit. On Monday, Jan. 5, tenor saxophonist **GARY BARTZ** will drop by to jam with bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND.** The first show gets underway after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **AL GAFA,** pianist **ANDY LA VERNE,** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA,** and Tuesdays, to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Saturdays from seven to ten and Sundays from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a juke box.) Stride pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is playing just about everything he can think of in his smooth, easy manner. He's at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** an obvious Wynton Kelly admirer, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

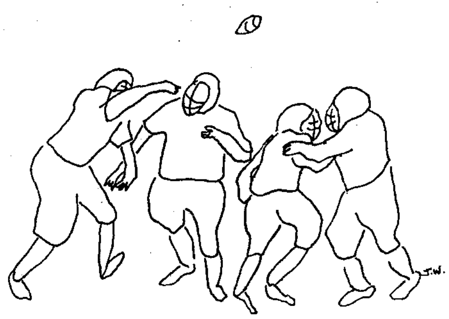
Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. The **MARTY NAPOLEON** trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine. On New Year's Eve, the Napoleon trio will alternate with a dance band from nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Unlike a lot of Hurrah's rock-disco competition, this second-floor space is amply large, its ceilings are quite high, and its video monitors are aimed from above in several directions, all of which makes it possible for one not to feel trapped or gulp for air or miss a hot video recording of David Bowie. The live-entertainment schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 31, Gang of Four, Mekons, and Au Pairs; Friday, Jan. 2, **DEADLINE,** a new dissonance-and-blues dance band comprising **PHILLIP WILSON, BILL LASWELL, FRED MAHER,** and **MICHAEL BEINHORN,** and the Del-Byzanteens; and Saturday, Jan. 3, Method Actors and the Nitecaps. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Closed New Year's Day.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, one will find a built-in balcony loft from which one can survey the whole room, appreciate at least one cheering fire going (there are two fireplaces), and listen to **JOE (BEBOP) CARROLL,** who'll be singing here on Wednesday, Dec. 31, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, and to flutist **JEREMY STEIG** and his group on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10. On Sundays, composer, arranger, guitarist, percussionist, and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** directs a ten-piece loose and limber rehearsal-style Brazilian jazz band. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** pilots a combo.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed New Year's Day.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA,** make the music through Saturday, Jan. 3; on Tuesday, Jan. 6, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **SAM JONES** will arrive. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** play on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.



Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than Dallas. The musical standouts: Texas Jewish cowboy and folk humorist Kinky Friedman on Sunday, Jan. 4; rockabilly singer Billy Burnette on Monday, Jan. 5; **LEVON HELM,** the lively Arkansas singer and drummer who was with the Band for years and who is now working with the **CATE BROTHERS**—pianist **ERNIE** and guitarist **EARL,** country-rocking compatriots from Arkansas—on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 6-7; and **SAM & DAVE,** the stirring pink-polyester-tuxedoed soul singers on Thursday, Jan. 8. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. Baritone **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** is here through Saturday, Jan. 3; on Monday, Jan. 5, Freda Payne and her soul-flavored backing crew will move in. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty, and New Year's Eve at eleven. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 31, **BUZZ & THE FLYERS** and Tish & Snooky; Friday, Jan. 2, Lenny Kaye and Wayne Kramer; Saturday, Jan. 3, Original Heat and Cheap Perfume; Monday, Jan. 5, Private Eyes and Fabians; and Tuesday, Jan. 6, Butch Lust & Disgrace. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN'S** Perfect Jazz Repertory Quintet—trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN,** clarinettist **PHIL BODNER,** bassist **MILT HINTON,** and drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**—are on hand through Saturday, Jan. 3. The repertory: Irving Berlin songs. On Tuesday, Jan. 6, **CARRIE SMITH,** who possesses a big, resounding voice and who, last year, paid tribute in this club to Bessie Smith, will begin another tribute, this one to the late gospel singer Sister Rosetta Tharpe. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Colombus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Dec. 31, belongs to **DEFUNKT;** a fine swinging D. & B. quintet led by the swaggering trombonist, singer, and songwriter **JOE BOWIE;** on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, flutist Bobbi Humphrey will lead her band. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** On New Year's Eve, the Strange Party will play for rock dancing from ten. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. On Wednesday, Dec. 31, the **PERSUASIONS,** a quintet, sing their sublime street-corner a-cappella soul numbers. The rest of the schedule: Saturday, Jan. 3, the Others and Ronnie & the Jitters; Thursday, Jan. 8, Will Rambeau and Davitt Sigerson; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, folk-singer Jim Dawson. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—An upstairs jazz room and bar. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 3, **JAMES MOODY,** who plays tenor sax and flute and sings and tells one-liners, too, will be working with pianist **KENNY BARRON'S** trio; on Sunday, Jan. 4, pianist **STEVE KUHN,** vocalist **SHEILA JORDAN,** bassist **HARVIE**

SWARTZ, and drummer **BOB MOSES** will perform; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 5-7, baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS** will head up a quartet; and on Thursday, Jan. 8, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** will turn up with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND**, and pianist **KENNY KIRKLAND**. Music from about ten. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room. which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. On New Year's Eve, Mr. Lyon guides a dance trio from ten to two. No music New Year's Day.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** and his band play bouncy dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. Wednesday, Dec. 31, Kid Creole & the Coconuts; Blue Angel, and Ronnie Spector; Friday, Jan. 2, Randy Hansen and 4 Out of 5 Doctors; Saturday, Jan. 3, Jonathan Richman; Monday, Jan. 5, Hooks; and Tuesday, Jan. 6, Pieces. Music begins usually after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, an uninspired tribute to Gershwin continues, with Annie Jo Edwards, Maureen Brennen, Ed Evanko, and Ira Hawkins comprising the singing and hoofing cast. Mondays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, at nine-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and New Year's Eve at nine-thirty. Dining.

SALT PEANUTS, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Convenient to SoHo (South of Houston), NoHo (North of Houston), Tribeca (Triangle Below Canal), and Benthwesh (Beneath the West Side Highway). The club is actually worth a trip from any part of the city. Pianist **RANDY WESTON**, who doesn't perform too often in town, plays his bluesy, African-inspired music with his trio through Saturday, Jan. 3; on Monday, Jan. 5, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, drummer **ART TAYLOR** will team up with pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.** Music nightly, except Sundays, from ten to four. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A spacious, airy, second-floor room. The jazz and jazz-rock roster: Wednesday, Dec. 31, the **BRECKER BROTHERS** quintet; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, **SYBIL THOMAS**, a lively young R. & B. singer, and saxophonist **DAVID SANBORN**; Sunday, Jan. 4, a bop trio consisting of guitarist **EMILY REMMLER**, bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**, and drummer **BOB MOSES**; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 6-7, **BOB MOSES'** group, which will feature bassist **STEVE SWALLOW** and saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**; and beginning Thursday, Jan. 8, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA'S** sextet. Music from ten to two nightly. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Another outlet for absolutely first-rate piano-bass teams: **NORMAN SIMMONS** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** will perform Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3; and on Wednesday, Jan. 7, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will come in. Music from nine-thirty. Sundays and Mondays, Johnny (Blue Boy) Perry plays piano from eight to midnight. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON'S** band is here through Saturday, Jan. 3; on Monday, Jan. 5, **JON HENDRICKS** and his singing family will move in for five nights. Sundays belong to singer **CHRIS CONNOR**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Pianist **VALERIE CAPERS** and

The Fashion Scene; Cream of the Classics...ribbed knits by **bleyle** pairs a jacket with easy-mannered slacks; to fly with them, a seagull print knit shirt in kindred colors.

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her trio will be around, and so will drummer-proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** and *his* trio, through Saturday, Jan. 3, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10. On Mondays, drummer **STEVE MC CALL** leads a quartet; and on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 6-7, percussionist **AZZEDIN WESTON** (son of pianist-composer Randy) will be in charge of a quartet. Sundays belong to the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio (that's drums, piano, and bass); they start at eight-thirty. The music begins after nine-thirty other nights. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A mostly blues-and-R. & B. lineup. On Wednesday, Dec. 31 (and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, too), **SOLOMON BURKE,** former boy preacher and sixties soul star, sings in the new year. Mr. Burke is wonderfully expressive whether he's singing loud and strafing or soft and low and has the knack of getting his audiences considerably worked up. He will be backed by the **REALTONES,** a vibrant young local R. & B. sextet. On Sunday, Jan. 4, the Duke Robillard Blues Band will perform. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dancing. Closed New Year's Day.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: **MINK DE VILLE,** a rock and blues outfit, and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL,** an East Orange, N.J., a-cappella quintet, on Wednesday, Dec. 31; **AVERAGE WHITE BAND,** a Scottish blues sextet, on Friday, Jan. 2; Outcasts and Stimulators on Saturday, Jan. 3; and Bootcamp on Tuesday, Jan. 6. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing. Closed New Year's Day.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On New Year's Eve: in the capacious downstairs room, tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** heads up his group; upstairs, in the Top of the Gate, trumpeter **DICK VANCE** & the New Orleans Blues Serenaders alternates with guitarist **TINY GRIMES's** quartet. All this begins sometime after ten-thirty. Mondays are given over to a salsa band, which begins playing at nine. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here, and none are necessary. Tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** is leading his sextet through Sunday, Jan. 4; starting Tuesday, Jan. 6, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** will carry on the Lennie Tristano tradition with his quartet. The **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Tony Regusis Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. The Swing to Bop quintet, with baritone saxophonist Harold Cumberbatch and trumpeter Ed Lewis, performs on Wednesday, Dec. 31; Friday through Tuesday, Jan. 2-6, the **COUNTSMEN**—ex-Basie-ites **DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN,** and their quintet—will play some Kansas City-style music; and Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 7-10, clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will lead his Ellington-minded quartet, Ellingtonia. Music from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ASHFORD & SIMPSON—With Grace Jones. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 10:30.)

TWISTED SISTER—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

BOB JAMES, HARVEY MASON, AND MARK COLBY—With Patti Austin. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

STRING TRIO OF NEW YORK—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.

KIRK NUROCK, HARVIE SWARTZ, AND JAY CLAYTON—New Music Loft, 246 Eighth Ave., at 23rd St. 624-3250. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 10-11, at 8.

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THE POLICE—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, Dec. 31: Jimmy Cobb trio. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts around 9:30.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 9: Charles Tyler Ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Frank Sinatra, Sarah Vaughan, Rich Little, and Count Basie and his orchestra in a program to benefit the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 997-0105.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day, and some are likely to close early on New Year's Eve.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—A performing seal painted red, white, and blue and balancing a circusy trinket on his nose is typical of the cheerful standing mobiles in this exhibit, many of them never shown in public before. Through Friday, Jan. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

CLARENCE H. CARTER / JULIO LARRAZ—Paintings and drawings from the twenties through the forties by a realist. Two of the tipoff titles are "Good Crop" and "War Bride." / Still-lifes, but not in the strictest sense. "The Spy Ship," for instance, depicts a kerosene lantern and a nearly hidden camera in a large basket of produce. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

YURI KUPER—Large watercolor and tempera renditions of time-worn surfaces—doors, for the most part. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

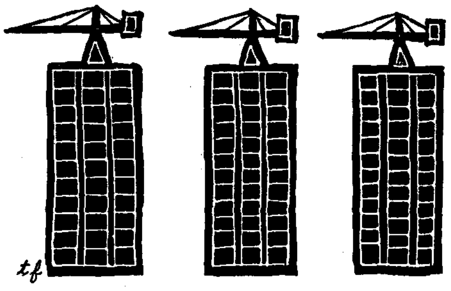
EDWARD LARSON—George Washington, Daniel Boone, and John Dillinger are three of the heroes celebrated on quilts designed by the artist and stitched up by rural Midwestern quilters. There are also twenty hand-carved whirligigs and weathervanes. Through Wednesday, Jan. 7. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

KNOX MARTIN—Sculptures and paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

GEOFFREY SWINDELL—Small, delicate pottery with fragile patterns, handmade by a Welsh master of the art. Through Friday, Jan. 9. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 6-9.)

PIET ZWART (1885-1977)—Calendars, catalogues, advertisements, and photographs by the Dutch designer and typographer. Through Friday, Jan. 9. (Ex Libris, 160A E. 70th St. Open Monday through Friday, Jan. 5-9.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.: Monotypes by Kenneth Callahan, Joe Lasker, Andrée Ruellan, and Linda Sokolowski. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY,** 22 E. 80th St.: Drawings by Marsden Hartley, watercolors by George Ault, and other works on paper by Dan Christensen, Kikuo Saito, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Open Mondays.)



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MORDECAI ARDON—Thirty paintings executed between 1967 and 1980 by an Israeli artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER—Marble sculptures (beige shell and Belgium black) that are alternately roughly chiselled and smoothly polished. Through Thursday, Jan. 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.)

CLAUDIO—The stark white architecture of Greece, with the Aegean in the background, is the subject of most of these acrylic paintings by a Brazilian artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD FLEISCHNER / EZRA STOLLER—Drawings and photographs, both related to a sculpture the artist recently completed in Woodlawn, Maryland. / Photographs of architecture, 1939-80. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, Jan. 2.)

MELANIE GREENE—Large floral watercolors evocative of both Art Nouveau designs and Japanese scrolls. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

NANCY GROSSMAN—Hand-carved life-size wooden heads sewn up in a leather skin with openings for the nose, eyes, and, occasionally, mouth. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

JOHN GUNDELFINGER—New gouaches by a landscapist. Through Thursday, Jan. 8. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Paintings from the last decade of his career, including the familiar colorful abstract thunderclaps; also a small number of modestly representational landscapes and interiors from the thirties. Through Jan. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JESS—Large montages composed of clippings from a wide variety of sources—saccharine figures in advertisements, Winslow Homer reproductions, antique steel engravings, Bruegel prints, anatomical charts. Through Jan. 16. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

WILLIAM KORTLANDER—Sunlit cumulus clouds rising above the Ohio woodlands are a favorite subject for this artist, a fifth-generation landscape painter. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.)

MICHAEL MAZUR—Monotypes. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JUDITH MURRAY—Sharp-edge abstract paintings and drawings, predominantly in red, black, and ochre. Through Friday, Jan. 2. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD SHAW—Stick-man figures, three feet tall, with paint cans for the head and body, and broomsticks for arms and legs—except that the cans and the sticks and everything else are exactly reproduced in porcelain. There are also stacks of books and letters and playing cards, also exactly reproduced. Through Friday, Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

HARRIET SHORR—Oil paintings in which flowers are deftly distributed on solid-color (more or less) backgrounds—anemones, tulips, peonies, gladiolus, orchids—sometimes along with a piece of jewelry. Through Jan. 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.)

CARL NICHOLAS TITOLO—Paintings of landscapes, interiors, dancing figures, in this artist's usual vein. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Open Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 6-10.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Three paintings each by Richard Diebenkorn, Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, and Frank Stella make up the inaugural exhibit in this gallery's new quarters. Through Jan. 31. . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Travel sketches by Louis Kahn and collages by Richard Meier are among the works in "Art by Architects." Through Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St.: A black-and-white show that contains some impressive nuggets—drawings by Matisse, Adolph Gottlieb, Larry Rivers, and Tom Wesselmann, for instance, and sculptures by Bolotowsky and Louise Nevelson. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: A rousing exhibition of American painting which ranges from 1750 to the present but concentrates on recent realists—Burchfield, Levine, O'Keeffe, Marsh, Marin, Demuth, and so on. Through Friday, Jan. 9. (Open Mondays; closed Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3.) . . . **SUMMIT,** 101 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Ethel Edwards, Xavier Gonzales, Lucia Salemme, and Hank Virgona. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Closed Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Abstract works by East Hampton artists done during the vintage years 1946-56, including pieces by Pollock, Motherwell, de Kooning, Ossorio, and thirteen others. This show was originally organized for an exhibition at the American Cultural Center in Paris last year. Through Saturday, Jan. 3.

GALLERIES—SoHo

EUNICE GOLDEN—Reclining male nudes seen against quilt-like patterns. Through Jan. 21. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

NATHAN OLIVEIRA—Large, pale, misty abstract paintings, with deliberately ambiguous elements. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

ED PASCHKE—Figure paintings that border on surrealism. Through Wednesday, Jan. 7. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

JIM SULLIVAN—Large figurative paintings by an artist who combines swift draftsmanship with thickly laid-on acrylic buildups. Through Jan. 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

MICHAEL TRACY—Deliberately gruesome paintings and sculptures, involving acrylics, oil, knives and swords, blood, and human hair. Through Thursday, Jan. 8. (Boone, 420 West Broadway. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works by eleven emerging artists chosen through the Center's screening process. Included are decorated papier-mâché schools of fish by Armand Conine; small, skillful pencil drawings with a wry humor by Mark Tansey; and outsize watercolors of some regal swans by William Garbe. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday, Jan. 7, until 8.) . . . **JACK,** 138 Prince St.: A holiday show of works by fourteen artists, among them Erté, Douglas Hofmann, Knox Martin, and Juan Sanchez. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: Drawings as well as paintings and sculptures by a hundred and eighteen artists. Through Thursday, Jan. 8. (Opens at 11:30.) . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Drawings and paintings on paper by American and Italian artists who fall in the category known as New Image: Troy Brauntuch, David Salle, Ernesto Tatafiore, and Sandro Chia are among them. Through Jan. 14. . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: Twenty or so artists, among them Eric Fischl, John Lee, and David True, are represented in this show of contemporary drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 10.

PHOTOGRAPHY

EVE ARNOLD—A show of color photographs of China taken in 1979 has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MICHAEL BISHOP / NICHOLAS NIXON—Color photographs that include views of small cities and rural areas. / 8x10 portraits. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON / BRASSAÏ—A small group of vintage prints from the thirties and forties are compared with those same works printed in the seventies. / Nineteen photographs in the "Secret Paris of the Thirties" series. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—About twenty photographs showing winter in New York. Through Jan. 15. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

DUANE MICHALS—Photographs on which oil still-lifes (or portraits or landscapes) are painted;

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Sun. Jan. 4, noon-5 p.m.
Mon. Jan. 5, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.
Tues. Jan. 6, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

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photographs and ink drawings of identical subjects; and works with images in sequence. Through Tuesday, Jan. 6. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gjon Mili / Robert Bourdeau—A retrospective of the works of a *Life* photojournalist responsible for introducing high-speed electronic flash units into the craft. / Contact prints of Utah mountains, the British Isles, and Canada. Through Jan. 18. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Lucas Samaras—Polaroids: large-scale and not-so-large, some of them manipulated, and all showing Samaras with nude models. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Philip Trager—Fifty black-and-white photographs of Manhattan architecture. Through March 1. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann / Charles Pratt (1926-76)—Montages, many stemming from a visit to Japan. / Wilderness photographs by an artist whose work appeared in *Audubon* and *Natural History*. Through Jan. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Nineteenth-Century French Photographs—Portraits by Nadar, landscapes by Gustave Le Gray, architectural studies by Edouard-Denis Baldus, and other daguerreotypes and photographs dated 1880 and earlier. A loan from the Bibliothèque Nationale, at the Metropolitan Museum; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. The costumes, worn by the ruling families and other aristocrats during the three-hundred year dynasty that ended in 1911, were designed according to strict rules and revealed at a glance the precise rank of the wearer—the five-clawed dragon, for instance, adorned the yellow robe of the emperor. . . . ¶ An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A showing of Hans Hofmann's "Renate" series; the nine paintings were completed shortly before his death, in 1966. . . . **photography:** Nineteenth-century French photographs. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Joseph Cornell retrospective consisting of two hundred assemblages in boxes and seventy-five collages. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ "The Symbolist Aesthetic," a show of drawings, prints, and other works by late-nineteenth-century European artists (Gauguin, Ensor, Munch, Redon). Through March 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evening, Jan. 8, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of German Expressionist paintings, drawings, and prints, centering on that movement's leading exponents—Nolde, Kirchner, Heckel, Marc, Kandinsky, Kokoschka, and Beckmann. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons, going on to his earnest art-student studies, and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the renowned paintings are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, from the permanent collection. Through Feb. 8. . . . **composers' showcase:** On Monday, Jan. 5, at 9:30: An enormous benefit program entitled "An American Cabaret Honoring Mabel Mercer," with a couple of dozen of her disciples. For tickets, call 879-2236. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 7 and 9:30: Steve Reich and Musicians performing Mr. Reich's compositions, including the world première of "My Name Is: Ensemble Portrait.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8: Two premières: The Sun Ra Arkestra performing their own composition; and the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble performing a work by Louise Talma, with soloists Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano; and Paul Sperry, tenor. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8: "An Evening with Elliott Carter, Lukas Foss, and Earle Brown," all three of whom will perform (their own music and Gunther Schuller's), with added commentary. Other musicians will include Speculum Musicae; Paul Jacobs, piano; and Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano. Tickets for Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 6-8, are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

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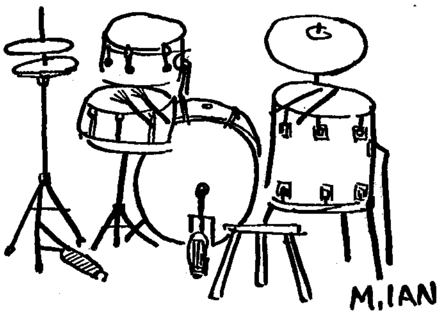
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Through Jan. 18. Admission to this exhibit by ticket only; first come, first served. . . . ¶ "American Drawing in Black and White: 1970-80," works by such artists as Johns, Dine, and Motherwell. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A show of furniture, ceramics, and other objects of twentieth-century American design. Stickley, Noguchi, Eames, and others are represented. Through Feb. 8. . . . **photography:** Eve Arnold showing prints on China 1979. Through Jan. 11. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. Closed New Year's Day.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the mythical figure so popular in medieval art—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A treatise on functional domestic wares, both historical (a fifteenth-century alcove bed, a prototype of Buckminster Fuller's 1937 "Dymaxion" bathroom) and ecumenical (chopsticks, a fifty-piece Tiffany place setting). Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A display of more than fifty plans for Central Park drawn up by the architectural firm headed by Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibition of books, manuscripts, and other matter from the Lilly Library of Indiana University. The collection has works on the sciences (a first edition, 1833, of Beaumont's "Observations on the Gastric Juice . . . "), history (a first printed draft of the Constitution), and literature (manuscript copies of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" and "Oil!," Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," and Ian Fleming's "From Russia, With Love"). Through Feb. 7. (Open daily except Sundays and New Year's Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)



Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of paintings on scrolls, screens, and fans from the Rimpa school, which was originated in seventeenth-century Japan by a calligrapher and potter, Kōetsu, and a fan-shop owner, Sōtatsu, who themselves were greatly influenced by twelfth-century Heian-style painting, wherein a story, calligraphy, and decoration are unified in a single work. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. (Open daily, except New Year's Day, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East taken nearly a hundred years ago by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Sunday, Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts and fifty single leaves. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Small Folk," an exhibit of folk art made for children—stuffed animals, doll furniture, sleds, rocking horses, quilts. The earliest item is a 1771 checkerboard game. Through Feb. 1. A companion show is at the New-York Historical Society; see below. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W. at 77th St.—"Small Folk," a display of American art works and other data that relate to children of the seventeenth century through the nineteenth: paintings of children, samplers and other hand-designed records of their vital statistics, infant furniture, and devices used to instill religion and an education. Through Feb. 1. This exhibit dovetails with one at the Museum of American Folk Art; see above. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. On view are a copy of his first printed work (published privately by Stephen Spender in a limited edition of twenty-five), a number of other compositions, both in typescript and manuscript, and selections from fourteen notebooks. Many photographs. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculptures by George Smith. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings of Edward Clark. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 11 to 6.—A number of artists (Valerie Jaudon, Mary Grigoriadis, William Wegman) showing various works—freestanding columns, oils, line drawings, fabric-and-paper collages—that owe some debt to the ornamental patterns in Islamic art. Through Jan. 31.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, noon to 6.—Gina Pane (performance), Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; Ann Sulkovsky (video), starts Wednesday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Mark Mendel's poetry is exhibited, movie-marquee style, on plastic signboards, through Saturday, Jan. 3.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 1 to 6. Performances start at 8:30.—Julius Hemphill (music with videotapes), Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3; a retrospective of Fred Simon's videotapes, Sunday, Jan. 4; Marta Renzi & Dancers, Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 8-11. . . . ¶ "Training for Leisure," an installation by Mike Glier, an artist who claims that "desire is collapsing" and makes his point via videotapes and slides, props (a double bed with black-light effects), and Muzak. Through Saturday, Jan. 3.

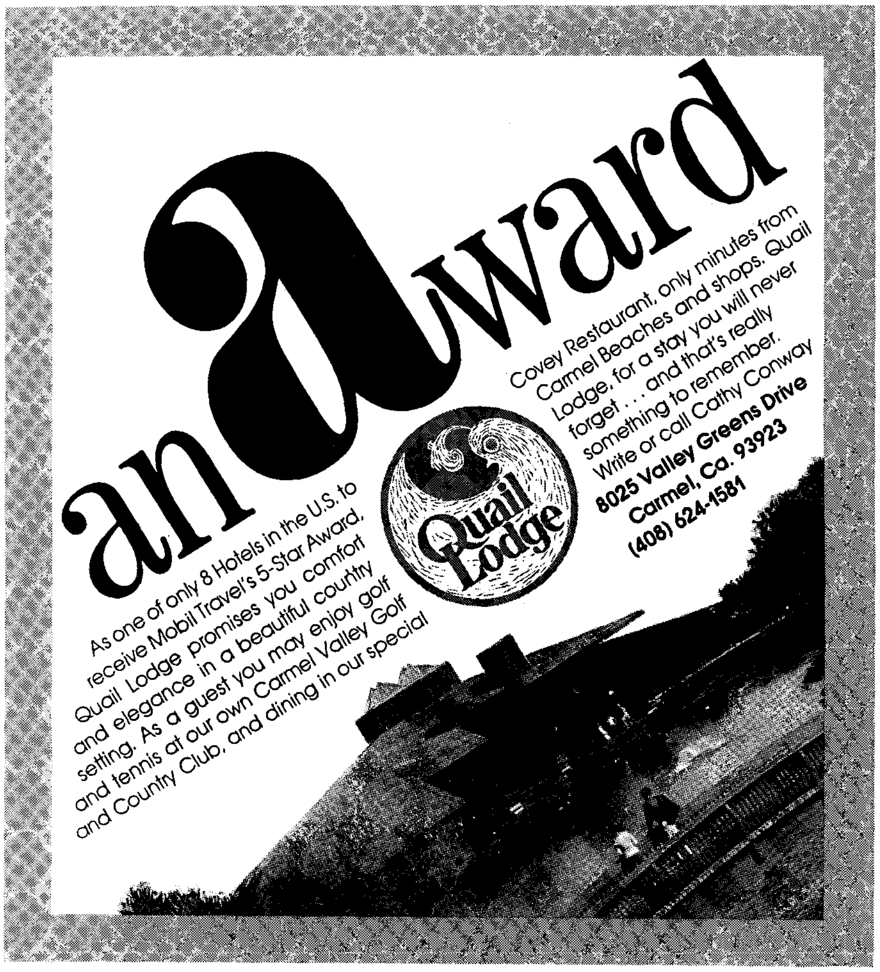
P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, except New Year's Day, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition of watercolors as well as individual shows by such artists as Christo (sculptures), Catherine Porter-Scully (paintings), and Barbara Kruger (photographs). Through Jan. 25.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, Geraldine Decker, Carlo Bini, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Craig, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Brian Schexnayder, and Philip Creech. David Stivender conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 1, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Brenda Boozer, Jean Kraft, Rosalind Elias, Allan Monk, Louise Wohlafka, and Loretta Di Franco; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2: "Lulu," with Teresa Stratas, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, Frank Little, Franz Mazura, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, Geraldine Decker, Carlo Bini, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Craig, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Brian Schexnayder, and Philip Creech. David Stivender conducting both. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Brenda Boozer, Jean Kraft, Rosalind Elias, Allan Monk, Louise Wohlafka, and Loretta Di Franco; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, Geraldine Decker, Carlo Bini, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Brian Schexnayder, and Philip Creech. David Stivender conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Brenda Boozer, Jean Kraft, Rosalind Elias, Allan Monk, Louise Wohlafka, and Loretta Di Franco; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Spas Wenkoff, Donald McIntyre, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones,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Geraldine Decker, Carlo Bini, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Brian Schexnayder, and Philip Creech. David Stivender conducting both.

THE PLAY OF ST. NICHOLAS—A twelfth-century musical drama, performed by members of the Ensemble for Early Music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 1-2, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 4 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 4. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); Friday, Jan. 2, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 7:30: A Haydn-Mozart-Johann Strauss program, with Young-Uck Kim, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8; Friday, Jan. 9, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 7:30: An Elgar-Bruckner program, with Lorne Munroe, cello.

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting the last in a series of concerts presenting Bach's Brandenburg Concertos. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Hamao Fujiwara and Curtis Macomber, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing a program of Renaissance and twentieth-century music from France and Italy. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

ITZHAK PERLMAN—Violin, in a Tartini-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Five members of the Ensemble, under the name of Guido's Other Hand, performing a program of German Renaissance music. With Jane Bryden, soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Wendy Gillespie, viola da gamba; and Jack Kulowitch, bass. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

FREDERICK ZLOTKIN—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

LUCIANO PAVAROTTI—Tenor. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3.)

HARVEY PHILLIPS—Tuba, with the Primavera String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3.)

BETHANY BEARDSLEE AND RICHARD GOODE—Soprano and piano, in an all-Schumann program. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

JEROME LOWENTHAL—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

JOSÉ FIGUEROA—Violin, assisted by eight members of his musical family. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Samuel Rhodes and Michael Tree, viola; and Sharon Robinson and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 6-7, at 8.)

ANDRZEJ WASOWSKI—Piano, in a performance of the complete Chopin mazurkas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

CLEVELAND QUARTET—The first in a series of four concerts presenting the complete quartets of Bartók and Mendelssohn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—The third and fourth in a series of eight concerts of music from medieval and Renaissance times. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 8, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

CALLIOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND—Lucy Bardo, Lawrence Benz, Allan Dean, and Ben Harms, who among them play more than a dozen early instruments. With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCM—A program of music by Michael Eckert, Barbara Kolb, Edwin London, Olly Wilson, and Ramon Zupko, performed by Alia III, a chamber ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

ALL-BEETHOVEN CONCERT—Jens Nygaard conducting members of the Jupiter Symphony, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Joel Krosnick, cello; Jane Bryden, soprano; and Mary Alderdice and Mr. Nygaard, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

ORPHEUS TRIO—Paula Robison, flute; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Heidi Lehwalder, harp, with Dong-Suk Kang, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2.)

CONCORD STRING QUARTET—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2.)

KIM KASHKASHIAN—Viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; André-Michel Schub, piano; and the Gabrieli String Quartet. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

PETER FRANKL—Piano, in a Bartók-Beethoven program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Thursday, Jan. 8, at 7:35. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER:** Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, Jan. 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Wednesday, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Friday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Friday, Jan. 9. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Jan. 10. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Display Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 31; the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 3; and the Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Thursday, Jan. 1, through Saturday, March 14.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8, from Friday, Jan. 9, through Saturday, Aug. 8.

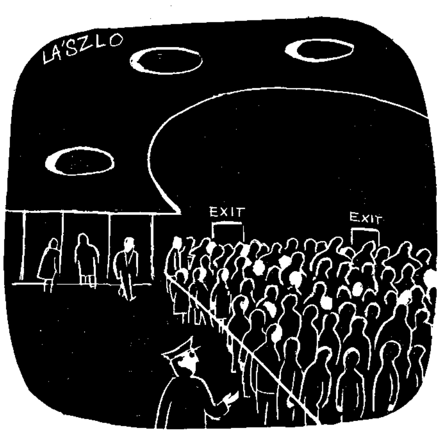
ET ALIA

PROSE READINGS—The seventh annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by nearly a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8, through the evening of Friday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 8, at 2: Seventeenth-century Dutch paintings, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. J. Seward Johnson. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, immediately following the Johnson sale: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century drawings and watercolors. Exhibition hours: Saturday through Tuesday, Jan. 3-6, from 10 to 5.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 15. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Empire of Passion." (No performances on Monday, Jan. 5.)

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"La Cage aux Folles."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 1: "Private Benjamin" and "Honeysuckle Rose."
Jan. 2-8: "Private Benjamin" and "Gilda Live."
From Jan. 9: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Stir Crazy."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Popeye."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"First Family."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Seems Like Old Times."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 8: "Flash Gordon."
From Jan. 9: "Hanger 18."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"9 to 5."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Formula."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Inside Moves."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Tribute."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Any Which Way You Can."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Stir Crazy."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Change of Seasons."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Altered States."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raging Bull."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Seems Like Old Times."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"First Family."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Tell Me a Riddle."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Competition."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 8: "Private Benjamin."
From Jan. 9: "Stardust Memories."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Any Which Way You Can."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 8: "The Aristocats."
From Jan. 9: "New Year's Evil."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Popeye."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Stir Crazy."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Formula."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 2: "9 to 5."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Any Which Way You Can."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Raging Bull."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Ordinary People."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 8: "The Elephant Man." From Jan. 9: "Resurrection."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 8: "Flash Gordon." From Jan. 9: "Bye Bye Brazil."
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 8: "Flash Gordon." From Jan. 9: "It's My Turn."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Aristocats."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Jazz Singer."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Change of Seasons."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Ordinary People."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Raging Bull."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Bye Bye Brazil."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Ordinary People."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Any Which Way You Can."
Theatre 2: "The Aristocats."
Theatre 3: "First Family."
Theatre 4: "Stir Crazy."

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"La Cage aux Folles."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 8: "Stardust Memories." From Jan. 9: "The Elephant Man."
Theatre 2: "Ordinary People."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 8: "Private Benjamin." From Jan. 9: "It's My Turn."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "9 to 5." (†)
Theatre 2: "First Family." (†)
Theatre 3: "Private Benjamin." (†)
Theatre 4: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 5: "Raging Bull." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ordinary People." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 3: "Airplane!"
Theatre 4: "The Aristocats." (†)

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"A Change of Seasons." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Altered States." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Popeye." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Seems Like Old Times." (†)

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Any Which Way You Can." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stir Crazy." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Jan. 8: "Flash Gordon." (†)
From Jan. 9: "New Year's Evil." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Mirror Crack'd." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Formula." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 31: "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam; and "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox.
Jan. 1: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "Ivanhoe" (1952), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and George Sanders.
Jan. 2: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
Jan. 3: "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (1966), a Japanese film, dubbed in English by Woody Allen; and "Monty Python Meets Beyond the Fringe" (1979).
Jan. 4: "Anna Karenina" (†) and "Queen Christina." (†)
Jan. 5: "Monkey Business" (1931), "Horse Feathers" (1932), and "Duck Soup" (1933), all with the Marx Brothers.
Jan. 6: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; and "Nanami—Inferno of First Love" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Susumu Hani.
Jan. 7: "Oscar Wilde" (†); and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford.
Jan. 8: "Jailhouse Rock" (1957), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Elvis Presley, Judy Tyler, Dean Jones, and Mickey Shaughnessy; and "Tickle Me" (1965), directed by Norman Taurog, with Elvis Presley and Jocelyn Lane.
Jan. 9-10: "How I Won the War" (†); and "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), with the Beatles.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 31: "On the Town" (1949), directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, and Vera-Ellen; and "Anchors Aweigh" (1945), directed by George Sidney, with Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly, and Dean Stockwell.
Jan. 1: "An American in Paris" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Nina Foch, and Oscar Levant.
Jan. 2: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.
Jan. 3: "David Copperfield" (1935), directed by George Cukor, with W. C. Fields,

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Roland Young, Freddie Bartholomew, Edna May Oliver, and Basil Rathbone; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.

Jan. 4: "Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle" (1980), in German, directed by Klaus Kirschner.

Jan. 5: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (†) and "The Clock." (†)

Jan. 6: "Dressed to Kill" (1946), "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943), and "Terror by Night" (1946), three films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series.

Jan. 7: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "THX 1138." (†)

Jan. 8: "Suspicion" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Elephant Walk" (1954), directed by William Dieterle, with Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews, and Peter Finch.

Jan. 9: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson; and "Urban Cowboy." (†)

Jan. 10: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 1: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Jan. 2-3: "The Black Stallion" (1979), directed by Carroll Ballard, with Mickey Rooney, Kelly Reno, and Teri Garr; and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Jan. 4-5: "America America" (1963), directed by Elia Kazan, with Stathis Giallelis.

Jan. 6: "All This and World War II" (†); and "Roadie" (1980), directed by Alan Rudolph, with Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney.

Jan. 7-8: "The Lady from Shanghai" (†) and "Mr. Arkadin." (†)

Jan. 9-10: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977); and "Women in Revolt" (1972), directed by Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey, with Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, and Jackie Curtis.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 8: "Black and Blue" (1980), a concert film, with Black Sabbath and Blue Oyster Cult.

From Jan. 9: To be announced.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Dec. 31: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970), directed by Michael Sarne, with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Niagara" (1953), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters, and Richard Allan.

Jan. 1-3: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Sons and Lovers" (1960), directed by Jack Cardiff, with Trevor Howard, Dean Stockwell, Wendy Hiller, Mary Ure, and Heather Sears.

Jan. 4-6: "Laura (1944), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Fallen Angel." (†)

Jan. 7-9: "Divorce—Italian Style" (1962), in Italian, directed by Pietro Germi, with Marcello Mastroianni; and "Bellissima" (1953), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Anna Magnani and Walter Chiari.

From Jan. 10: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bhowani Junction" (1956), directed by George Cukor, with Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and Bill Travers.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 3: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "Old Acquaintance" (1943), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Gig Young, and John Loder.

Jan. 4-6: "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (1954), with Galina Ulanova and Maya Plisetskaya; "The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet" (1956), a full-length Russian production, with Galina Ulanova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps; and "Plisetskaya Dances." (†)

Jan. 7-10: "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 31: "The White Sheik" (1951), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bova, Leopoldo Trieste, and Giulietta Masina; and "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958), in Italian, directed by Mario Monicelli, with Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, Totò, Claudia Cardinale, and Renato Salvatori.

Jan. 1: A program of five surrealist films—"Un Chien Andalou" (1929), "Blood of a Poet" (1930), "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1944), "Onesime Horloger" (1910), and "Le Pêcheur de Perles" (1904).

Jan. 2-3: "Notes for an African Orestes" (1970), directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; and "You Are Not Alone" (1979), in Danish, directed by Lasse Nielsen.

Jan. 4: "To Catch a Thief" (1955), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Jamaica Inn." (†)

Jan. 5: "A Place in the Sun" (†) and "Shane." (†)

Jan. 6: "Unfinished Business" (†) and "Primrose Path." (†)

Jan. 7: "General della Rovere" (†) and "Bread, Love, and Dreams." (†)

Jan. 8: "Rock, Rock, Rock" (1956) and "Mr. Rock 'n' Roll" (1957), both films with Alan Freed.

Jan. 9-10: "The Case Against Ferro" (1976), in French, directed by Alain Corneau, with Yves Montand and Simone Signoret; and "Daughters of Darkness" (1971), directed by Harry Kumel, with Delphine Seyrig, Daniele Ouimet, and John Karlen.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 31: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

Jan. 1: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "We're Not Dressing (1934), directed by Norman Taurog, with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Carole Lombard, and Burns and Allen.

Jan. 2-3: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

Jan. 4: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Little Women" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington.

Jan. 5: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case" (1948), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.

Jan. 6: "The Old Maid" (†) and "It's Love I'm After." (†)

Jan. 7: "City Lights" (1931) and "Modern Times" (1936), both silent films, directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Jan. 8: "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939), directed by Alfred E. Green, with

Gracie Allen and Warren William; and "The Cat and the Canary" (1939), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery.

Jan. 9-10: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 1 at 2:30: "They're a Weird Mob" (1966), directed by Michael Powell, with Walter Chiari, Claire Dunne, and Chips Rafferty. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 6: "Ill Met by Moonlight (Night Ambush)" (1956), directed by Michael Powell, with Dirk Bogarde, Marius Goring, and Cyril Cusack. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 8:30: "The Queen's Guards" (1961), directed by Michael Powell, with Daniel Massey and Raymond Massey. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Age of Consent" (1968), directed by Michael Powell, with James Mason, Helen Mirren, and Jack MacGowran. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6: "Lazybones" (1935), directed by Michael Powell, with Ian Hunter, Claire Luce, and Sara Allgood. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at noon: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: "Ill Met by Moonlight (Night Ambush)." . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 5: "Age of Consent." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at noon: "Casablanca." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 2:30: "Never Turn Your Back on a Friend" (1963), directed by Michael Powell, with George Voskovec, Donald Madden, and Pamela Brown; and "A Free Agent" (1964), directed by Michael Powell, with Anthony Quayle, Sian Phillips, and Norman Foster. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 5: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1920), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, and Lil Dagover; English intertitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at noon: "Blessed in Exile" (1979), directed by Ken Ross; "Fishs Eddy" (1978), a silent film, directed by Esther Shatavasky; "In Memory Of" (1977), directed by Mildren Iatrou; and "Barn Rushes" (1971), a silent film, directed by Larry Gottheim. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "Never Turn Your Back on a Friend" and "A Free Agent." . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 6: A program of films directed by Len Lye. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at noon: "Blessed in Exile," "Fishs Eddy," "In Memory Of," and "Barn Rushes." . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2:30: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 6: "Accounts from the Life of George Wilkins" (1979), a documentary, directed by Steven Ascher and Claude Chelli. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 2:30: "Lena Rais" (1979), in German, directed by Christian Rischert; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 6: "1 + 1 = 3" (1979), in German, directed by Heidi Genee; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 8: "Auschwitz Street" (1979), a German documentary about the Nazi concentration camp, directed by Ebbo Demant; and "Irreconcilable Memories" (1980), a German documentary about the Spanish Civil War, directed by Klaus G. Volkenborn, Karl Siebig, and Johann Feindt. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "1 + 1 = 3." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: "Lena Rais." . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at noon: "Mickey" (1918), a silent film, directed by F. Richard Jones, with Mabel Normand, George Nichols, and Minnie Ha Ha. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2:30: "Hunger Years" (1980), in German, directed by Jutta Brückner; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 5: "Irreconcilable Memories." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Jan. 4: "Speaking Directly: Some American Notes" (1973), directed by Jon Jost. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 6: An installation of eighteen video works by William Anastasi, who will be present on Jan. 8 at 2. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Dec. 31 at 8: "Francesco Giullare di Dio" (1950), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 8: A program of short films by Hans Richter, Man Ray, and Marcel Duchamp. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 8: "Triumph of the Will" (1936), directed by Leni Riefenstahl. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 8: "Olympia" (1939), directed by Leni Riefenstahl. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8: A program of films by Ron Rice and Paul Sharits. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 3: "Mayday Realtime" (1970) and "TVTV: Four More Years" (1972), two video films by David Cort. . . . ¶ Jan. 6-7 at 8: Two different programs of silent films by Georges Méliès. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 8: A video program. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 8: A program of films by Harry Smith. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "N.12 (Heaven and Earth Magic)" (1958-61), directed by Harry Smith.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All This and World War II (1976)—A documentary that uses film footage of the war against a background of songs by John Lennon and Paul McCartney—sung by the Bee Gees, Elton John, Helen Reddy, Rod Stewart, and others. Directed by Susan Winslow. (Cinema Village; Jan. 6.)

Altered States—With William Hurt, directed by Ken Russell. (Gemini 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan 4.)

Any Which Way You Can—With Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, William Smith, Harry Guardino, and Ruth Gordon; directed by Buddy Van Horn. (D. W. Griffith, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland.)

The Aristocats (1970)—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Jan. 8.)

The Bad and the Beautiful (1953)—Early in the year, the great Hollywood Dunciad, "Singin' in the Rain," appeared, and then came this dazzling, overwrought piece of Hollywoodian self-analysis. The first was a satire, the second a satire in spite of itself—which recalls the fabled little old lady who said in the middle of "Quo Vadis?," "Look, there's a sweet little lion who hasn't got a Christian." "The Bad and the Beautiful," a glossy melodrama about a "bad" megalomaniacal Hollywood producer (Kirk Douglas) and a "beautiful" alcoholic star (Lana Turner), is one of those movies that set out to explain what Hollywood is *really* like. It's a piquant example of what it purports to expose—luxurious exhibitionism—and the course of what is described as a "rat race" to success is the softest turf ever. The structure is all too reminiscent of "Citizen Kane" (the "Rosebud" being Douglas's ill-defined Oedipal confusion), but there are also flashy, entertaining scenes and incidents derived from a number of famous careers. And the director, Vincente Minnelli, has given the material a hysterical stylishness; the black-and-white cinematography (by Robert Surtees) is more than dramatic—it has temperament. With Dick Powell as an author; Gloria Grahame as his Southern wife; Walter Pidgeon as a studio head; Barry Sullivan as a director; Gilbert Roland as Gaucho, the actor; Elaine Stewart as a starlet; and Leo G. Carroll, Paul Stewart, and Vanessa Brown. Produced by John Houseman, for M-G-M. Academy Awards: Best Supporting Actress (Grahame), Screenplay (Charles Schnee), Cinematography, Art Direction (Cedric Gibbons and others), Costume Design (Helen Rose). (In 1962, Houseman, Minnelli, and Schnee collaborated on another melodramatic inside view of moviemaking, "Two Weeks in Another Town.") (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 5.)

Bread, Love, and Dreams (1954)—Vittorio De Sica and Gina Lollobrigida in a diverting Italian film dealing with the frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police as he goes about wooing a bumptious peasant girl who has little respect for anybody, let alone an amorous cop. Directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 7.)

Breaker Morant—An Australian film, with Edward Woodward, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Cinema I.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film, with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 9.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/28/79.) (Art, and New Yorker 1.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

A Change of Seasons—With Shirley MacLaine, Bo Derek, and Anthony Hopkins; directed by Richard Lang. (Gemini 1, 57th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 5.)

The Clock (1945)—A sweetly charming, if maybe too irresistible, Second World War romance, featuring Judy Garland and Robert Walker. There's a very wet script—Robert Nathan spread his trembling sensitivities upon the already shaky story by Paul and Pauline Gallico—but fortunately the director, Vincente Minnelli, fills the edges with comic characters. (Keenan Wynn and Moyna Macgill are the most memorable.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 5.)

The Competition—With Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving, and Lee Remick; directed by Joel Oliansky. (Loews Tower East.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 9.)

Empire of Passion—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Jan. 5.)

Every Man for Himself—This 1979 picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, colored by masochism. He's saying,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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"Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is; that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

FALLEN ANGEL (1945)—There was a brief period when Otto Preminger made well-paced, engaging melodramas, and this is one of them; it isn't in the class of his "Laura," but it's tolerable, in a tawdry sort of way. Dana Andrews arrives in a small California town with a dollar to his name, gets an itch for a money-loving waitress (Linda Darnell, so it's easy to sympathize with him), and marries the local rich girl (Alice Faye) to get the dough to win the waitress. But his sordid plan misfires: the waitress is murdered, and he becomes the prime suspect. Dana Andrews is saturnine and convincing, and although Alice Faye isn't altogether comfortable playing Brahms on a church organ and poring over Proust, the good cast includes Charles Bickford, Bruce Cabot, Jimmy Conlin, John Carradine, Anne Revere, and Percy Kilbride. Harry Kleiner adapted Marty Holland's novel. (Mini Cinema; Jan. 4-6.)

FIRST FAMILY—With Gilda Radner, Bob Newhart, and Madeline Kahn; directed by Buck Henry. (Murray Hill, Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center.)

FLASH GORDON—With Sam J. Jones in the title role, directed by Mike Hodges. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Rivoli; through Jan. 8.)

THE FORMULA—With George C. Scott, Marlon Brando, and Marthe Keller; directed by John G. Avildsen. (Manhattan 1, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

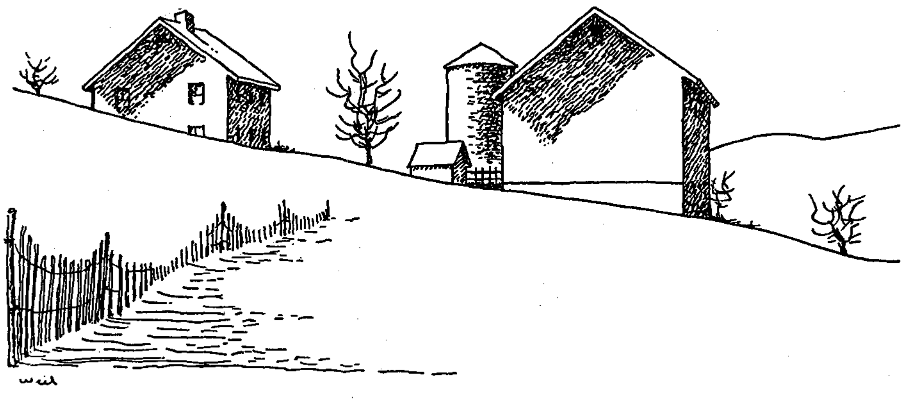
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (1959)—Vittorio De Sica has perhaps his greatest role in this otherwise mediocre film, directed by Roberto Rossellini. It is set in Genoa in 1943. De Sica is a small-time swindler with a classic con man's grand manner; the Germans induce him to impersonate a resistance general whom they have inadvertently shot, and send him to a political prison, where he is supposed to ferret out information for them. But the petty, self-loathing crook, experiencing for the first time the respect and admiration—even the awe—of other men, becomes as courageous as the man he impersonates. The mask has molded the man, and the Nazis must destroy their own creation. De Sica is superb; we watch his evolution from worm to Il Generale with utter astonishment and delight. At its most original, the film is a shockingly funny black comedy: the con man, battered and bleeding from torture, weeps sentimentally over a photograph of the real Generale's children—a scene as excruciatingly comic as the surreal torture scenes in "Bend Sinister," Nabokov's novel about the Nazis. But this film, made on a slender budget and shot and edited in six weeks, is—surprisingly—too long; the director and the writers seem not to have discovered their best material until it was too late to pull the story together. The compositions, the groupings of actors, the ideas, and the milieu are like a reprise of the neorealist "Open City," of 1945; the rawness and immediacy are gone, though. The faces are actorish; the sets are obviously sets. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 7.)

GILDA LIVE—Gilda Radner and Don Novello (Father Guido Sarducci), in a filmed version of the show given last year on Broadway. Since that show began on TV, we are at two removes from the original, and the distance is, alas, visible and regrettable. Directed by Mike Nichols. (4/14/80) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 2-8.)

HANGER 18—With Darren McGavin, Robert Vaughn, and Gary Collins; directed by James L. Conway. (Eastside Cinema; starting Jan. 9.)

HONEYSUCKLE ROSE—The film seems color-coördinated to Willie Nelson's hippie-Indian earth-tone clothing; he plays Buck Bonham, a country-and-Western singer, a regional idol who has never quite attained national success. Buck loves travelling in his tour bus with his backup band; life on the road is the answer to his restlessness. As Buck's wife of fifteen years, Dyan Cannon (who sings in a good torchy blues voice) is so full of energy and humor and knowingness that she gives the audience hope: if this is maturity, then life looks pretty good. Having stumbled onto this affirmation, the director, Jerry Schatzberg, knows what he's got and doesn't overplay his hand and wreck it. The songs (by Nelson, Kris Kristofferson, Leon Russell, and others) have a lot of energy, and the music and the imagery move together. Though the film has no big dramatic conflicts, in its loose, nonlinear way it has more going on than most movies, though what's going on is understated and sometimes a little screwed up, with story points undeveloped or left dangling. The story is "Intermezzo" out West, with Amy Irving as the young musician who is in love with Buck. The film is very sensual in its color, in the looks that the two central women characters exchange with Buck, and in the music itself. Also with Slim Pickens, Charles Levin, Joey Floyd, Priscilla Pointer, and a guest appearance by Emmylou Harris. Cinematography by Robby Müller; music supervised by Richard Baskin; the almost nonexistent script is credited to three writers; many others reportedly worked on it, too. (8/18/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 1.)

HOW I WON THE WAR (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed disastrously—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to the film of "Catch-22," though more British in subject and tone. At first, it seems daring for Lester and Wood to pick the Second World War—the war that many people consider a just war—for an attack on war. But the film concentrates on the class hatreds of British officers and men, who aren't engaged in defending London or in bombing Germany—they're dying in the course of building an officers' cricket pitch in Africa. The surreal vaudeville is painfully flat. With Michael Crawford as a modern Candide and bespectacled John Lennon as a Cockney soldier, and Roy Kennear, Jack MacGowran, Michael Hordern, and Alexander Knox. Based on a novel by Patrick Ryan; cinematography by David Watkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 9-10.)



INSIDE MOVES—With John Savage, directed by Richard Donner. (Baronet.)

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER (1937)—A light farce in which Leslie Howard and Bette Davis play a shallow, vanity-ridden matinée idol and his hot-tempered leading lady, and relish every hammy, slapstick minute of it. They are surrounded by the millionaires (George Barbier), the valets and butlers (Eric Blore, E. E. Clive), and the silly heiresses (Olivia de Havilland) who were at one time as much of a convention in American comedy as the fops of Restoration theatre. Casey Robinson's script is musty and Archie Mayo's direction is sluggish, but the movie is pleasantly bad. It begins with a burlesque of the tomb scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and proceeds like a somewhat deranged "Taming of the Shrew." With Bonita Granville, Patric Knowles, and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

IT'S MY TURN—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting Jan. 9.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—A forgettable, generally forgotten Hitchcock gothic, from a Daphne du Maurier novel, full of Cornwall shipwrecks and smuggling and murder in the time of good King George IV. The picture is dominated by Charles Laughton as an evil, bound-to-go-mad rake of the time; his flamboyant ghoulishness appears to have paralyzed Hitchcock, whose staging of the wild flights from assassins, the midnight escapes, the prowlings up and down corridors, over roofs, through barnyards, and over moors is unredeemed claptrap. Emlyn Williams shines as a trim little scamp; Maureen O'Hara is a dim heroine. With Leslie Banks and Marie Ney. (Thalia; Jan. 4.)

THE JAZZ SINGER—With Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Ziegfeld.)

KAGEMUSHA THE SHADOW WARRIOR—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Cinema Village; Jan. 7-8.)

THE MIRROR CRACK'D—With Angela Lansbury as Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple, directed by Guy Hamilton. (Manhattan 2, Waverly, Festival, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

MR. ARKADIN (1955)—Orson Welles directed and starred in this story of a fabulously wealthy dope smuggler who hires a man to trace his past. Ambitious and flamboyant but, whether because of technical problems or script problems or both, a fiasco. With Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou. (Cinema Village; Jan. 7-8.)

MON ONCLE D'AMÉRIQUE—With Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Paris.)

NEW YEAR'S EVIL—With Roz Kelly, Kip Niven, and Grant Cramer; directed by Emmett Alston. (U. A. East, and Rivoli; starting Jan. 9.)

9 TO 5—With Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, and Dabney Coleman; directed by Colin Higgins. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Center.)

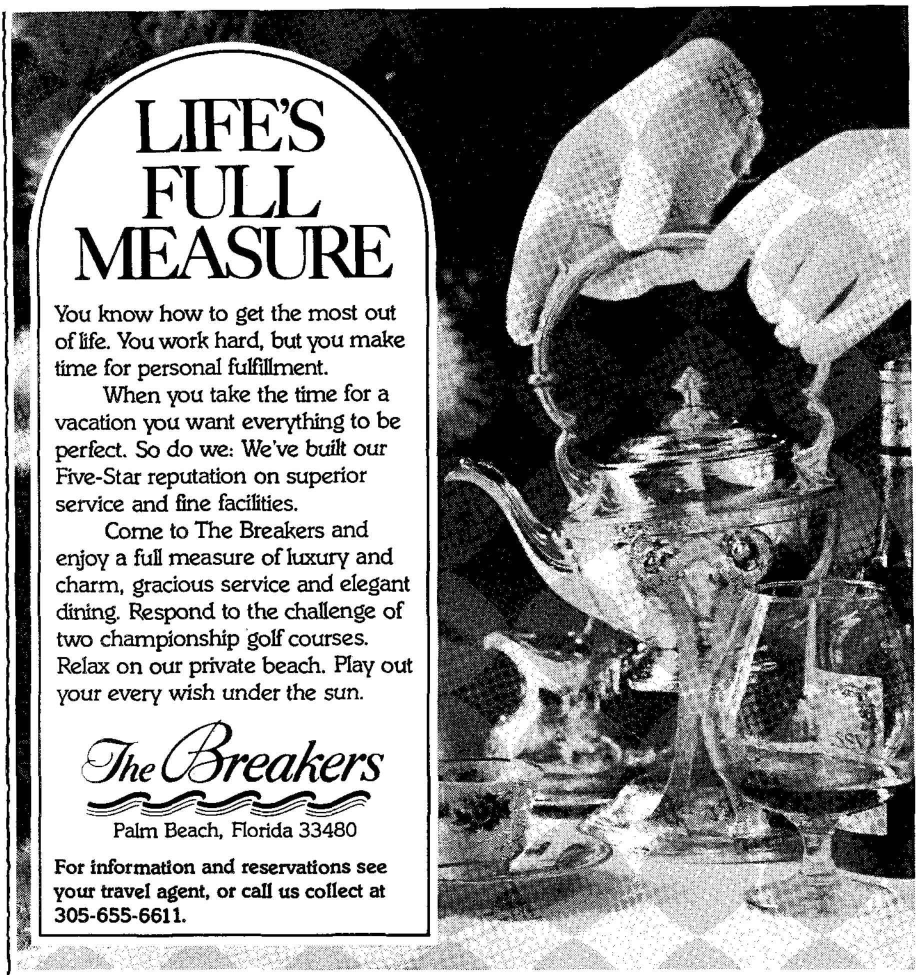
THE OLD MAID (1939)—Bette Davis doesn't have much talent for masochism. When she attempts the sacrificial-mother roles that were meat and potatoes to many a trouper, she builds the character so painstakingly that she loses her flare and turns mealy. In this costume picture, taken from Zoë Akins' Pulitzer Prize play version of the Edith Wharton novel, she's an unwed mother who is forced to turn over her infant daughter to —of all people—Miriam Hopkins, as her married cousin; then she must stand by and watch as her daughter grows up, treating her contemptuously as a spinster aunt. Full of tight-lipped renunciation, Davis gives what might be called a creditable performance; the picture isn't bad, but it trudges along and never becomes exciting. Edmund Goulding directed smoothly, from Casey Robinson's screenplay. With Jane Bryan as the daughter, and George Brent, James Stephenson, Louise Fazenda, Jerome Cowan, William Lundigan, and Donald Crisp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 10.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, Embassy 72nd St., Olympia, and Embassy 1.)

Oscar Wilde (1960)—This version, directed by Gregory Ratoff and starring Robert Morley, isn't all it should be (and neither is the version starring Peter Finch, which was made at almost the same time). Still, there are harrowing and touching moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson's performance as an eminent English barrister is worth watching, and Morley's theatricality has a fascination, though Ratoff's directing doesn't set it off well. With John Neville as Lord Alfred Douglas, and Edward Chapman as the Marquess of Queensbury. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 7.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—This George Stevens version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," updated to the fifties, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. Perhaps because Stevens' methods here are studied, slow, and accumulative, the work was acclaimed as "realistic," though it's full of murky psychological overtones, darkening landscapes, the eerie sounds of a loon, and overlapping dissolves designed to affect you emotionally without your conscious awareness. Stevens and his scriptwriters (Michael Wilson and Harry Brown) pre-interpret everything, turning the basically simple story into something portentous and "deep." The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon; the industrial town is an arrangement of symbols of wealth, glamour, and power versus symbols of poor, drab helplessness. The hero's jilted working-class girlfriend (Shelley Winters) is not allowed even to be attractive; part of the horror of the 1931 von Sternberg version, in which Sylvia Sidney was the victim, was that despite the working girl's beauty, her poverty made her, finally, undesirable. If Elizabeth Taylor had played the girl in this production, then the poor could at least be shown to have some natural assets. But Shelley Winters makes the victim so horrifyingly, naggingly, pathetic that when Clift thinks of killing her he hardly seems to be contemplating a crime: it's more like euthanasia. (And Clift himself is perhaps a shade too soft and shrinking—an over-directed pawn.) The conclusion of the film, in which the hero (and presumably the audience) is supposed to be convinced



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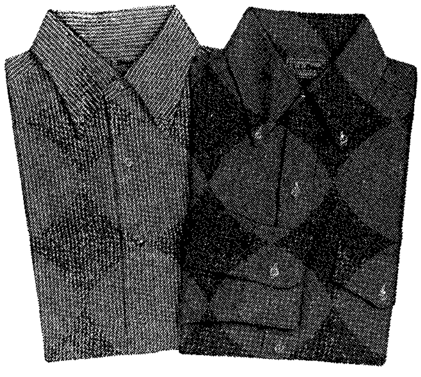

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that a man should pay with his life for a murder he didn't commit—but wanted to commit—is bizarre. "Who doesn't desire his father's death?" asked Ivan Karamazov; Stevens and company would send us all up for it. But whatever one's reservations about this famous film, it *is* impressive, and in the love scene between Taylor and Clift, physical desire seems palpable. With Raymond Burr, Fred Clark, Keefe Brasselle, Shepperd Strudwick, and Ted de Corsia. Academy Awards for Best Director, Best Screenplay, Cinematography (William C. Mellor), Editing (William Hornbeck), Score (Franz Waxman), Costume Design (Edith Head). (Thalia; Jan. 5.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The camera cheats once or twice in this Russian documentary about the fiery Bolshoi ballerina, making her into an inferno of speed, but there are times—as in the blazing excerpts from "Don Quixote"—when it does not lie. (Regency; Jan. 4-6.)

Popeye—With Robin Williams and Shelley Duvall, directed by Robert Altman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1.)

Primrose Path (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill" transferred, via the stage, to the screen, with Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. Directed by Gregory La Cava. (Thalia; Jan. 6.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbished the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck-TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Jan. 8.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 4.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Paramount, and Criterion Center.)

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Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 9.)

Seems Like Old Times—With Chevy Chase, Goldie Hawn, and Charles Grodin; directed by Jay Sandrich. (34th St. East, Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2.)

Shane (1953)—The Western stranger in town consciously turned into Galahad on the range. Superficially, this is a Western, but from Shane's knightly costume, from the way his horse canters, from the Agincourt music, it's all too recognizable as an attempt to create a myth—though this particular myth was ready for the remainder counter before the director, George Stevens, picked it up. With chivalric purity as his motivation, the enigmatic Shane (Alan Ladd) defeats enemies twice his size—the largest is the Prince of Darkness himself, Jack Palance. The earth-loving Wyoming homesteaders befriended by Shane include Van Heflin, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon deWilde as their child. The film is overplanned and uninspired; Westerns are better when they're not so self-importantly self-conscious. However, audiences wept over the scene in which a dog mourns at his master's coffin, and Jean Arthur's farewell handshake to Shane—whom she loves—brought forth some sniffles. Brandon deWilde's final cry, "Shane," was heard for years wherever kids played. With Edgar Buchanan, Elisha Cook, Jr., Ben Johnson, and Emile Meyer. The screenplay is by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., from Jack Schaefer's novel. (Thalia; Jan. 5.)

Robert Hubbell

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Olympia; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Jan. 9.)

Stir Crazy—With Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder, directed by Sidney Poitier. (Gramercy, Cinema II, Loews Orpheum 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

Tell Me a Riddle—With Melvyn Douglas, Lila Kedrova, and Brooke Adams; directed by Lee Grant. (68th St. Playhouse.)

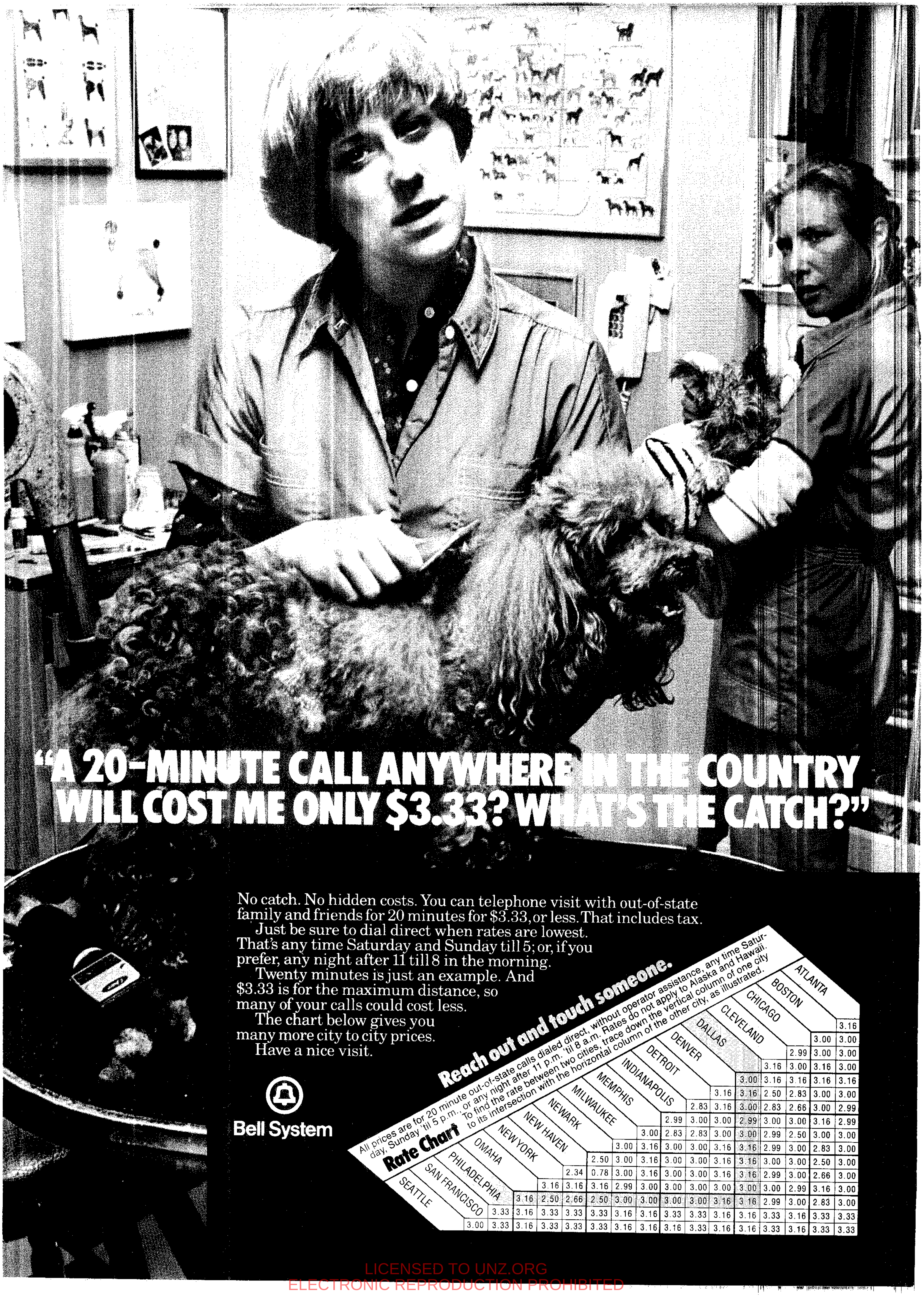
Tess—With Natassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; directed by Roman Polanski. (Little Carnegie.)

THX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking off the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 7.)

Tribute—With Jack Lemmon, Robby Benson, and Lee Remick; directed by Bob Clark. (Coronet.)

Unfinished Business (1941)—It starts as a frothy comedy, with Robert Montgomery and Irene Dunne being madcap and frivolous, and there's an entertainingly preposterous inside view of night-club life, but the froth curdles. Once sentiment gets the upper hand, look for an exit. Before then, Walter Catlett has a few choice moments as the proprietor of a luxurious resort. With Eugene Pallette, as a playboy's butler. Gregory La Cava directed, from Eugene Thackery's screenplay. (Thalia; Jan. 6.)

Urban Cowboy—Aaron Latham's article "The Urban Cowboy," featured on the September 12, 1978, cover of *Esquire*, was subtitled "Saturday Night Fever, Country & Western Style," and it was quite clearly a set of variations on the "Saturday Night Fever" theme. According to Latham, the headquarters of the young hardhats who worked in the petrochemical plants around Houston was a vast honky-tonk, Gilley's, which featured a mechanical bull, and these anomic young Southwesterners had no way to prove their manhood except by dressing up in boots and jeans and cowboy hats and trying to live out the myths of the West by riding this contraption. The film, directed by James Bridges, from a script he wrote with Latham, views its young hero, Bud (John Travolta), as rootless and ignorant. But on the assumption (probably false) that the audience believes in those antiquated macho values and wants to see them on the screen, the movie also tries to reactivate the cowboy mythology. It dredges up an ex-convict villain (Scott Glenn) out of an ancient Western, so Bud can defeat him on the bucking machine and beat him up in a fistfight as well. The picture is scrappily edited, and the director seems willing to do almost anything for an immediate effect. In the best moments, satire and sultriness work together; in the worst moments, the sentimentality is so gross it makes us feel contemptuous of the moviemakers' shamelessness. With Debra Winger, who gives a steamy and very appealing performance as the girl Bud marries, Madolyn Smith as a slumming rich bitch, and Brooke Alderson and Barry Corbin as Bud's aunt and uncle. The country music doesn't supply much excitement. (7/21/80) (Carnegie Cinema Hall; Jan. 9.)



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CHICAGO															3.00	3.00
CLEVELAND														2.99	3.00	3.00
DALLAS													3.16	3.00	3.16	3.00
DENVER												3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16
DETROIT											3.16	3.16	2.50	2.83	3.00	3.00
INDIANAPOLIS										2.83	3.16	3.00	2.83	2.66	3.00	2.99
MEMPHIS									2.99	3.00	3.00	2.99	3.00	3.00	3.16	2.99
MILWAUKEE								3.00	2.83	2.83	3.00	3.00	2.99	2.50	3.00	3.00
NEWARK							3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	2.83	3.00
NEW HAVEN						2.50	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	2.50	3.00
NEW YORK					2.34	0.78	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	2.66	3.00
OMAHA				3.16	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	2.99	3.16	3.00
PHILADELPHIA			3.16	2.50	2.66	2.50	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	2.83	3.00
SAN FRANCISCO		3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33
SEATTLE	3.00	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33

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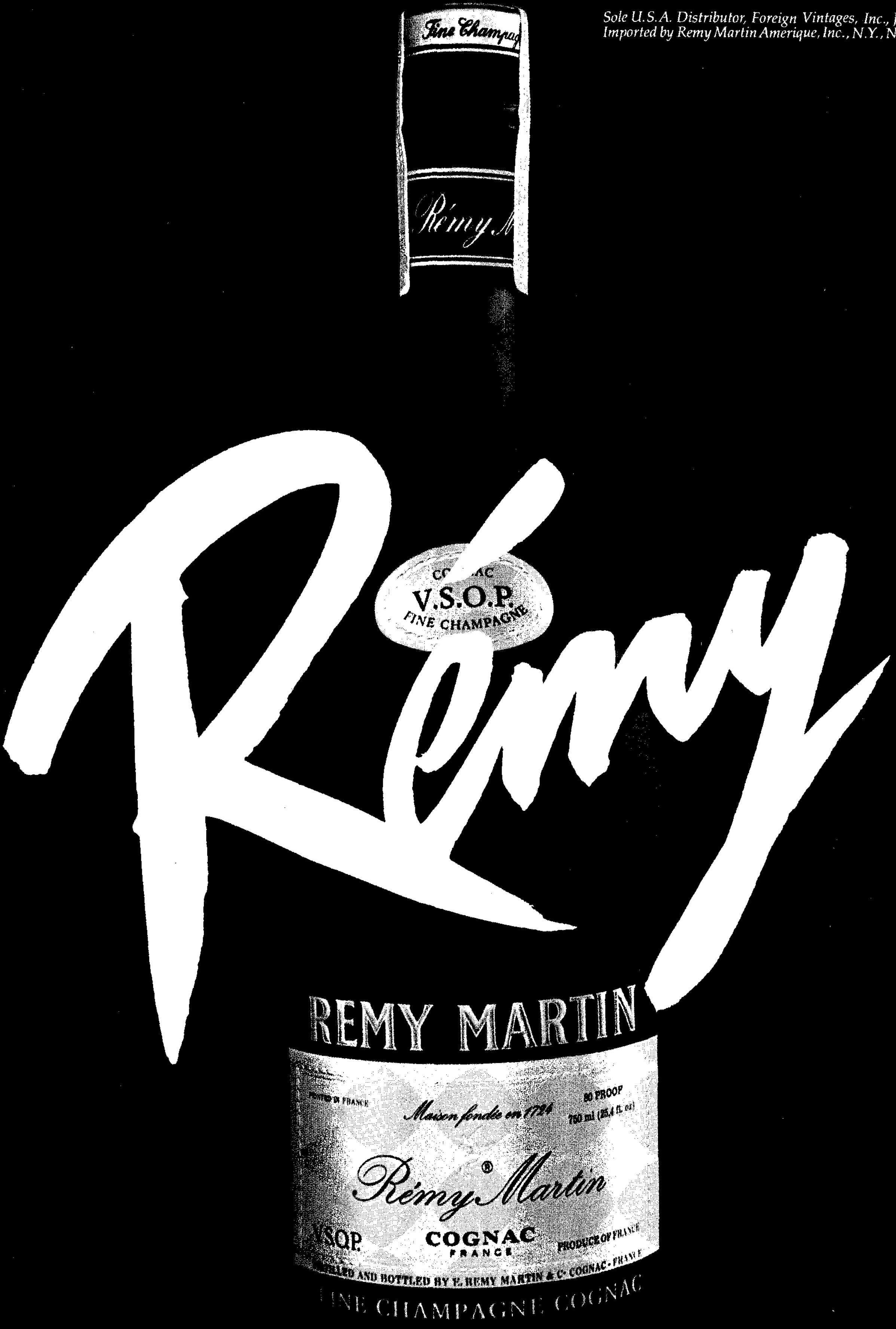
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

We have received a letter from our friend the long-winded lady:

I thought if I got the three words "cold and sunny" into a first sentence, I could write you a letter. And there you are. I did it. I have no news, only a few observations, and they are not even random observations. They are very solid observations, and if I am not careful they will hem me in and eventually turn into secrets, and then, worse and worse, into convictions.

Thirty minutes later. I went off to make some coffee for myself, and while I waited for the water to boil I considered all the non-random "observations" I had so portentously lined up for your inspection. While I looked them over, they began to vanish, and finally they had all vanished—all gone, and a good thing, too. They would have made very dull reading.

They were a stilted crowd, and rather disagreeable, as though they had found themselves at a party that was not quite what they'd expected and where their clothes were all wrong. They all wore elaborate taffeta ball gowns that seemed to belong to the eighteenth century, and each ball gown was a different shade of green.

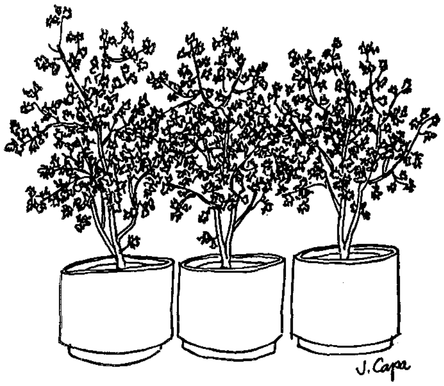
They vanished one by one, but their departure seemed sudden, and I think now that they weren't observations at all but complaints, and, if so, they have gone into the complaints department, where I never look around at all. I am never to be found anywhere near the complaints department. There are too many mirrors in there for my liking.

The complaints department becomes empty every once in a while—stone-cold empty, and quite deserted. I always know when it is empty. When I am happy, I know that it is empty. That is, when I am especially happy. Furthermore, I believe that all the unhappy ones in there in that dismal department then turn into angels, or into something like angels, and go far, far away.

Yesterday afternoon, as I walked along Forty-second Street, directly across from Bryant Park, I saw a three-cornered shadow on the pavement in the angle where two walls meet. I didn't step on the shadow, but I stood a minute in the thin winter sunlight and looked at it. I recognized it at once. It was exactly the same shadow that used to fall on the cement part of our garden in Dublin, more than fifty-five years ago.

We lived in that house thirteen years. It was one of a long row of houses that faced, across the quiet little street, another long row of houses, just like them, each with a little front garden and a good-sized back garden. Every time my father came into the house, coming home, he went first into the back sitting room to look through the big window at his wife's garden and see for himself what changes she had made there during the hours he had been away.

I celebrated my fifth birthday in that house, and I also celebrated my seventeenth birthday there, and I feel absolutely impelled to tell you that five is closer to seventeen than seventeen is to five. What do you think of that? And, of course, all my birthdays between five and seventeen were celebrated there. The birthdays of all of us were celebrated with presents in the morning and a very special birthday-cake high tea in the evening.



One New Year's Eve, something marvellous happened on our little street. It wasn't called a street; it was called an avenue. Cherryfield Avenue. And it was closed at the far end—no "thru" traffic. What happened that New Year's Eve was that in the late afternoon word went around from house to house that a minute or so before midnight we would all step out into our front gardens, or even into the street, leaving the front doors open, so that the light streamed out after us, and there we would wait to hear the bells ringing in the New Year. I nearly went mad with excitement and happiness. I know I jumped for joy. That New Year's Eve was one of the great occasions of our lives.

I must tell you now that I am praying to Almighty God for blessings on your house, with extra blessings to go with you whenever you leave the house, so that wherever you are you will be safe.

Blessings on your house. Happy New Year.

• •

The Librarian of Congress

Daniel J. Boorstin, the Librarian of Congress, is a compact man with close-cropped hair and a rich, inquisitive voice that quavers with eagerness to express his ideas. If his words came out in Teletype, there would be no spaces between them. The card catalogue of the Library of Congress has forty-three entries for its present Librarian, in which he figures as author, editor, or subject, in English, Spanish, or Japanese. He has won the Bancroft

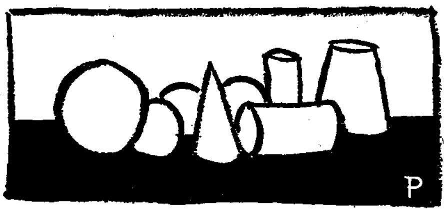
Prize, the Parkman Prize, and the Pulitzer Prize for History—each for a different book—and has held the Preston and Sterling Morton Distinguished Service Professorship of American History at the University of Chicago, which he left in 1969, after a quarter century, to direct the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of History and Technology. A half decade after his induction as the twelfth Librarian of Congress, we visited Boorstin, to find out why he took the job, what it has taken from him, and how both have fared.

"Before I accepted President Ford's nomination, my wife and I needed a month to reflect on the offer," Mr. Boorstin said. "I considered myself a writer. Still do. I want to be a *writer* when I grow up—I consider that my ambition. I had launched on a world history, partly as a project of self-education, and I wondered if I should not devote full time to it. My wife and I wandered anonymously in the Library. In the manuscript room—this seems as if it were scripted, but it's true—we came on an exhibit about the selection of Librarians by Presidents. In it was an exchange of correspondence on the selection of Archibald MacLeish. F.D.R. wrote to Felix Frankfurter asking for help in the matter: 'I have had a bad time picking a Librarian to succeed Putnam. What would you think of Archie MacLeish?' MacLeish, you know, was not a professional librarian. Frankfurter wrote back, 'What is wanted in the directing head of a great library [is] imaginative energy and vision. He should be a man who knows books, loves books, and makes books.' I knew Felix Frankfurter and admired him—found him a stirring man—and I decided to accept the President's nomination.

"I was aware that the Library had great treasures. One of the themes of my books is that culture in a democratic society has a special role to play—especially in the New World—as a catalyst for learning. I wanted to make certain that the Library was more than a warehouse—that it was also a wellspring for the discovery of culture. My first object was not to make things worse. The Library was a sound institution, with good staff. But I wanted to open it up. When I opened the front doors, which had been closed for some time, so the public could come into the Great Hall of this beautiful building instead of coming into the basement, some people objected. 'You'll create a draft,' they said. That's *just* what I wanted to do. I wanted to draw people in!"

Since last spring, the Library's new James Madison Building has drawn people in, as have the Thomas Jefferson Building, a Beaux-Arts palace, where Boorstin works, and which was the only Library of Congress from 1897 until 1938, and the John Adams Building, which has been an annex to the Library since 1938. More than a decade in construction, the Madison, which is just south of the Jefferson, dwarfs most other buildings in Washington. Boorstin admits that the Library must give the Madison Building a more human scale, but he accents the opportunity it provides to draw the three buildings together. In Boorstin's scheme, the Madison Building will eventually contain most of the administrative offices and will hold photographs, prints, manuscripts, maps, movies, music, and recordings, in special conditions of humidity, light, and temperature. The Jefferson and Adams Buildings will gather books, incunabula, and other legible stock near reading rooms ordered by regions of geography and knowledge. In halls that were once cluttered with makeshift quarters for a sprouting staff, the Library now puts on exhibits—the first of which celebrated the return of the Jefferson Building to its Italian Renaissance glory.

The Jefferson Building's Main Reading Room is a grand rotunda, shown from its dome—a hundred and sixty feet up—in the movie "All the President's Men." The room will serve as the index for the Library in its role as a Circle of Knowledge. (In conversation, lectures, and books, Boorstin capitalizes the ideas he wants to stress, and he has done the same in naming the symbols of change at the Library.) The metaphor of the Circle, we learned, holds the origin of the word "encyclopedia" and denotes a system of ordering information into knowledge. Boorstin's other ideas for the Library—the Center for the Book, the Council of Scholars, the Multi-Media Encyclopedia—expand the scope of the Circle.

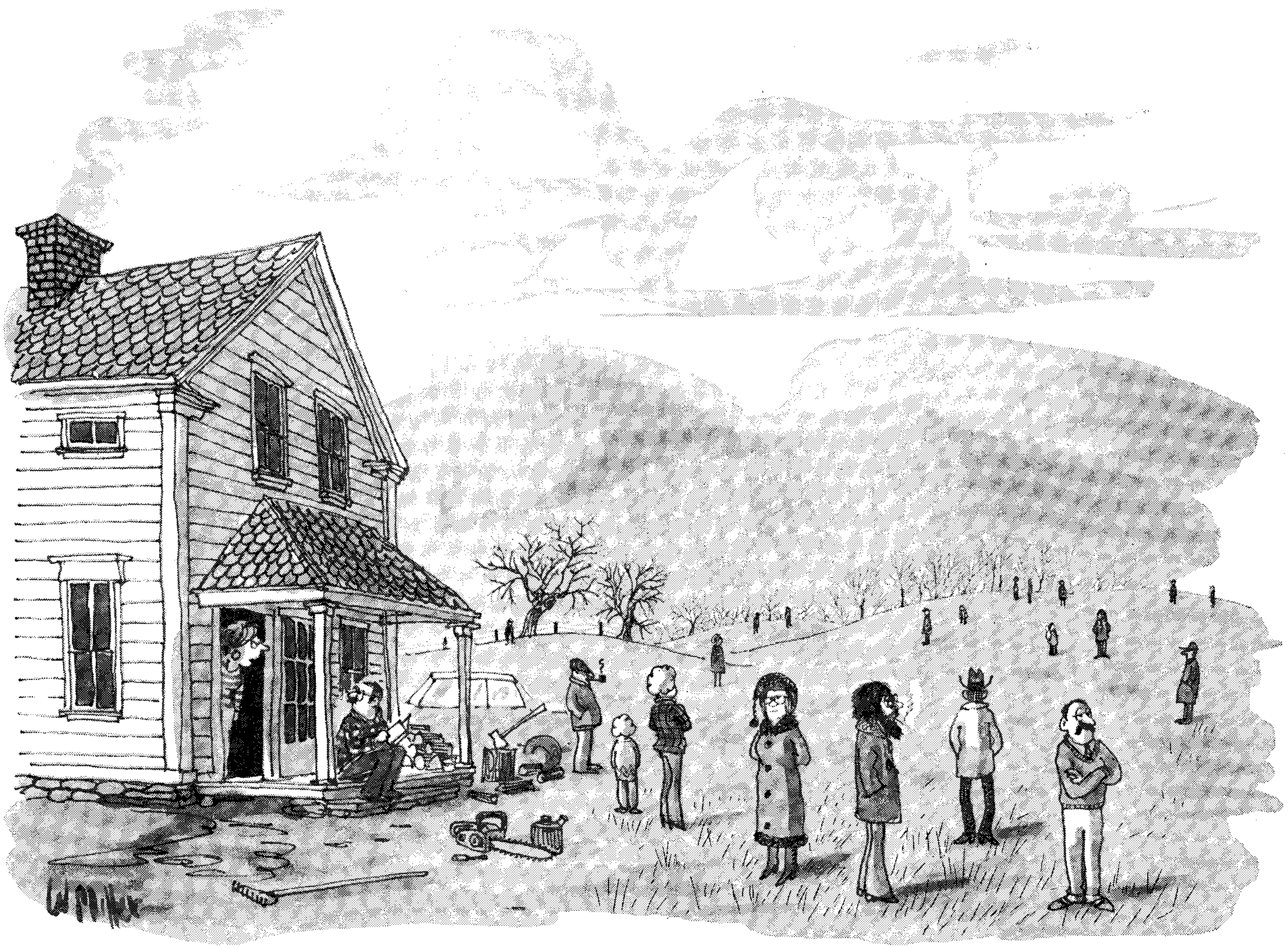


Boorstin offered us a Montecruz cigar, lit one himself, and, when it went out, gestured with the cigar in one hand and a lighter in the other, without lighting up again, throughout our talk. "When I arrived, certain things were obvious, like the role of automation and the machine," he said. "The information industry was flourishing, and the Library of Congress had a lead in diffusion of information. But what would happen to the Book in all this? The Book, after all, is a form of technology, although most people don't recognize the fact. One form of technology is *not* an enemy of another. A new technology should help us discover new roles for the old. I wanted to find new ways for the Book and the Computer to be compatible, and so we started the Center for the Book.

"How to relate the Library's materials to the world of learning? This, after all, is a *learning* institution. The Council of Scholars is the answer. In the past, scholars doing research at the Library have often been unaware of what others were doing, within their fields or outside. The Council will have twenty-five members, representing all fields of knowledge, who will deliberate twice a year. They will pursue their own research, and they will counsel the Library. The thing that inspires me—the grand feature of the Council—is that the members will be in a position to inventory the state of mankind's knowledge *and* ignorance. They will tell us what we do and don't know—about anything.

"The Multi-Media Encyclopedia was a natural concept. There are two problems for a great library: excess and access. It would be hard enough if we had to contend with a flood of material in only one form. But we have material that is multilingual and multiform—all records of civilization. Students of monographs were not enticed to use other materials—even posters. I wanted to organize the Library to entice people from one form to another, to get the benefit—the payoff—of these special collections."

For the Library of Congress, we discovered, the problems of excess and access are huge. The number of items received by the Library in a single day is more than the number of volumes (about sixty-five hundred) that



"Lunch is ready. Would you call in our goddam extended family?"

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Congress purchased from Thomas Jefferson in 1815 as the core of the collection after the British had used the Library's original books as kindling to burn the Capitol the year before. The Library now has more than seventy-six million items. One of the world's largest gatherings of books, in four hundred and sixty-eight languages at last count, makes up just a quarter of the holdings, and only one-third of the books are in English. Since 1870, the Library has protected the work of American artists, musicians, writers, and, in due course, filmmakers, among others, through registration of copyright deposits, about half of which go into the vast store. To keep foreign collections current, the Library now buys through seven offices and a large number of other representatives around the world.

A staff of fifty-seven hundred, supported by an annual budget of two hundred and ten million dollars, orders the flow of arrivals and reserves so that information won't frustrate the quest for knowledge. Among the staff's other tasks is answering the calls of various constituencies: first, Congress; second, the nation; finally, the rest of civilization. The Library fields more than a thousand requests for help from Congress each day. Library staff people attend sessions of congressional committees to keep up with the country's business. Experts in a variety of subjects, they also strike out on their own to chart intellectual territory they expect Congress to cover. American or not, anyone may use the Library, although there are limits on who may borrow from the collections. For those who can't come in person, the Library offers loans and a service that copies and mails research materials.

Recalling Boorstin's ambition, we said we wondered if his responsibilities—to provide all knowledge in all forms and the freedom and resources to pursue it—leave the Librarian any time to write.

"You know," he answered, "in my confirmation hearings, before the Rules Committee, Senator Claiborne Pell, who has been chairing the Joint Committee on the Library, said he hoped that I would not write another book while I was Librarian. I told him I saw nothing wrong with the Librarian of Congress being involved with scholarly pursuits, and I got confirmed. Before I accepted President Ford's nomination, I called Archie MacLeish and asked, 'Should I take the job?' He asked me, 'How much sleep do you need? I need eight hours a night, which is too much if I am to write and do anything else.' It's a piece of luck that I don't need much sleep. I take little naps, and I've always been an early riser. I was at my desk at six o'clock this morning—which is early, but not as early as Jefferson. Anyway, I was determined to write after I came here. I do all my writing before I come in to the Library, and I've managed to finish fifteen of the eighteen parts of the world history—still untitled—that I've been working on for fifteen years. I've tentatively subtitled the history 'The Rise of the Exploring Spirit,' and I hope to have it out in two or three years."

We asked how long Boorstin plans to stay on as Librarian.

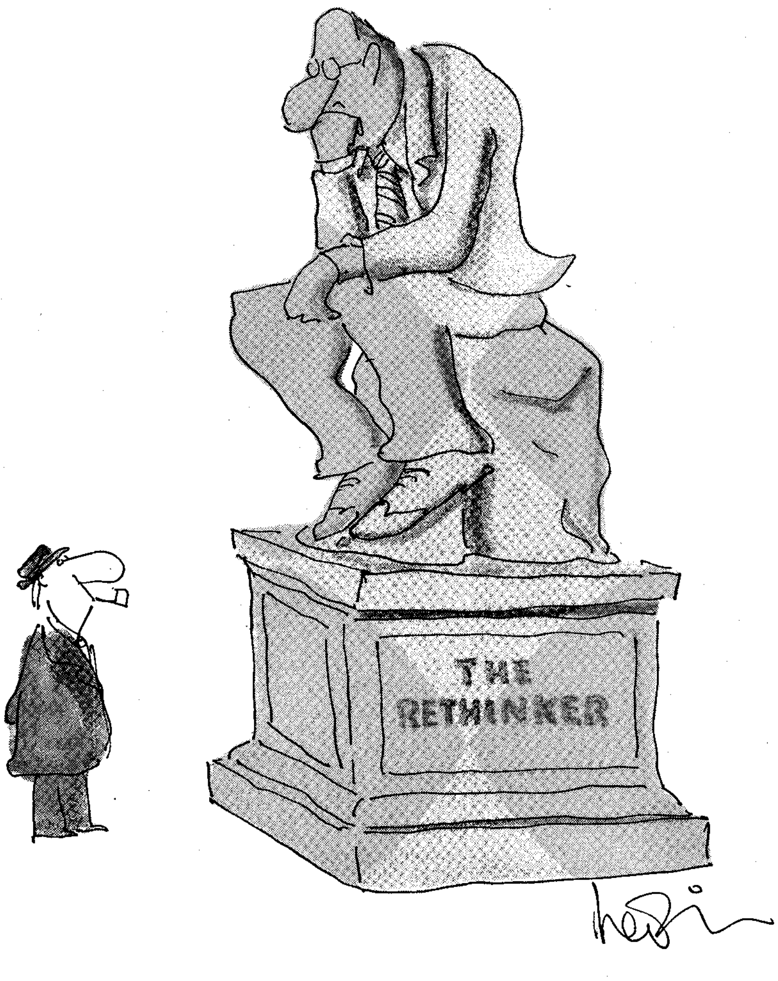
"Well, I certainly hope this isn't my last assignment," he said. "And I don't see a ratio between the length of a Librarian's tenure and his contribution. Archie MacLeish was here only five years, and he was one of the great administrators of the Library. I don't know of any institution that has suffered because an able leader stayed too short a time. I will leave when the shine is off."

Resumed

WE dropped in at the Metropolitan Opera shortly after the settlement of the labor dispute that had delayed the opening of the season, and can report that the atmosphere was crackling with artistic energy. Four operas and a choral work were in simultaneous rehearsal, and the mood of the staff was a mixture of wariness and relief. Although the main issues that divided the company have been settled by a contract that everyone can live with, the breakup of the fragile network of personal relationships that makes an opera house function really well will take considerably longer to repair; for example, a number of choristers and musicians boycotted the official Christmas party. If the house is more impersonal these days, it is also more efficient. Support facilities (security, mailroom, supplies, and page service) have been centralized, and such non-artistic operations as fund-raising, merchandising, and ticket processing have been strengthened. ("When they hired all those data processors and put in computers, I knew we had arrived at the General Motors approach to opera," one disconsolate singer remarked.) The artistic staff, which is beginning to feel a bit outnumbered, is also going through a reorganization, caused by a change in the status of John Dexter, the brilliant and mercurial director of production. As Mr. Dexter relinquishes most of his administrative duties (he is to remain as a consultant and a director of opera), there will be a reshuffling of authority among a new managing triumvirate, consisting of Anthony Bliss (executive director), James Levine (music director), and Joan Ingpen (artistic-administration director). But, despite these tremors and aftershocks, the company seems to have pulled itself together professionally in record time.

In List Hall, a hundred choristers had just started to rehearse the final movement of Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony (an unfamiliar work for an opera chorus), which was scheduled for opening night. When they reached the fifth bar, David Stivender, a scholarly-looking man, who is the Met's chorus master, and who was conducting the rehearsal, stopped the singers and asked them to fix their minds on the chord that had preceded their soft a-cappella entrance. "You're going to hear a lot of silence after the orchestra cuts off," he said, "and I want you to remember the feel of the G-flat chord, so this will stay in tune." The chorus tried again, and Mr. Stivender stopped them a second time. "I think now it's breath," he said. "This is the hum of the universe; the effect must be 'Where's it coming from?' so you must start by taking a deep *silent* breath, and then, somewhere along the line, sound comes out of it without a jolt. And color also comes in gradually." The chorus began a third time, singing "*Aufersteh'n, ja, aufersteh'n wirst du*" in a heavenly near-whisper, and Mr. Stivender, looking pleased, continued without a pause to the triumphant climax of the symphony. "It sounds healthy, people, and it's in tune all the way," he said when they had finished. "Now, remember, when the music fades away at the end, there should be no doubt in any face. Was it a dream? No, it wasn't a dream. This isn't Korngold or Steiner. This is Mahler; it's the original."

Down in a sub-basement rehearsal room, Fabrizio Melano, a stage director, was directing Cornell MacNeil, as the troublemaking Tonio, and Patricia Craig, as Nedda, the wayward wife, in the commedia-dell'arte scene from "Pagliacci." As Mr. MacNeil, playing a lovesick servant, burst through the curtains of a rustic stage set, Miss Craig registered disgust and pretended to kick him. There was a choreographed struggle over a molting gray chicken (stuffed) that Mr. MacNeil produced from a basket ("This



is the Jon Vickers memorial chicken," he remarked during a musical pause), and some comic business with four china eggs that Miss Craig, not without difficulty, extracted from the bird. ("Why don't you tie the chicken's legs together to make it easier to handle?" inquired Mr. MacNeil after Miss Craig had dropped one of the eggs.) When the scene ended, Mr. Melano jumped up on the stage and walked through Nedda's movements with Miss Craig, who was new to the production. "You go for the chicken, you don't get it, you get it, you cross and take out the eggs," he said. "Then, when he says '*Sei pura*,' you give him a really dirty look."

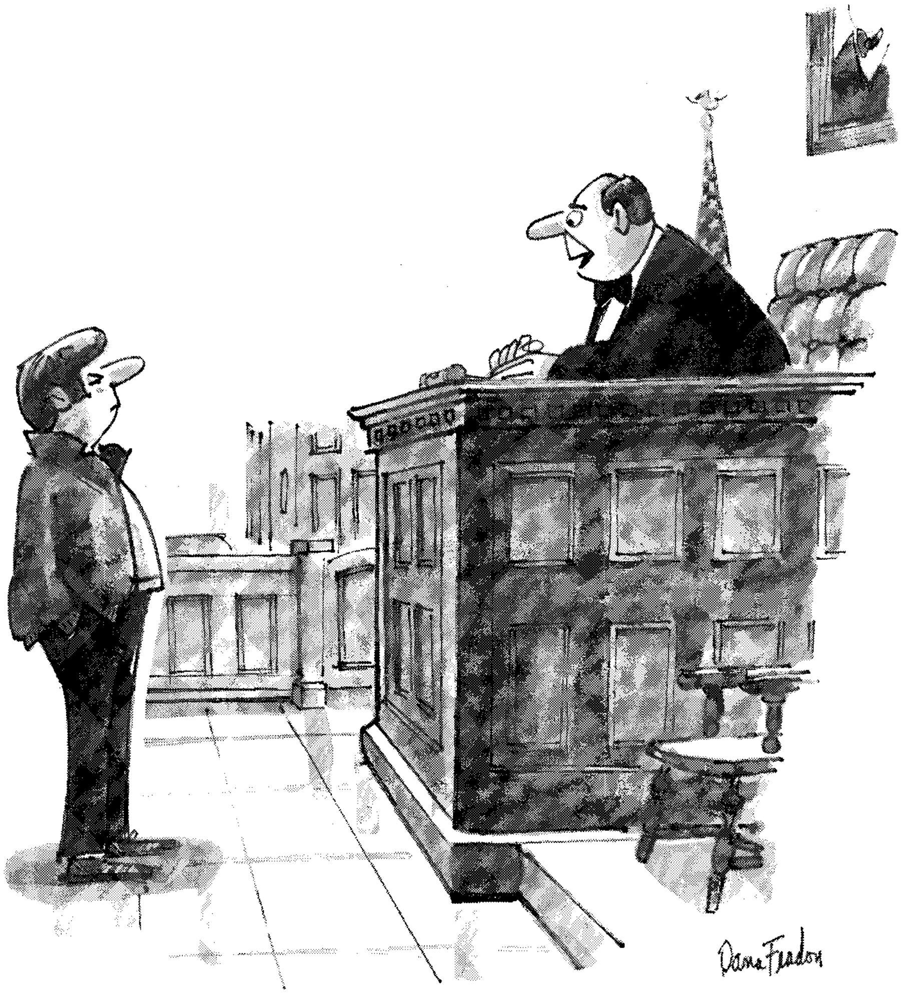
On the second floor, Nathaniel Merrill, another stage director, was rehearsing Hansel and Gretel's near-fatal encounter with the wicked witch. First Hansel (Brenda Boozer) and then Gretel (Judith Blegen) was immobilized by a magic spell cast by the witch (Rosalind Elias, flourishing a trick wand that sprang from her hand when it was released by a concealed spring). Then the witch offered the children a slightly singed birthday cake.

"You blow the candles," Mr. Merrill said to Miss Boozer, "but they don't go out, because they're made of a special substance that keeps burning. We have a glass of water in the center of the cake, in case things get out of hand."

"Where do I get rid of the wand?" asked Miss Elias.

"You drop it when you burn your fingers testing the oven," replied Mr. Merrill. "Then you go into the house, and another witch flies through the air on a cable during that very Wagnerian witches' ride."

On leaving Hansel and Gretel and the witch, we passed a hall where Poulenc's "Dialogues des Carmélites" was being rehearsed, and headed downstairs to the main auditorium, where we found Mr. Levine conducting the Metropolitan orchestra in the melodramatic last moments of Alban Berg's "Lulu." A scream indicated Lulu's offstage murder in a shabby attic, and Mr. Levine, with a great wave of his arms, swept the musicians into an apocalyptic shudder that reverberated through the darkened hall. Then Lulu's killer—who turns out to be Jack the Ripper—appeared in a doorway and stabbed Lulu's friend the Countess Geschwitz, leaving the dying woman to gasp, "Lulu . . . I will stay near you for eternity." The curtain fell. Mr. Levine put down his baton and looked happily at the musicians. "Bravo," he said. "We've come a long way. Now, folks, let's keep that ending very intense. Don't let those last three bars get too light, and make sure that the main rhythmic figure is maintained even when it's not very loud."



"I find you not guilty because the criminal justice system just isn't working."

As the musicians began to pack up their instruments, we asked Mr. Levine why he had chosen "Lulu"—which is something of a gamble in terms of the operagoing public—as the first opera of the present season.

"It was originally scheduled for this period," he said, "and the cast remained intact. And, with the 'suppressed' third act finally in place, one can see that, of all the operas written in twentieth-century musical terms, 'Lulu' is the great, towering masterpiece. It was written on a very large scale, and it makes an incredibly communicative effect if it's presented properly. We've had many rehearsals, and I still think it's one of the hardest scores I've ever seen. The music is highly organized, very dense, very detailed, and the orchestral fabric is a great tapestry of leitmotivs that are both rhythmic and melodic. There is also a main rhythm—a structural element that occurs many times throughout the piece. Berg was fascinated by structural details—symmetrical forms, symbols, numbers, quotations—but they were not ends in themselves. He regarded them as stimuli that led him to the *expressive* use of these elements. A lot of the forms he used in 'Lulu' are classic, and his musical language—even though it is sometimes atonal, sometimes twelve-tone, and sometimes chromatic—is really only a very natural extension of the language of Wagner, Mahler, and Strauss."

NEAR THE FLATLANDS

IN the room where we slept, the walls were pale yellow and the trim was bare wood. Across from my friend Richard's bed there was an empty fireplace with small white busts on the mantel, of Tchaikovsky and Beethoven, and a ribbon, red-white-and-blue, with a bronze medallion of a man running, which Richard had won in the hundred-yard dash that fall. On his bureau were postcards, letters, a stack of old coins, and taped to the wall above there was an article entitled "The Night I Was James Bond," with a picture of a man in dark glasses leaning against a wall and holding a cigarette. His clothes sat neatly piled on a chair at the foot of his bed, clean and white and folded. Above the door was one of those old-fashioned fire extinguishers, shaped like a skull and filled with a red liquid that was supposed to drip out in case of fire.

"Why do you suppose they're red?" I asked Richard one night as we lay in bed, staring up through the dim light. He did not answer. "Richard," I whispered. Light from the street filtered through the curtain, and I could see the soft curve of his back, and the rise and fall of the covers, and hear the steady sigh of his breath. I closed my eyes and synchronized my breath with his, in the hope that by osmosis I would fall asleep.

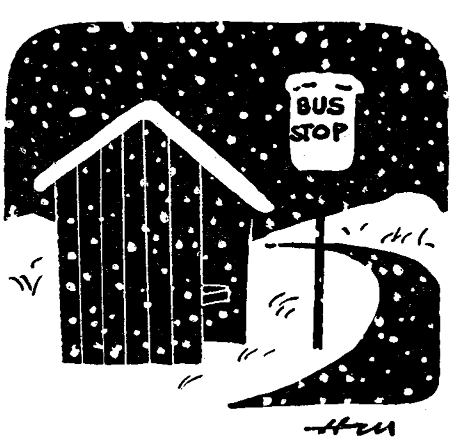
We were at the age when boys were supposed to stop being scared of the dark. We were also at the age when boys stopped sleeping in the same bed. Why? I did not understand. I rebelled against this. What was different? And what was different in the way his back moved, breathing in the night?

Change came, unspoken, with the silent, unsettling sensation of something I did not yet understand, or feel. I was happy with the way things were. One night at a birthday party for a friend, I found myself sitting on the couch with my arm around a girl I had known since first grade. She was, in my fourteen-year-old eyes, lovely, but I clung to her—my face resting on the nape of her neck, listening to her breath, feeling her hair on my cheek, her warmth—out of no sexual desire: I did not want to kiss her. I walked home that night remembering forgotten, insignificant moments from my childhood, and the next day played invented games with a long stick and an old plastic ball, dimly convinced that I had lost something I had always had.

Now, in the morning, I woke early in a room filled with a soft gray light. The covers that lay over Richard's back gently rose and fell. We had spent the night together many times, but it was always I who twitched at the first hint of light, woke, and waited in the still vacuum of morning for him. One summer night, my brother and I and Richard agreed to wake at dawn the next morning and ride our bikes through the empty, dim-lit streets downtown and eat hot doughnuts. In the morning, my brother and I stood under his window for half an hour, throwing pebbles and sticks, but he would not wake up—he had forgotten.

Downstairs, I could hear his mother knocking around in the kitchen and, from a far corner of the house, a distant torrent of scales from his father's violin. I got dressed quietly and walked across the room to the window. Clouds hung in low, gray shapes over the field, and a soft wind blew down across the meadow to the ocean and the beach. Though it was December, the weather had been warm, and the ground was bare and soft and several trees had budded prematurely. The branches were bare, and swayed gently in the wind. What did they look like with leaves on them? I could not imagine.

In time, Richard woke, we ate, and stood on the field near his house, watching a small balsa-wood plane he had got for Christmas rise in the wind above the barn, curve, pause, tip its wings, and swoop down again toward the roof, rising in a sudden gust before catching its wings on a branch and falling harmlessly to earth. Though we had not noticed, Richard's father stood on the lawn near the garden, and laughed now, a gentle, rolling laugh, rising in him and making us laugh with him, and then him with us; his laughter faded slowly on his face to a smile. "That was wonderful," he said, his face flushed with cold and his own amusement. His hands were in his pockets, and as he stood he seemed, suddenly, like part of the landscape—a tree, the garden—as if he had always been there. "When I was your age, we used to launch planes from up there on the roof," he said, pointing back toward the house, "but they always got caught in that big pine tree and we had to knock them down with sticks. It took forever." He smiled again, and walked slowly back across the lawn toward the house.



That afternoon, Richard and I walk with the plane down across the field toward the beach. A steady breath of wind is coming off the ocean and we have decided to launch the plane from the rocks overlooking the beach. It is low tide, and from the top of the rocks we can see the vast stretch of white sand below, and people walking in the warm winter air. The water is smooth, except for the succession of waves that curl onto the beach, and an occasional ripple spreading itself across the water. The air promises spring. Dogs run in circles, a horse canters in a broken wave, people walk, sounds drift. We stand there briefly, feeling the wind on our faces, wondering which way to launch the plane.

"Fine day for a flight, eh, Watson?" Richard says to me in an affected British accent.

"Quite, Holmes, quite."

"And which way shall we launch her, sire, which way shall we launch her?"

"I think straight, lad, and the wind'll bring her round, down onto the flatlands."

"And how many turns, Watson, how many turns?"

"Oh, I don't know, Holmes. Hundred praps. Praps a hundred and fifty."

"Praps. Hundred and fifty 'tis."

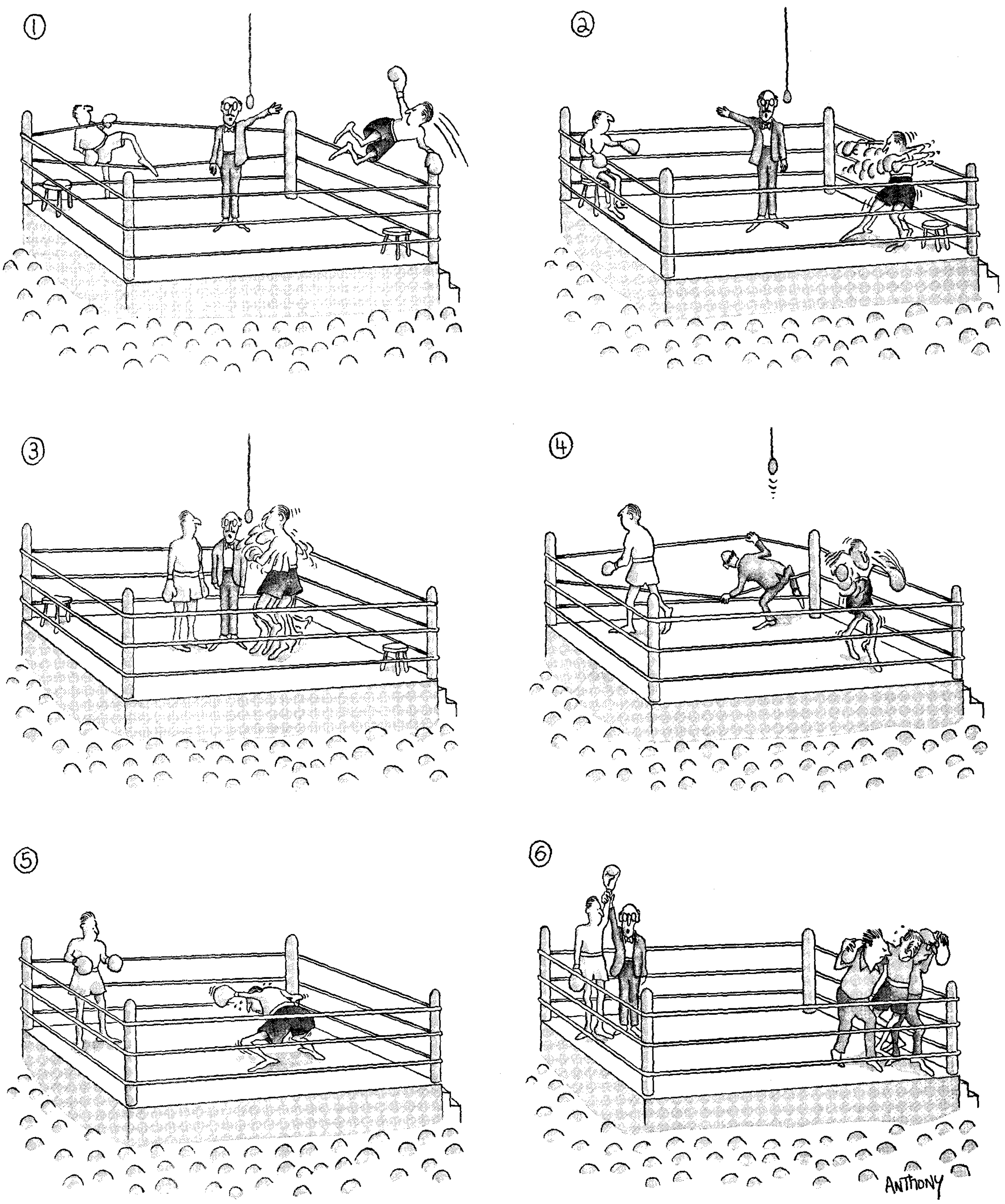
He turns the propeller a hundred and fifty times, and we look out over the beach and at each other.

"Good luck, Watson. Take care."

"And good luck to you, too, Holmes. If anything happens, I'll see you in Singapore on the fifteenth."

"The fifteenth it is, suh. Good luck," Richard says to me, and we shake hands and turn to the sea.

With a practiced hand, he releases the propeller and gives the plane a gentle push toward the ocean. The plane goes straight out from his extended hand, its wings tipping back and forth in the wind, and flies



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through the air, stringing together a succession of perfect arcs, over the rocks, over the beach, over the breaking waves, straight out to sea. We stand there and stare, until, at last, after what seems a small eternity, the plane arcs toward the water, rises gently in the wind, and settles into the sea.

Richard and I stand there in a brief, dumbstruck silence before turning to each other.

"My God, Holmes," I say. "Congratulations." We shake hands and go scampering down the rocks, like two old men who have seen, in the distance, a forgotten love, and remembered.

—David Updike

THE HOTEL NORMANDIE POOL

I

Around the cold pool in the metal light
of New Year's morning, I choose one of nine
cast-iron umbrellas in iron tables
for work and coffee. The first cigarette
triggers the usual fusillade of coughs.
After a breeze the pool divides the freight
of its reflections in one line. Sunshine
lattices a blank wall with the shade of gables,
stirs the splayed shadows on the hills like moths.

Last night, framed in the binding of that window,
like the great chapter in some Russian novel
in which, during the war, the prince comes home
to watch the soundless waltzers dart and swivel,
fish in their lamplit aquarium,
I stood in my own gauze of swirling snow
and, through the parted hair of ribboned drapes,
felt, between gusts of music, the pool widen
between myself and those light-scissored shapes.

The dancers stiffened and, like fish, were frozen
in panes of ice blocked by the window frames;
one woman fanned, still fluttering on a pin,
as a dark fusillade of kettledrums
and a piercing cornet played "Auld Lang Syne"
while a battalion of drunk married men
reswore their vows. For this my fiftieth year,
I muttered to the ribbon-medalled water,
"Change me, my sign, to someone I can bear."

Now my pen's shadow, angled at the wrist
with the chrome stanchions at the pool's edge,
dims on its lines like birches in a mist
as a cloud fills my hand. A drop punctuates
the startled paper. The pool's iron umbrellas
ring with the drizzle. Sun hits the water.
The pool is blinding zinc. I shut my eyes,
and as I raise their lids I see each daughter
rise on the rayed shells of both irises.

The prayer is brief: That the transparent wrist
would not cloud surfaces with my own shadow,
and that this page's surface would unmist
after my breath as pools and mirrors do.
But all reflection gets no easier,
although the brown, dry needles of that palm
quiver to stasis and things resume their rhyme
in water, like the rubber ring that is a
red rubber ring inverted at the line's center.

Into that ring my younger daughter dived
yesterday, slithering like a young dolphin,
her rippling shadow hungering under her,
with nothing there to show how well she moved
but in my mind the veer of limb and fin.
Transparent absences! Love makes me look
through a clear ceiling into rooms of sand;
I ask the element that is my sign,
"Oh, let her lithe head through that surface break!"

Aquarian, I was married to water;
under that certain roof, I would lie still
next to my sister spirit, horizontal
below what stars derailed our parallel
from our far vow's undeviating course;
now each line rises as they enter it,
Peter, Anna, Elizabeth—Margaret
still sleeping with one arm around each daughter,
in the true shape of love, beyond divorce.

Time cuts down on the length man can endure
his own reflection. Entering a glass
I surface quickly now, prefer to breathe
the fetid and familiar atmosphere
of work and cigarettes. Only tyrants believe
their mirrors, or Narcissi, brooding on boards,
before they plunge into their images;
at fifty I have learnt that worse than words
are the disfigurations of divorce.

II

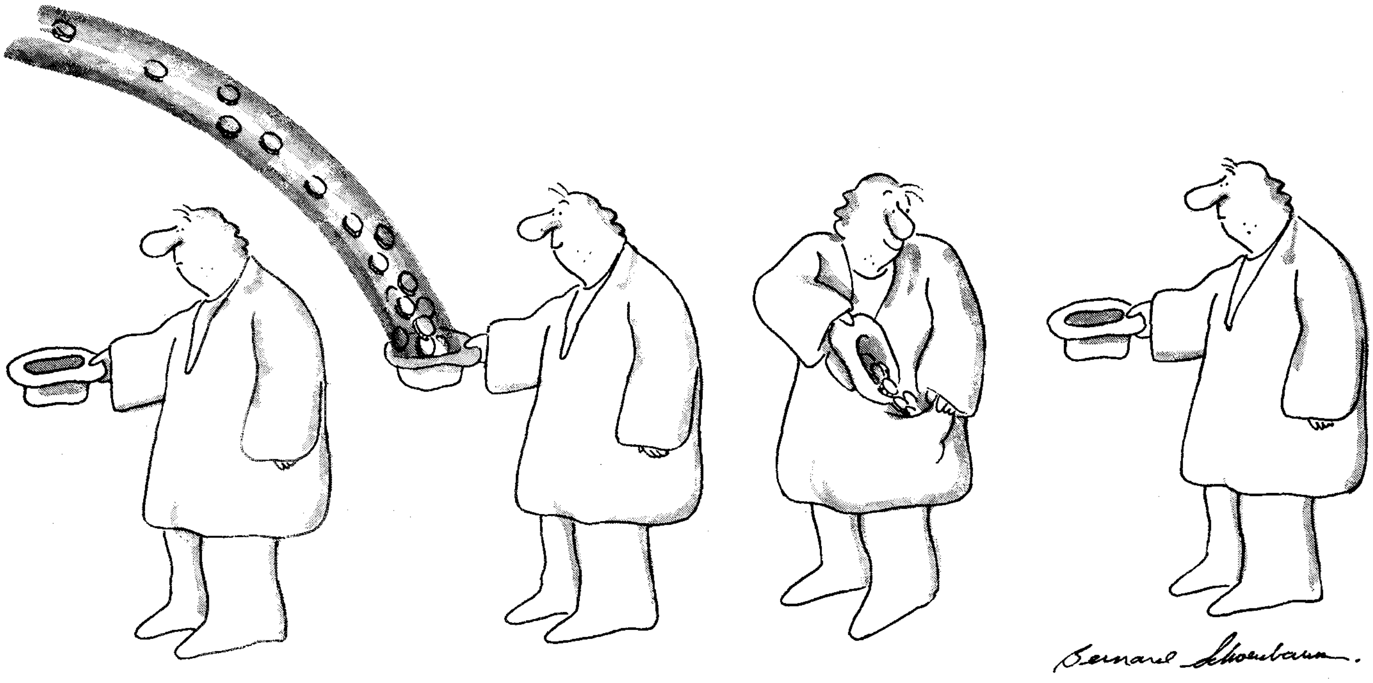
Across the seamless silk, iron umbrellas
and a brown palm burn. A sandalled man comes out
and, in a robe of foam-frayed terry cloth,
with Roman graveness buries his room key,
then, mummy-oiling both forearms and face
with sunglasses still on, stands, fixing me,
and nods. Some petty businessman who tans
his pallor a negotiable bronze,
and the bright nod would have been commonplace

if, with it, he did not whip off the holes
that hid his eyes and brood into the pool's
reflecting rim. White towel, toga-slung,
foam hair repeated by the robe's frayed hem,
and it came back to me, like my own tongue,
the lovely Latin lost to all our schools,
so that across centuries I said to him,
"*Quis te misit, Magister?*" That silent shout
branched through my body, veining it with stone.

On marble, concrete, or obsidian,
your visit, Master, magnifies the lines
of this small pool to that Ovidian
thunder of surf under the Pontic pines;
one shadow sweeps Rome's squares and palaces,
washes her tangled fountains of green bronze;
there, as one drop in a white surf of faces,
a spittle-fleck from the stone snarl of lions,
you saw your shadow where the palm begins.

Turn to us, Ovid. Our emerald sands
are stained with sewage from each tin-shacked Rome;
corruption, censorship, and arrogance
make exile seem a happier thought than home.
"Ah, for the calm proconsul with a voice
as just and level as this Roman pool,"
our house slaves sigh; the field slaves scream revenge;
one moves between the flatterer and the fool
yearning for the old bondage from both ends.

And I, whose ancestors were slave and Roman,
have seen both sides of the imperial foam,
heard palm and pine tree alternate applause
as the white breakers rose in galleries



to settle, whispering at the tilted palm
of the boy-god, Augustus. My own face
holds negro Neros, chalk Caligulas,
as their reflection slides along the glass
of faces foaming past triumphal cars.

Master, each idea has become suspicious
of its shadow. A lifelong friend whispers
in his own house as if it might arrest him;
markets no more applaud, as was their custom,
our camouflaged, booted militias
roaring past on camions, the sugar-apples
of grenades growing on their belts; ideas
with guns divide the islands; in dark squares
poems will gather like conspirators.

Then Ovid said, "When I was first exiled,
I missed my language as your tongue needs salt,
my absence turned my country to a child,
no bench would tell my shadow 'Here's your place;'
bridges, canals, willow-fanned waterways,
everything normal felt like an insult,
till, on a tablet smooth as the pool's skin,
I wrote reflections that, in many ways,
were even stronger than their origin.

"Tiled villas anchored in the breaking orchards,
parched terraces hid in a dust cloud of words;
among clod-fires, wolfskins, starving herds,
Tibullus's flute faded, sweetest of shepherds;
through shaggy pines the beaks of needling birds
pricked me at Tomis to stitch their tribal tongue,
so, since desire is stronger than its disease,
my pen's beak parted till we chirped one song
in the unequal shade of equal trees.

"I let the seasons wrestle with their clouds
while I learnt government in that hermitage
of a stone table swept by the shadowy spines
of branches skittering from Caesar's rage
with every yaw. There, hammering out lines
in that green forge to fit me for the horse,
against the far, seductive surf of crowds,
I ruled a solitude so tyrannous
that no wife softens it, or Caesar envies."

Across the swimming pool's dazzling pane
he put on his sunglasses. By this time
the light waves of his voice were darkening.
"Romans"—he smiled—"will mock your
slavish rhyme,
the slave will mock your Roman structure; well,
from Metamorphoses to Tristia
our art tries to make order, that is all."
Tightening his toga gently, he went in.

III

At dusk, the sky is loaded like watercolor paper
in an orange wash in which every edge frays—
a painting with no memory of the painter—
and what this pool recites is not a phrase
from an invisible, exiled laureate,
where there's no laurel, but the scant applause
of one dry, scraping palm tree as blue eve-
ning ignites its blossoms from one mango flower,
and something, not a leaf, shakes like a leaf,

as swifts with needle-beaks dart, panicking over
the pool's cloud-draining light. For an envoi,
write what the wrinkled god repeats to the boy-
god: "May the last light of heaven pity us
for the hardening lie in the face that we did not tell."
Dusk. The trees blacken like the pool's umbrellas.
Dusk. Suspension of every image and its voice.
The mangoes hang from their green dark like meteors.
The fruit bat swings on its branch, a tongueless bell.

—Derek Walcott

SMART

Mom sent my brother, Jackie, over from Wheeling to take care of me the last week of March, right before I had the baby. I was living alone in Washington, D.C., in five rooms of a sagging apartment house called the Augusta, which was on Wisconsin, opposite the National Cathedral. I waited on the sidewalk for Jackie's car. The Augusta was shining behind me, cold and flaking white in the sun of a false spring. Across the dangerous street, the cathedral's towers and other pointed places stuck at the sky. I realized I had been waiting for over an hour—the longest I had been out of my place for three months, including trips to my O.B., two blocks away.

Those days, I lived mostly in the study. It was a dim room that smelled of thick draperies and the wax on the panelling and rusty-radiator heat. I spent my time there in a recliner that was a leftover from some other tenant. The chair was covered with horsehair or old plush, like a theatre seat, and it had a cracked foot that made it lean toward a corner. One nice thing in the room, I thought, was a little window beside the closet which had diamond-shaped panes of blue and brown glass.

Whenever I got up from the chair it was just to flip a record or straighten my back or nibble some of the food my neighbor, Mrs. Sally Dixon, brought me. Mrs. Dixon was eighteen, and terribly shy. She always said "This is Mrs. Dixon" when she knocked on the door, so I never called her Sally. I knew what that was like—I used to be shy, too. I got over it when I worked at the gift desk in the basement of the Hirshhorn, the first year I was in D.C. I sold posters and prints and art books and postcards, and I met hundreds of new people every day. There were people from Paris and Iceland and New South Wales, Australia, and from Florida, and I even met some from Tyler, Texas. After I had learned what was in our stockroom and, without trying, memorized a few facts about each thing, I could talk to those people. If they spoke English, I could talk to them. I began to show a little confidence. Mrs. Dixon had no confidence, and I liked her for it. She didn't want to chat about anything when she turned up every week or so that winter. She kept my kitchen loaded with cans of vegetables and soup and different boxes of cereal. I always spent a lot of time on my appearance before her visits, so she wouldn't worry about the baby I was going to have. Still, I could see some distress on her face whenever she actually looked at me.

I wore socks usually but no shoes, and most of the time—because it was the only thing I had that still really fit—a great big blue slip of my mom's. Most of the time I had some sweaters on over the slip. I had one expensive tan lamb's-wool cardigan. My hair had lost all its body and shine with pregnancy, and it made a dry, frizzy cloud around my face.

When Jackie finally arrived, he surprised me by being a pedestrian. He just stepped out from behind a cluster of tourists on their way to the big church. I had expected him to drive up in his West Virginia-plates car.

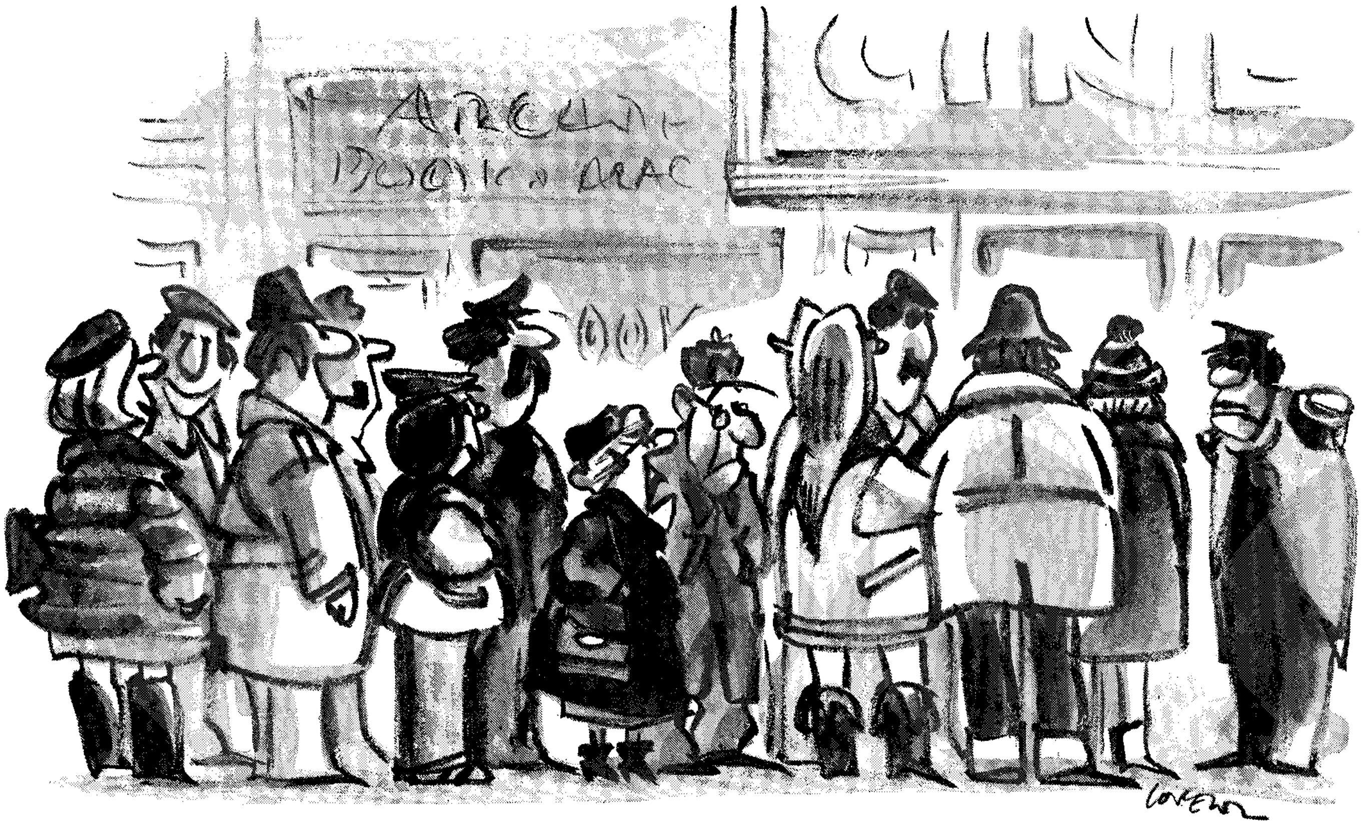
He gave me a kiss and said, "Aw, don't tell me," in a disgusted voice. "You can't be on the level. You couldn't have stood out here waiting since four o'clock."

"I didn't know if you could find my place," I said.

"Hell, I found it forty minutes ago, but they don't want you to park your car in this city. I've been going up one way and down the other. I finally just got out, set the car loose, and told it, 'Every man for himself.' Is this your place here? Looks pretty good. *You* don't look good."

I led him inside and he gave me more of the same. He frowned at my old magazines, the plates and glasses in unhealthy stacks, the empty jar of Nescafé, the dusty rows of record albums, and said, "I'm sorry, Miranda, but this makes me mad."

He stalked out the apartment door. I followed him down through the little lobby, with its tiled floor and ugly round mirrors, and down the Augusta's front walkway. The sun had dimmed, and the temperature had dropped about ten degrees. We walked to a shallow park that was between the Augusta and her taller neighbor, the Laguna. Jackie tapped a few trees with his knuckles, like a tree surgeon. He finally stopped walking and plopped down on a bench and lit a cigarette. "That's the scariest damn church I ever saw," he said in a friendly tone.



"Will you please stop saying we're the oldest people in line? We're always the oldest people in line."

• •

"It's the National," I said.

"I know it. Listen, Miranda. I'm going for my luggage, and then I want to start tackling that mess in there. Are you going to stand around on the sidewalk pregnant?"

Later on, after he got a few pieces of his gear inside, some of the irritation went out of Jackie. He put me in my chair, opened a thermos he had used on his road trip, and poured me a drink into the cap. It was still-warm cocoa that Mom had made for us, back home.

Jackie started cleaning. He pushed the furniture around. He yanked the vacuum cleaner from the closet and bullied it over the rugs in the study and the hall and into the old living room, which I had fixed up for the baby. I opened my Modern Library edition of "Cousin Bette" and pretended to read.

Jackie was in and out for the next few hours, until after dark. He'd report to me every so often. He'd say, "All right, there's a hardware just two blocks from here, and now we've got decent light bulbs, at least, and some emergency candles." Or "Get me up at eight o'clock tomorrow morning, Miranda. I have to move my car from across the street or I'll never move it again, because the police'll put a boot on it. You do have an alarm clock? If you don't, that hardware's still open. Anyways, there's a good pharmacy close, that would have a clock. Closes at ten, I think."

I heard him dragging open drawers and loading his stuff into closets. About nine that evening, he made his last trip in, with a purplish leather shaving kit that had been our father's, and a cardboard six-pack of drinking glasses under his left arm. "Look here, they were selling these at that grocery for three bucks," he said. "Tumblers."

When everything was put away, we went to inspect the room I had arranged for the baby. I had painted it all green and yellow, although I was heartset on a girl. There was a Bambi crib and clothes hamper, and some gowns and outfits still in gift boxes, and one or two Fisher-Price toys that relatives had sent. I had put up an Animaland poster and strung a wooden fruit-and-flowers mobile over the crib. There was a new, icy-looking polish on the hardwood floor, which Jackie had produced with his sponge mop and wax.

"Looks good," he said. He yawned. "Tonight I'm going to sleep like the dead."

"Me, too. I've completely had it," I said. I went into the dining room—a closed-off area at one end of the kitchen, with a small window. I had insisted the movers wedge my tall bed in there, so I could save the back room for guests. I was still shy in some ways, I guess. I wouldn't ever share a bedroom with my mom, for example.

I HAD recently turned thirty-six, which is old to have a first baby. In the last eight and a half months I had gained maybe forty pounds. I had been trying to reduce lately, by cutting way down on my eating. I had a dream the first night Jackie was there. In it some food rolled by, and then there was a table laid with a roast, glazed carrots, and potatoes. A voice said, "Miranda? Eat these."

When I woke up the next morning, Jackie was already up and doing, drinking coffee, scrambling eggs. It still seemed to be the middle of the night. I lay on my back in bed, in pain. I watched him, framed by the kitchen portal, as he hunted for utensils and checked plates and glasses for stains, and whistled and rocked his head. Every few minutes, all this panicky activity stopped and he would stand and seem to dissolve into himself.

"I forget what I was going to say," he whispered once.

"What?" I said.

"Do you want to wake up? It's seven-thirty. I've got to go move my car. I think it's raining."

"Oh, I'll get up," I said. "It's been so nice. We've had this weather up in the high sixties. One day, I—"

"Before you go on, I want to tell you this," Jackie said. He drank some more coffee and then came in and sat on my bed, down at the foot. "When it's time for us to go, and you're ready for the baby, you should already have packed your nightwear and so forth. You know, toothbrush, robe, and slippers. Stay awake, Miranda. I want to tell you this, and then I have to go move my car."

"O.K., I'm listening," I said. "But I think today instead of packing a lot of jazz for the hospital I'd just like to sit at the window and watch the rain."

"Smart," he said.

I rose, yawning and stretching, and waddled to the record-player. "I wish you'd have let me sleep, though. I haven't had a *dream sleep* in about four weeks, and it was sort of nice. The place looks good, Jackie. Thank you a lot for cleaning."

"What do you want for breakfast? I gotta get sliding," he said.

"Nothing," I said. I went to a shelf in a closet where I kept my lap blanket.

"If you don't eat and you're not sleeping, you'll have a terrible baby. I'm here because I'm supposed to make you take care of yourself."

"*Look* at me," I said, heading back for my lame chair. "Could you lie down and sleep comfortably, the way I look, do you think? Or eat? Imagine a heavy, pointed rock turning in your stomach. Roaring up your throat."

"Hmph," Jackie said. He was shaking his raincoat like a businessman, getting ready to put it on.

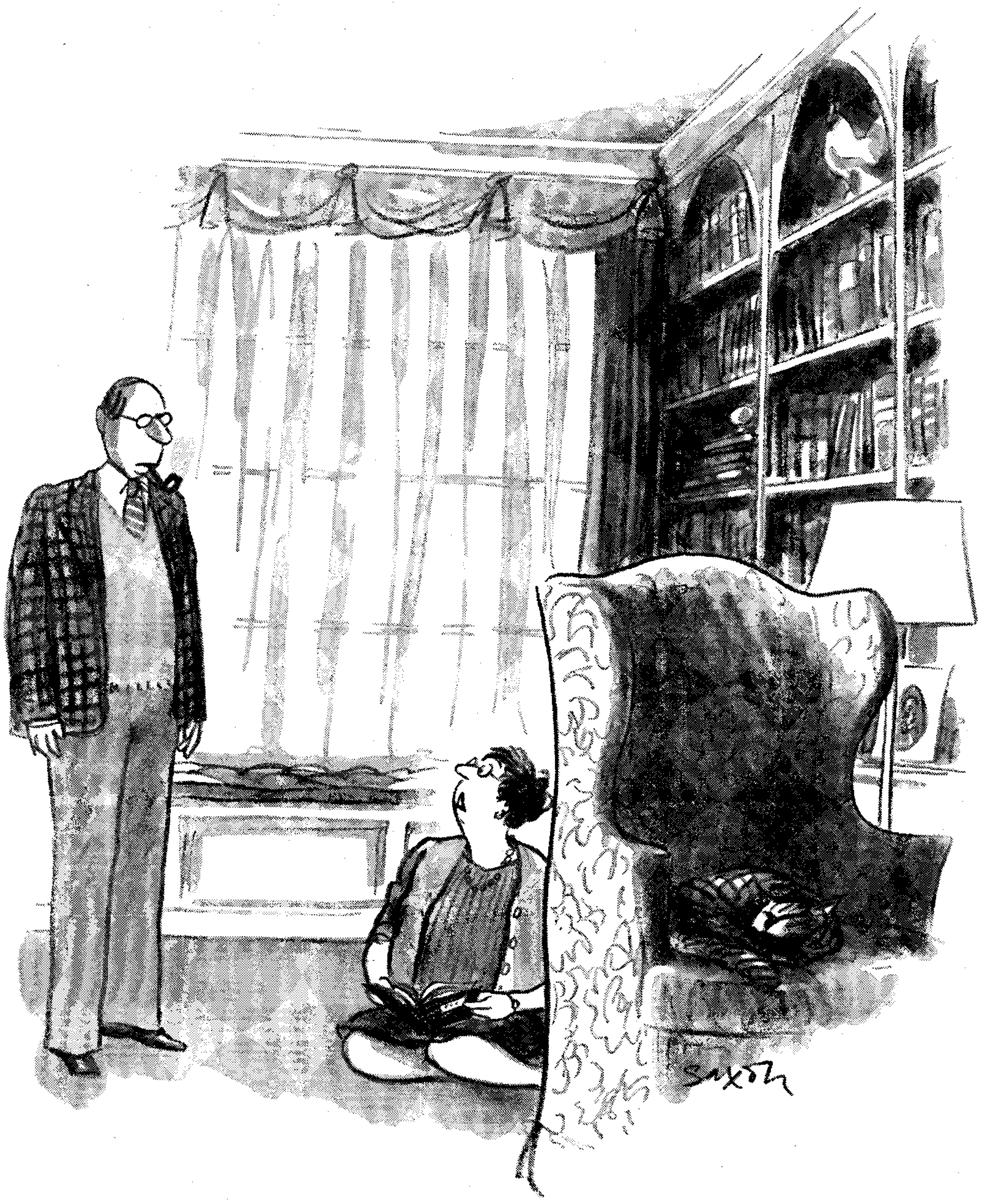
Jackie had his own disappointments. On the drive to D.C., he had gotten tar all over the flanks and bumper of his new orange Gremlin. Then he got a mean sore throat, he told me. It was so rainy the first three days of his visit that he would hardly leave the apartment. But his real depression, it turned out, came from his failing his comprehensive exams in clinical psychology at Marshall University. He was being denied his degree.

"Mom didn't know what to do, so she pressured me into coming here and nursemaiding you," he said one afternoon. "She thought it was a way out for both of us."

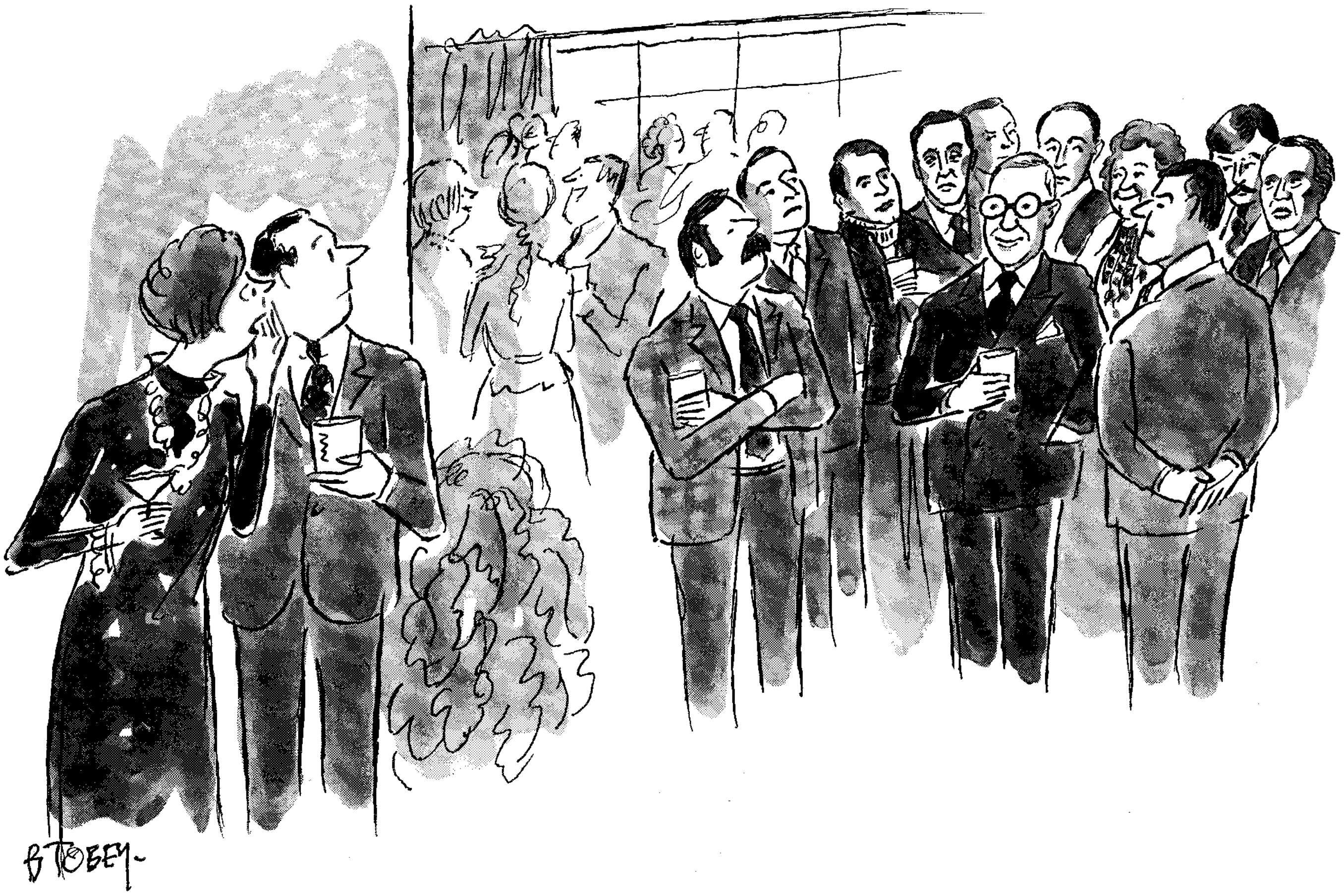
"I'm sorry," I said.

We were in the study. Jackie had been combing through the Washington *Post*. After a while he said, "This is a curious, damned silly city, with more damned egotism floating around than even in Hollywood, California, I'd bet. Everyone's a politician of some sort, and the only people dumber than politicians are the journalists who write about them."

For Jackie, a newspaper had always been more for physical exercise than for actual reading. He read standing, with the paper held high and at arm's length. He would rush through a section, his arms closing and



"But I can't just send it back to the Bryn Mawr College library after twenty-eight years with a nice note!"



"Look! Isn't that Smiley and his people?"

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opening, with the paper beating like big wings. Whenever he paused, it was just long enough to cock his head and brood a few seconds over some column or picture before his arms snapped again and he moved ahead. During the little intervals, when the paper was closed and his fingers were pinching off a new page, he raised his chin and stretched his neck, as if he were fighting a headache. Now he brushed through the financial section, discarded it, and started on the editorials.

"Anything in there?" I said.

"Nothing," he said.

That was typical of Jackie—and me. We were impatient people, and our impatience made us bored and our boredom cost us friendships. Whenever someone got a little long-winded around Jackie, he would say, "Why don't you skip the commercial and get to the program?" Smart. I'd smile at this every time Jackie had the nerve to pull it, because I felt the same way. We had spent our whole lives rushing through things, the way Jackie did newspapers—schools, music albums, books, though almost never a whole book from start to finish. We weren't learners, really. We took in whatever we thought we could turn into conversation—mostly from TV shows and movies. The only reason we liked to know a thing was so we'd have something to yammer about—just as I had learned to rattle on to the Hirshhorn tourists about the Rodins and Matisses and Motherwells. We were quick, Jackie and I, but not good listeners.

"Let's get a breath," Jackie said, dropping the paper on the floor. "Can you walk? The walls are closing in on me."

We walked toward downtown. There was still some orangish sun on the taller buildings, but the stores and cars were burning lights. In a chained-off empty parking lot, beside a closed gas station, some rangy black men were playing basketball. One man, bearded and in a wool cap, dodged around two defenders and jumped high and fired a two-handed shot at the brick wall behind the station.

"They don't even have a basket," Jackie said. "There's your metaphor for urban blight."

"This isn't really the blighted part of town," I said. "Those guys are probably ambassadors from the Zimbabwe Embassy."

"Probably," Jackie said, but he looked a little surprised. "May I ask you something?"

"Normally when people ask if they can ask I say no, but go ahead," I said.

"Well, Miranda, what do you intend to do?"

I tapped my stomach. "When this is over, I'm going to crash-diet, drink real tea for a change, and I thought I'd hunt up a part-time library job, or maybe be a salesgirl at Bloomingdale's."

"The point is," Jackie said, "it's not going to be over. Not at the hospital. Not for at least twenty years is this going to be over, and that's if you get most of the breaks. It makes my head swim. It'll probably *never* be over."

"Tell me something new," I said.

A jogger went by, hurdling some traffic cones, and started a couple of dogs barking. I was ready, right then, to have the baby. I wasn't sure of the due date, and didn't want to be. I might have been overdue. The one night with Phil had been in June.

"You're going to run through the rest of Dad's money very quickly—especially in this rook-joint city," he said. "I was just wondering how you plan to live. It's supposed to cost something like . . . oh, four hundred thousand dollars to raise a kid these days. Until it's grown up, I mean."

"What do you want me to do?" I said.

"Not you," Jackie said. "Phil. Does Phil ever say anything to you about—"

"All the time," I snapped. "He says he'll do everything a human being possibly can."

Jackie gestured helplessly at the buildings around us. "Oh, Miranda," he said. "Where is he?"

Phil was seven years younger than I. I had met him in Dupont Circle at a kind of informal celebration of Nixon's resignation. A potbellied man was standing over a huddle of gallon bottles of Cribari Chianti, pouring wine into those little bathroom-sized Dixie cups and handing out the cups to strangers. Phil had a burr haircut that showed his pink scalp, and he was wearing a fatigue jacket and a beige military shirt and dungarees. He toasted me with his wine and called me Princess. He looked like Robert De Niro around the eyes, but he had an indefinite, fleshy chin. He told me he was just out of the Army, back from a tour in Vietnam.

We lived together for four years, first in his duplex apartment in Silver Spring and then in an alley town house on the outskirts of Georgetown. The place was one room, really, with a kitchen and dining annex, a weedy paved garden, and hundreds of water bugs.

I was the one who broke it off, but we were both relieved. We weren't very close. Phil had carried on our courtship and cohabitation as he carried most every situation—with a lot of bluster and bluff. He had a heavy, adenoidal, Eastern way of speaking—an accent that I could not place. New Jersey? Boston? Maine? For all I knew, the accent was faked. He would only say that he liked to speak his sentences with "reverse spin." He was almost incapable of talking to people, it seemed, without moving toward them and actually touching them, taking them in his hands or roping an arm over their shoulders, or at least resting a finger on their lapels. Constantly, and to no end that I could see, he lied. If asked where he was from, he would say, "Originally? Pensacola," or "All over. I'm an Army brat."

The last time we made love, in late June, happened after a pool party in Woodbury Hills, in Wheeling. In the two years since our breakup I had moved to the Augusta, and I held a few jobs for a few months each. I mowed grass and collected picnickers' trash in Rock Creek Park. I sold leather clothes in a Georgetown specialty shop. Once or twice a month, I would meet Phil someplace for dinner, or we'd see a movie at the Biograph, or have coffee at the Ginger Parlor, on the Canal. When I was invited to a sort of family reunion in West Virginia, in honor of my mother's sixtieth birthday, I suddenly asked him if he'd come along and drive me there.

He was entertaining enough on the long, nervous trip across Maryland and Pennsylvania. To keep my mind off the big hills and the eighteen-wheelers that blew around us, he told me a lot of lies about his time in Vietnam. At a rest stop in Conneat, he bought me a souvenir paperback about Amish cooking. He had raised a dark beard, which did wonders for his face, giving him a strong, pointed chin, where he had had none, and setting off his black eyes.

The pool party we went to was given by the Ziegler twins, who were classmates of Jackie's at Marshall U. They were beautiful, lean girls, each with a fat brown braid that hung down between her shoulder blades. On the day of the party, their tan skin was oiled and smelled faintly of coconut, and they wore matching orange bandeau bikinis and pearl earbobs. I liked the party. I never took off the long blue football jersey I was wearing, but I sunned my legs from a lounger and watched Phil doing laps in the pool. His arms lifted up and pointed in easy arcs, and his legs pounded the water

WINTER VIEW OF NEW HAVEN

(Yale College Towers, The Breakwaters,
and Stratford Shoal Beyond)

The old tower shines like the Matterhorn;
snow melts on the intricate façade
of United Illuminating.

Below, the asphalt lot has been plowed.
The prize-winning Moon mounts in the West
on a long, lavender cloud.

Albert Ryder might have painted this,
done justice (as historians say)
to the dead sky, the kiss

of ice on the harbor like purple glass.
Helen high on runaway love
lifts the white sheet to the past.

Symbols: Paris sleeps on black stones;
Priam's gold is gone; Hector's blood
spots his broken bones.

Feel the wind on your cheek? It slips
through your fingers like water in a dream.
It drives proud ghosts like ships

into pennants of smoke on a wine-dark sky.
—F. D. Reeve

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WARNER BROS. STUDIOS
MOVIEMAKERS TO THE PRESIDENT

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without throwing up much splash.

He came and sat with me for a moment as he dried his hair and beard with a towel. I tugged the aluminum handles of the lounger and pushed them forward a few stops so that I was sitting up and could see him more easily. He called over to Jackie, "Hey, Gov'ner! Going to get yourself wet today?"

Jackie hadn't even brought a swimsuit. He was down on the Zieglers' lawn, where he had cornered a collie dog. He seemed to be holding the dog with both arms, and he talked intently to it while he ruffled its ears and scratched the back of its neck.

Brendie Ziegler joined us. She looked pleasantly harassed by her hostess duties. She was streaming water, and there were wet highlights on her torso and nice legs. "Here's a guy who looks capable of building a grill fire for us," she said to Phil.

"Hey, I'm a guest," he said.

"No one will help, so we'll all just go hungry, I guess," Brendie said.

"I don't know where anything *is*. So you'd have to show me," Phil said. He made his best smile for her. It was loose and lopsided and boyish, and when he shined it on people they often giggled in response.

Brendie said, "Follow me."

Phil was still grinning on the ride back to Mom's house with me and Jackie that evening. I knew that the glow he had was from being with the Zieglers, and not me, but just the same he was something. His hair was wet and tousled out of its usual fussy pompadour and sort of ducktail set. His shirt and pants were new—cotton and light-colored and summery. They had a looser fit than most of Phil's city clothes. I didn't even mind the fancy built-up tennis shoes he wore, or the silver saint on a chain he had recently taken to wearing around his throat. He looked great.

When we arrived at my mother's, her oyster-gray Grand Prix was in the driveway. Phil got out of his old Nova and sat on the hood of Mom's car and spun his keys on their ring with one finger. When he spoke to me, I noticed a dark grape Life Saver staining his tongue. Jackie, who had been sitting sullenly in the back seat—he'd been sullen during the whole reunion and the whole pool party—went right into the house.

Phil and I decided to scare up a bar and get drunk, and we did, and when we were drunk we decided to go to a motel in Morgantown. Phil told me that he was going to buy me a bikini the next day. After I batted the shade off the motel room's ceramic table lamp, I decided that one ought to act on one's impulses.

A couple of months later, I explained over the phone to Jackie how I had gotten pregnant.

"Fine," he said, lifelessly.

"O.K., you don't like it," I said. "But it's a fact."

"Nobody stays pregnant at thirty-six," he said. He was in his typical bad mood, just off from interning at the County Mental Health Center. I had seen the hospital and I understood how it could get you down. It was a blackened brick building, located in a spooky park of very old apple trees. Jackie wanted to know what I was going to do about the baby. He said it could be born an idiot because of my age. "Not to mention who its father is," he said. Then he talked about post-partum depression and what it did to our grandma.

I waited until he was through, and then I put down the telephone and went into my kitchen and kicked a utility pipe that was ticking away there. When I came back, I said, "You can go to hell, Jackie. Let me speak to Mom."

PHIL appeared one evening about two days before I went into labor. He was carrying a kid's-sized rocker and he had four small cardboard boxes—"cases," he called them—of baby food in the trunk of his car. He improvised and said he had been away in Chicago, helping a brother-in-law set up a construction firm.

I let him inspect the baby's room, and then we toured the rest of the place. It was the first time Phil had been inside the Augusta, and he told me, in a critical tone, that he liked what he saw. Then he spotted Jackie, who was sitting on the floor by the TV, shelling peanuts and watching "Wonder Woman."

"What say, Gov'ner?" Phil said. "Or are you Doctor Gov'ner now? You graduated, am I right?"

Jackie snapped a peanut shell. He didn't even look at Phil. In another minute, he pulled himself off the floor and retreated to the kitchen. We heard him running the electric mixer for the next two or three minutes, and then I picked up the metallic smell of my oven preheating. I excused myself and peeked in on Jackie. He was up on the counter, furiously thrashing a wooden spoon around a bowl of brownie mix that was pressed between his thighs. He had put peanut butter and dates and crushed cashews and oatmeal into the bowl. He winked at me and said, "Our favorite food. Will you *please* be willing to eat some of this?"

I went back to the study, where the TV was still on but with its picture rolling. Phil had gone out to his car, and now he brought in a gray metal box from which he emptied two checkbooks, a ledger tablet, a worn-down pencil, and some stock certificates, and scattered them on the little table beside my beat-up chair. He looked very serious and businesslike.

"What's all this?" I said, but he waved me off. He put the pencil lengthwise in his mouth, and shuffled his papers for a while. Something was going on.

I got up and turned off the TV and stuck "Way Out Voices," by Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, on the phonograph.

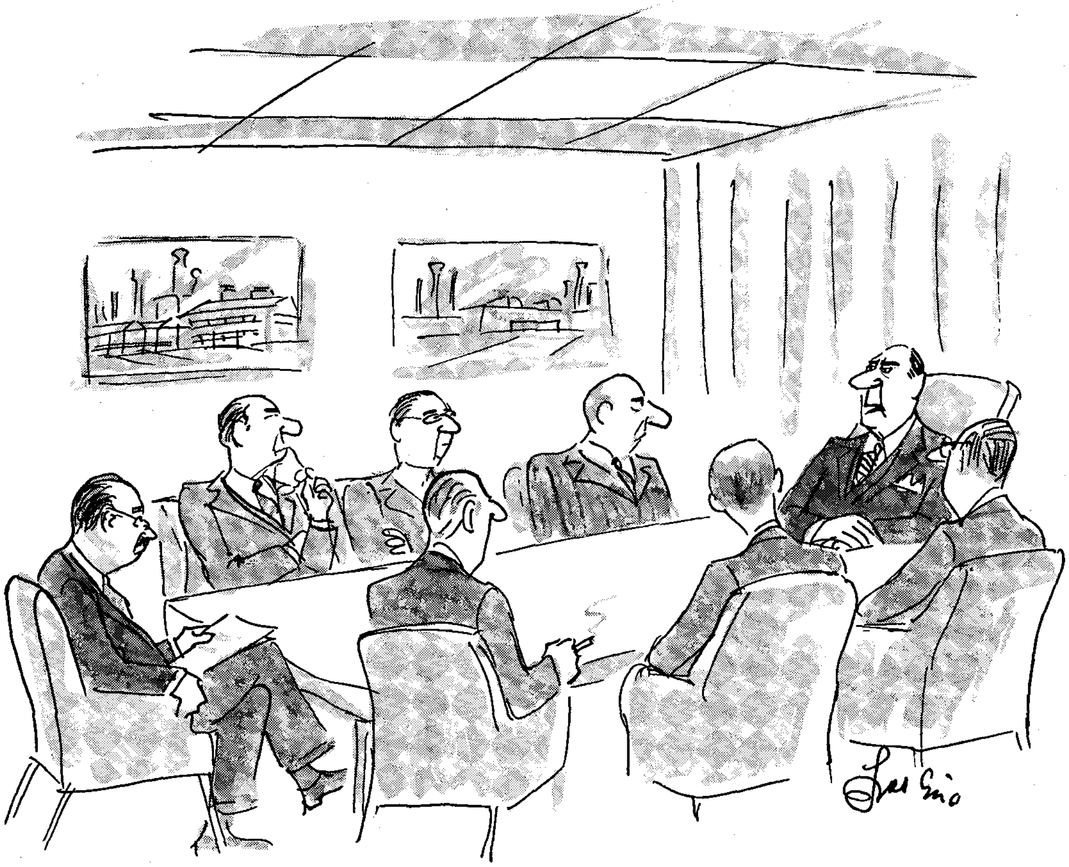
"Man, good!" Jackie yelled from the kitchen. "You remembered the right side, for a change!"

Phil said, "Turn it down, will you, Princess?" He pressed forward in his chair, but he couldn't seem to get started on what he wanted to say. He looked at me with those raisinlike eyes and gave me his good smile. He beat a checkbook against his leg.

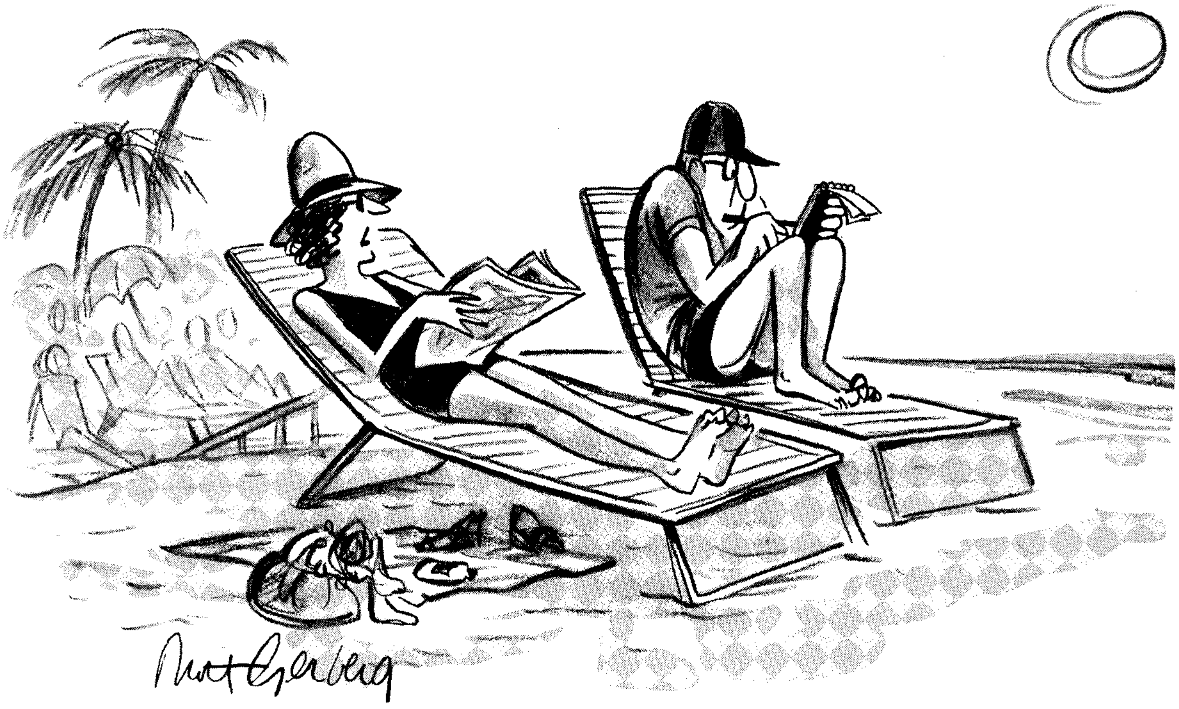
"This is about the future, right?" I said.

Phil began slowly, and at first what he said he was going to do to help me wasn't much. Then he got wound up, and before long he was talking about private schools and tennis coaches and music lessons. "Do you think flute or piano?" he asked. He said, "A lot of my life, as you know, has been spent kicking around, spinning my wheels and going from job to job, which is fine, because I learned a hell of a lot about *people*. I found out about people involved in war—sick people, some of them, and healthy people . . ."

"Red-headed people and *non*-redheads," Jackie interrupted. He came in from the kitchen, carrying a big square of brownie on a plate and a coffee cup and a straw coaster.



"All in favor of summoning the powers of darkness say 'Aye.'"



"For heaven's sake, Ogden, it's vacation time! Must you make your little lists even on vacation time?"

He moved gingerly, balancing the plate against his stomach. He kept his eye on the coffee, and went one step at a time.

Phil went right on. "This business with my brother-in-law in Chicago got me squared around some, because I did him a lot of good, and though I won't see a damn lot of money from it, I did see how you make money," he said. "You make money with *people*, Princess. And people take to me. They like me. And if being liked isn't the whole war, it sure as hell is a big battle in the campaign."

Jackie sat down very slowly on the rug, going down cross-legged, and looked up at Phil. Phil started nodding at Jackie while he talked.

"I haven't got a lot of what they call liquid assets," Phil said. "But I can read people like you two read your books, and anything I'd want to get serious about, my people-reading talent would make me a success."

"Boy, these are delicious," Jackie said. He held up a chunk of brownie on his fork.

Phil kept going. His speech was pushed and urgent-sounding. "I've got some things lined up for now and some for later," he said. "Step One, though, is a vet friend of mine who's in shipping and receiving for a big auto-parts warehouse and who's going to get me a job as a dispatcher, which I could easily handle. That position opens up in a month or two, when the guy they got now retires."

"In a month or two," Jackie said. He rose and changed the Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross record for a Duke Ellington. He put the needle down on "Cottontail," then sat down again behind his coffee cup and brownie plate.

Phil stopped talking, and stared at Jackie and then at the record-player. "Weird," Phil said. He sort of shook his head and then went on again. "Step Two is an idea I've had for a long time and which I hope to activate through a contact of mine at the Coca-Cola headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. It's so simple it's genius. Dietary Popsicles. You got diet soda, which sells like mad, and you got fat people who suffer more than anyone else in the heat and who could eat a million of these Popsicles to cool down, and not gain an ounce. And it works. I know, because I put Tab and Fresca in my ice-cube trays, and they freeze and they still taste good. You know how they sell those yogurt bars now, with little banners on the wrappers that say, 'Only Sixty Calories!' Hell, these'd be only *one* calorie."

"I hope you're not going for any of this malarkey," Jackie said to me, nodding his head toward Phil.

"Not really," I said.

"What?" Phil said.

Jackie and I shook our heads. Jackie lifted his coffee cup and stared at the coaster, which was stuck to the bottom of the cup.

"You say I lie?" Phil said. His face was suddenly a deep red.

"Nope," Jackie said.

"It's just that people—" I said, and I sucked in a breath. "I don't know. It's just that they don't ever do what they don't want to do, and they can't be what they aren't already."

"Hey, you hear that?" Jackie said to Phil. "Listen, the biggest favor you could do for this baby and its mom is just to *realize* that." He smiled at me. "That was a very nice way to put it, Sis."

I must have looked miserable, because Jackie shut up. The sad thing was, it had been fun listening to Phil. There was great authority in his delivery. For an instant there, I had wanted to be him, or at least his age, and have his ideas. I would still have believed a lot of things at twenty-nine.

Phil, meanwhile, began to show that he could rise above us. He went on talking, but his manner had become formal and unnaturally polite. He offered to leave all of a sudden, "because of the weekend traffic."

"All right," Jackie and I said, in unison.

I got up, and Phil stood as well. He put a hand on his head and smoothed the sprayed hair there. I noticed for the first time that he had shaved off his beard. He was wearing pointed boots, beltless slacks that were tight across his hipbones, and a canary-colored snagged Ban-Lon shirt. I understood that these were not some old clothes he got into on Saturdays, as my dad might have put on some out-of-date shirts and slacks to weed the garden. They were the clothes Phil *wore*.

He loaded up his utility box and put

it under his arm, and shook hands with Jackie.

"Thank you for the baby presents," I said.

"Yeah. You like that little antique rocker, Princess? It's worth a lot, so hold on to it," Phil said. "I'll be around tomorrow with more stuff. Almost certainly I'll be here."

"Don't worry," I said.

We heard his car gunning off. Listening to it, I knew he had fixed the engine some way, to make all that noise. It was the kind of thing he always did.

Jackie took his plate to the kitchen, twisting the volume knob on the phonograph way down with his foot as he passed. He muttered something about how the antique rocker had just been beat up by Phil or somebody to look old. "Stressed, they call it," Jackie said.

I got my lap blanket, and a paperback book of synonyms and antonyms, and another book that had one hundred and one crossword puzzles, and I settled into my recliner for the remainder of the evening.

Jackie went out and came back in after an hour or so with a flat brown box nearly as tall as he was. The box had blocky red printing that said, "DO NOT DROP," and "FRAGILE—GLASS," and "DO NOT USE KNIFE TO OPEN." He explained that it was a tubular-steel-and-glass shelf that he was going to assemble, and that he had brought the thing as a present for the baby but mostly to give himself something to do with his hands. He made a halfhearted try at reading the assembly-instruction sheet, but it was too slow for him. He crumpled the paper into a ball and kicked it away.

"Step One," he said. "Locate Wing Nut A and fasten to Dietary Popsicle B. Step Two, locate vet friend and shove Rod C up his nose."

"Cut it out," I said.

"Phil's sincere, isn't he? I think that's why people like him so much. That's probably the nucleus of his people-reading talent."

"Hey, Jackie?" I said. "Really, please. Cut it out."

"I like Phil," Jackie said, and when I looked at his face I saw he was being serious. "He's all right. He really is all right. He's not much good in any practical sense. I mean, I noticed that the years you lived together you did most of the working."

"He was just a kid, Jackie. He *is* a kid."

"You two will probably make a beautiful baby," Jackie said. "Did I tell you that I'm looking forward to this baby? It's just that you don't see what's wrong. You don't even know that this whole entire pregnancy is because you were flattered that a guy like Phil would hang around with you. God! What that says about you!"

"What does it say?" I asked him.

"Nothing, except that you're very, very bad off. I can't explain your problems to you." He finished putting part of the shelf together and ran his thumb up one of the steel rods. A little rough spot on the end split his skin, and he jumped. He put his thumb in his mouth and began to suck it.

"Very clever," I said. "You're some psychologist."

"Yeah, well. Damn it!" Jackie said. "You know what I mean."

"Look, I know I'm not like you," I said. "I don't particularly want to be smart. That's the difference between us, Jackie. I don't torture myself by going around with people who are."

"Right, that's right. Terrific," Jackie said. "But I don't think you ought to see him anymore, Miranda. It's none of my business."

"It never entered my mind," I said, and that was the truth.

"I think you deserve better," he said.

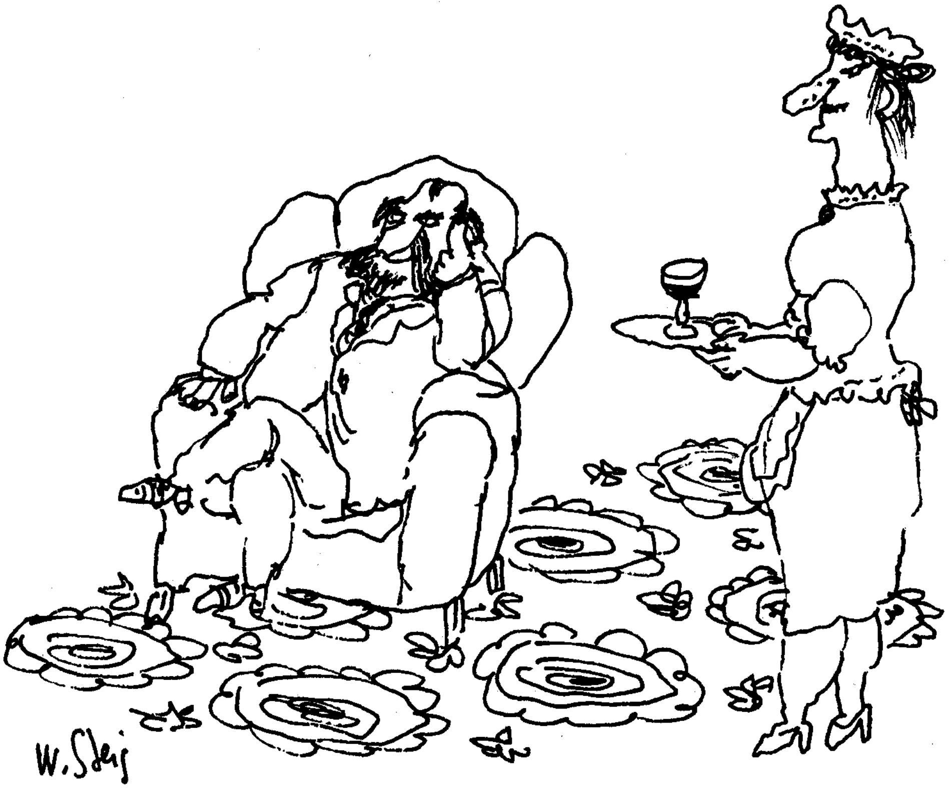
"I think you're jealous," I said.

"I wouldn't be much of a psychologist, even without a sheepskin, if I didn't already know that," he said. He stood up the finished frame and fitted the glass shelf into it, and then he put his empty coffee cup and its coaster on the shelf. "Ready to be loaded up with plants and books," he said.

"Boy, I can't wait to see what *you* bring home to marry," I said. I hauled myself onto my feet and slumped out of the room.

Later that night, in bed with a cup of cocoa Jackie had made, I lay in my high bed, with its good, side-window view of the big, awful cathedral. I contemplated sleep and the fact that Phil wouldn't make it to the hospital for the birth of our baby. Probably Mom would, and Jackie would be there, of course. Phil *would* probably turn up someday, for a while. Perhaps Jackie would stay on. Mrs. Dixon would come by, and eventually maybe she and I would have a conversation. Or not. Anyway, I wouldn't have to leave the Augusta just yet. I was home.

—Mary Robison



The Poisoned Cocktail

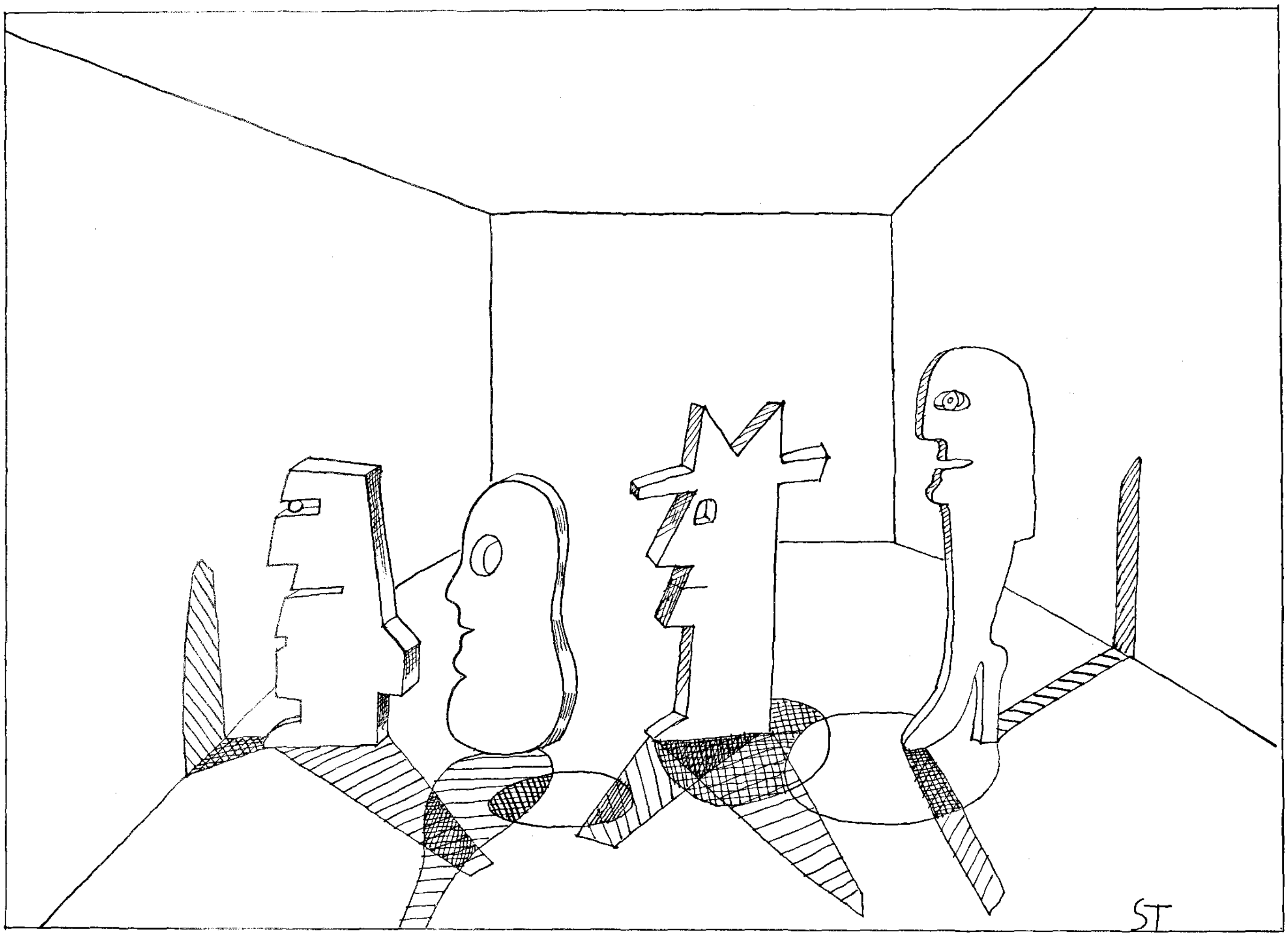
•

Much of the discussion at the anniversary observance centered on what blacks can expect from Republican President-elect Richard Nixon and a more conservative Congress.—*Huntsville (Ala.) Times.*

Saints preserve us.

PROFILES

THE MONEY MACHINE



THE long-term popularity of automatic vending machines—one of the odder manifestations of our national passion for technology—has recently, as far as New York City is concerned, made a startling advance. (There is some evidence that this popularity has an emotional life of its own, apart from its logical basis in the wish to save labor; for example, in one of the oldest jokes in our popular mythology the impotent rage of the user frustrated by such a machine's malfunctioning—its intractable refusal to do what it is intended to do, and, indeed, has promised to do—is generally regarded not with the sympathy or indignation that might reasonably be expected but, rather, with malicious humor. Perversely, we involuntarily side with the machine against the person.) The vending-machine principle has now been extended to consumer banking—the daily or weekly function of depositing money, withdrawing it, and verifying one's bank balance. In February of 1977, Citibank, the second-largest bank in the world, and by common consent the one most given to technological as well as fiscal innovation, began installing what it called Citicard Banking Centers at various sites around the city, at which, at any time of the day or night, customers might deposit or withdraw money, transfer money from one account to another, and obtain relevant information about their accounts without dealing with any human being. By October 31, 1980, there were four hundred and sixty-eight such machines operating at two hundred and thirty sites, with eight hundred and seventy thousand customers using them for more than six million transactions a month, among these being cash withdrawals at an average rate of over two thousand dollars for every minute of every day and night of the year, weekends and holidays included. (An automated-banking system less sophisticated than Citibank's had been introduced on a modest scale by Chemical Bank as early as 1969, and is now in service at several dozen locations. Chase Manhattan began offering automated service last January.)

If by its nature such an extension of the vending-machine principle suggests a certain eerieness, the suggestion is well founded. On approaching a typical Citicard Center outside of normal banking hours, a user first inserts his or her plastic Citicard in a slot in the wall next to an outer door to unlock it. Having gained entrance to the interior area—usually the vestibule of a bank branch office—the user is face to face with the banking machine, which occupies one of the vestibule walls. The machine's most prominent feature is a cathode-ray tube similar to the picture tube of a small television set, and near it are a keyboard of twelve buttons, a slot into which the Citicard can be fitted, and other slots, for making deposits and withdrawals and getting receipts. Having started the machine by inserting his card in the proper slot, and having pushed a button to choose communication in either English or Spanish, the user finds a message displayed on the screen. In English, it reads:

THANKS—I'LL DO MY BEST
TO HELP YOU. JUST FOLLOW
WITH ME STEP BY STEP.
IF YOU MAKE A MISTAKE ON
THE KEYBOARD, JUST PRESS
"CLEAR." IF YOU CHANGE YOUR
MIND AS WE GO, PRESS THE
"START OVER" BUTTON
WHEN IT'S LIT.

NOW *PUSH THIS BUTTON*
TO BEGIN.

Having pushed the button, which is indicated by an arrow, the user is asked by the screen whether he wants to withdraw cash, make a deposit or a payment, make a transfer between savings and checking accounts, be informed of his balance or given other account information, or get a receipt. (The lettering on the screen can be seen only head-on; looked at from an angle, the screen appears to be blank. This is to discourage an eavesdropper from reading over the user's shoulder.) If, say, the user chooses to withdraw cash, the screen asks whether it is to be withdrawn from a checking or a savings account; satisfied on that point, it inquires what sum is to be withdrawn, and gives the user a choice of buttons to push indicating various sums up to two hundred dollars. (If he wants to withdraw more than that, the whole process can be repeated.) After the user has punched out his "personal ID code" on the keyboard—a private number not recorded on his Citicard—his money, in bills, is almost immediately spewed out of a dispenser mounted above the screen, whereupon the screen asks whether or not he wants a printed record of the transaction, and, if he does, it emerges from the receipt slot.

Among the other messages that the screen can give, as occasion demands, are:

I'M WORKING ON IT.
JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE.

I'M SORRY, I COULDN'T DO IT.
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO
TRY AGAIN?

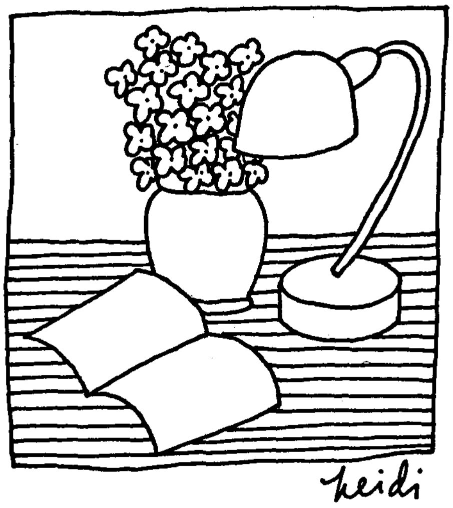
OOPS! YOU PRESSED TOO (MANY)
(FEW) KEYS. PLEASE TRY AGAIN.

And, of course—by way of acknowledgment of the machinery's imperfection—an obeisance to the old joke:

TEMPORARILY OUT OF SERVICE.

At all times, if there is any kind of difficulty the user may pick up a "Citiphone" mounted beside the screen and discuss the problem with a real person, who may or may not be able to solve it. When all goes well, though, he deals entirely with the master computer to which all Citicard Banking Centers are wired, and he does so at a branch that, from sometime between 5 and 6 P.M. to sometime between 8 and 9 A.M., is occupied by no one at all—not even a night watchman.

The obvious weakness of twenty-four-hour fully automated urban banking—the one that a layman to the subject is inclined to bring up at first mention of it—is the danger that thieves, armed or unarmed, may lurk near the cash-dispensing site at night and systematically, perhaps violently, relieve the bank users of their withdrawals almost as soon as they have made them. On occasion, high-level Citibank officials have themselves expressed similar qualms. In 1973, before the Citicard Banking Center project was begun, James D. Farley, who was, and is, a Citibank executive vice-president, said that twenty-four-hour money machines were "too expensive, too prone to vandalism, and too impersonal." Evidently, Farley changed his mind or was overruled in the Citibank deliberations leading to the decision to go ahead with electronic banking, at a cost of more than a hundred and fifty million dollars. Today, those in charge of the centers insist that while in actual practice there have been a few robberies of Citicard Banking Center customers in the vicinity of the centers, such robberies have not become a major problem. At all events, customers have clearly been cautious about using the centers late at night; less than two per cent of the transactions so far have taken place between midnight and 6 A.M. Even so, something like sixteen million dollars a year in cash is being withdrawn between those hours.



A greater problem than the risk of robbery, Citibank officials believe, is the generalized anxiety that automated money-handling arouses in many people at all hours and in all seasons—anxiety probably not so much about being robbed as about being cheated, or not knowing what to do next, or showing ignorance and perhaps losing money by doing something wrong. To allay this anxiety, those in charge of the Citicard Banking Centers make a point of "walking" each new customer through the process of dealing with the screen, buttons, and so on before allowing him to deal with them by himself. Gary Judd, the manager of all the centers in Manhattan from Forty-second Street south, says, "Once they've been through it and done it, they're essentially hooked."

The statistics seem to bear him out, and so does a small, informal sampling of the opinions of pioneer Citicard Banking Center patrons that I made recently, simply by inquiring among my friends and acquaintances who happen to use the centers. Not everyone likes them, it appears, but almost everyone reacts to them in a curiously personal and emotional way. Those who dislike them speak not so much of confusion, danger at night, and lack of human contact as of malfunctions and nonfunctions—extensions of the familiar complaint of the person who kicks or punches a defective vending machine. Those who like them, especially people whose work schedule makes it difficult to bank during normal hours, speak with considerable warmth of how much easier their lives have been made by having access to a bank at all hours. For them, the centers have simply eliminated one of the many minor annoyances of a crowded urban life. But the striking fact is that a large majority of Citicard Banking Center transactions are made *during* regular banking hours, when the users could just as well be dealing with a live teller at the same Citibank branch or at some other bank. Apparently, they like dealing with the machine instead. That conclusion is supported by the finding of my poll that hardly any of the users—those in favor, those against, or those with mixed feelings—seem to object to the impersonality of the machine, or even to consider it particularly impersonal. On the contrary, they tend to speak of it as a sort of sub-person, whom some like and some don't but most find less demanding to deal with than a human bank teller. Citibank and its competitors, through their automated banking facilities, are, it appears, inadvertently exploring a new dimension of that profound and little-explored psychological relationship—the one between people and money.

"We were exhausted, too. We went to bed the moment we got home."

THE banking-center idea and the manner of its realization are characteristic of Citibank as a whole. Citibank strives to be, and to a marked extent is, the quintessential world money machine. Where, for example, Chase Manhattan and Chemical Bank emphasize personal contact with the depositor in their advertisements, Citibank emphasizes the absence of it. In the little world of banking, if such a world may be described as little, Citibank is identifiable as the coolest of characters. Almost everyone agrees that it is the most ingenious and imaginative of banks. Indeed, it is something more than a bank, because since 1968 Citibank has been wholly owned by a holding company created explicitly for the purpose of owning it and now called Citicorp. (The corporate subterfuge of getting themselves nominally owned by paper holding companies has been used since the late nineteen-sixties by practically all the largest United States banks; Citibank, characteristically, was the first among them to take the step. The reason for the subterfuge is that banks in themselves are not allowed to engage in certain non-banking financial businesses, such as mortgage brokerage, while bank-holding companies, illogically, are.) Both of the current names were formally conferred in the middle nineteen-seventies, when what had previously been the First National City Corporation became Citicorp and what had previously been the First National City Bank became what it had been called informally for years—Citibank.

Actually, both the bank's old name and its new one are the wildest of misnomers, because New York City is only the historical and continuing site of the institution's headquarters and of a rather small part of its operations. It might more accurately be called Worldbank. As of October 31st, outside the United States Citicorp maintained nearly thirteen hundred offices in ninety-two countries (compared to fewer than eight hundred offices in the United States). Some sixty-five per cent of its 1979 pre-tax profits of almost nine hundred million dollars a year come from overseas operations, and it is the proprietor of about half the overseas branches of all United States banks combined. This position as the most ubiquitous of world banks derives in part from a long-standing propensity of Citibank's to expand overseas, dating back to the First World War; its well-established position on foreign soil was one of the elements that enabled it to derive maximum benefit from the huge growth of international trade and of multinational corporations that took place over the past two decades. Another element has been the aggressive, sometimes abrasive leadership of Walter B. Wriston, the chairman of Citicorp and Citibank. Wriston has a fundamentalist faith in the free market, an outspoken aversion to government intervention in banking matters, and a widespread reputation for such not necessarily bankerly qualities and habits as a strong streak of intellectuality, a tendency to call a spade a spade in public, and a fondness for wisecracking to the press. When Wriston assumed the chairmanships, in 1970, David Rockefeller, of Chase, was generally considered the leading United States banker; today, nobody doubts that Wriston is. (For a time, a month or so ago, he was thought to be President-elect Ronald Reagan's leading choice for Secretary of the Treasury, but according to transition sources he was dropped because of conflict-of-interest problems arising out of his connection with Citicorp.) In 1971, Citibank decisively passed Chase in deposits, and it has greatly increased its edge since then. Among the world's banks, it is now second in deposits only to the California-based Bank of America.

Domestically, Citibank is known above all for its innovations—technically intricate, functionally useful devices to improve the complex plumbing of national finance and, of course, Citibank's share of the profits. Probably the most important of these is the negotiable certificate of deposit, or C.D., which Citibank is credited with having made a major factor in United States banking in 1961. At that time, when interest rates were just beginning the long rise that in December brought them to record postwar levels, banks were having trouble attracting new demand deposits, or checking accounts, the main traditional source of their funds for lending, because banks were (as they still are) forbidden to pay interest on demand deposits, and individuals and corporations with large amounts of money on hand were increasingly reluctant to forgo collecting interest on it. (The no-interest-on-checking-accounts law dates from 1933; its original purpose was to help banks by relieving them of the necessity of paying high interest for deposits, and it has been kept in force partly for that purpose and partly to protect the competitive position of savings institutions. No other leading nation has such a law.) The certificates of deposit that Citibank began issuing in great quantities were time deposits, on which interest could be paid, and at more or less competitive rates; the certificate holder could not withdraw his money before a stated date, but he could sell his certificate to someone else. In effect, banks were thus enabled for the first time to buy money in huge sums rather than just wait for it to come in. This they have been energetically doing ever since. The new Citibank system was quickly adopted by other banks, and within a few years negotiable certificates of deposit had become the major domestic source of funds for all the biggest and most important American banks.

In retrospect, the negotiable-certificate-of-deposit device seems obvious rather than revolutionary; the wonder is that no one had thought of it before. (Indeed, all banking innovations look more or less obvious in retrospect, and are essentially minor changes. As Citibank's chief historian, Harold van B. Cleveland, points out, banking is basically just accepting deposits and making loans, and for centuries there has been no major change in the handling of money. Banking, Cleveland reassuringly insists, is "a rather simple game at bottom.") Perhaps one reason no one had thought of C.D.s was that American banking had been in the doldrums in the late nineteen-forties and early fifties, what with an often listless domestic economy, with international trade hobbled by the Cold War, and with the banks themselves short on imagination because of a Depression-induced disinclination of bright young talent to enter the field of banking. All that changed dramatically in the sixties and seventies, when banks became expansion-minded, often excessively so, and hot-eyed young men and women eagerly flocked to them in search of excitement, fortune, and even a small degree of fame. Throughout this period, Citibank usually showed its competitors the way, both in aggressive expansion and in technical innovation. The day in 1968 when Citibank became the first major American bank to call into being a one-bank holding company was, in the opinion of some authorities, the most important day in United States banking history. As with the negotiable certificate of deposit, the lead was quickly followed by practically all the competition; for better or worse, the era of stodginess and ultraconservatism in United States banking ended almost overnight—replaced by the now flourishing era of aggressive, expansion-minded commercial banking.

Yet another Citibank plumbing improvement—the floating prime rate—was introduced late in 1971. The prime rate is the interest rate at which a bank lends money to its most reliably affluent corporate customers; to a marked extent, the prime rate of the biggest banks at any given time represents the nation's basic bank lending rate, and any changes in it are eagerly watched by economists and investors. In recent years, the stock market has developed a fairly consistent habit of reacting briskly to it—rising when it goes down, falling when it goes up. For years, each bank made its periodic prime-rate changes through committees acting—arbitrarily, it appeared—in closed meetings. A great deal of mystery surrounded the process, and public critics of banks, such as consumer advocates and congressmen, had long since taken to accusing the banks of fattening themselves at the expense of the public whenever they raised the prime rate a quarter of a point. By 1970, prime-rate changes at the big banks constituted a financial-world soap opera, and one in which the banks were by no means looked upon by the public as the heroes. Citibank's answer was to try to take the prime rate out of the area of policy entirely, by instituting a system of making any changes in it an

"O.K., Hilda, I'm taking over this marriage."

Hennessy.

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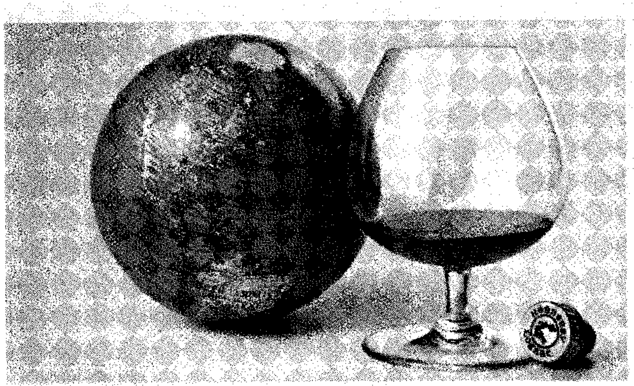

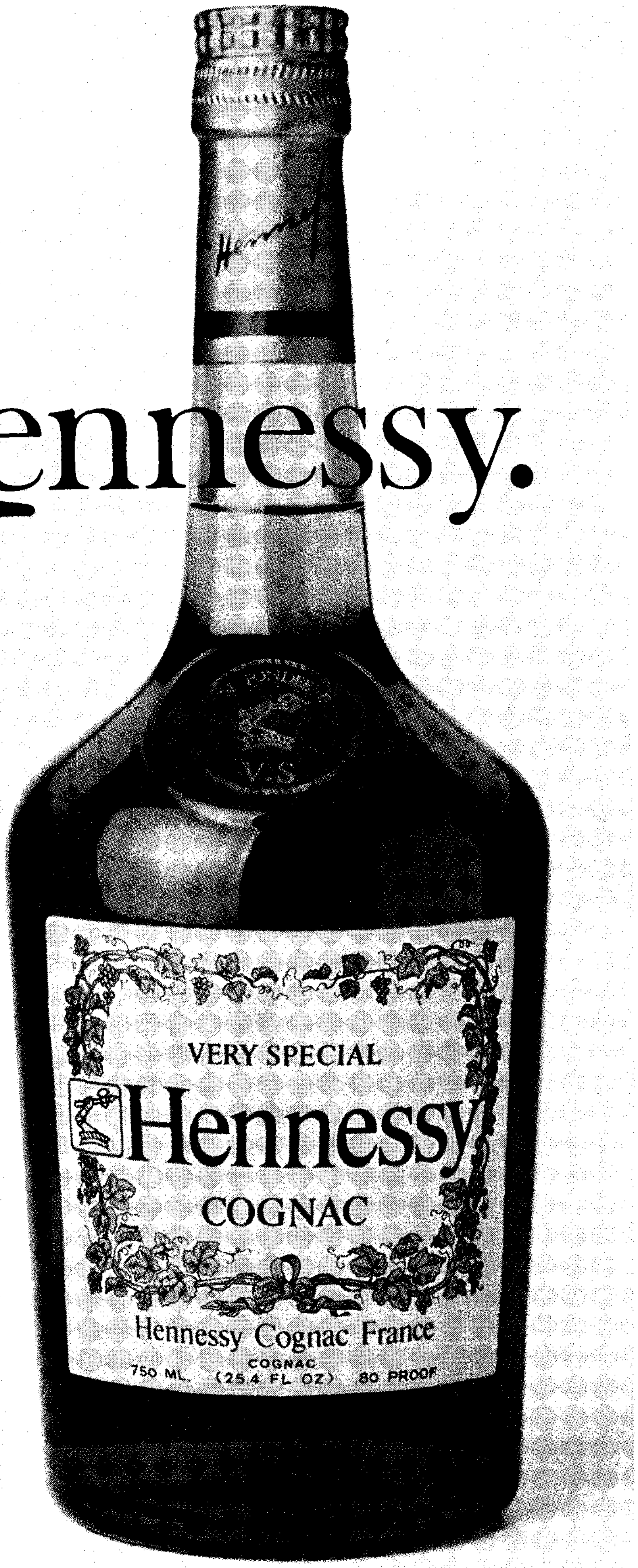
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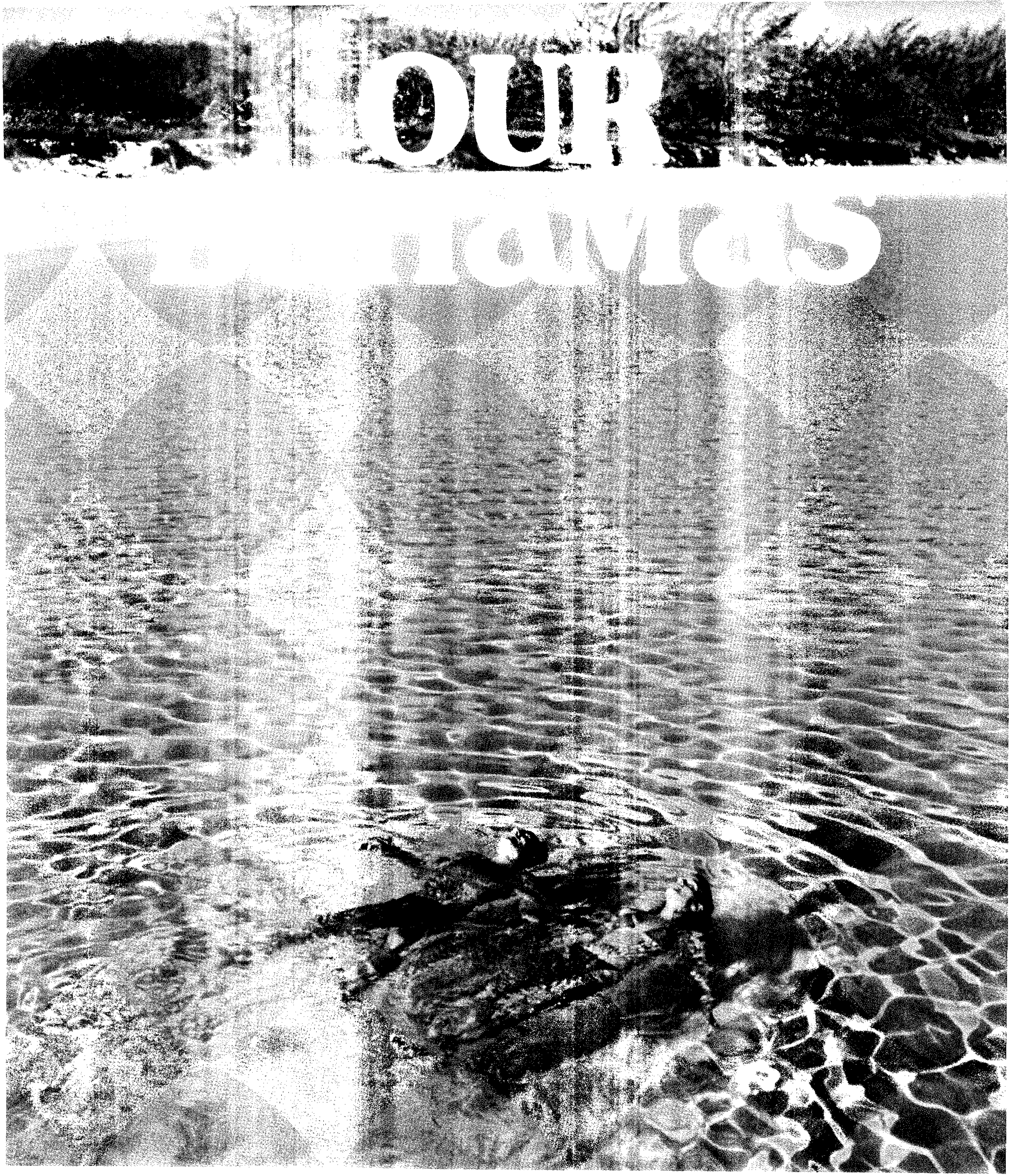

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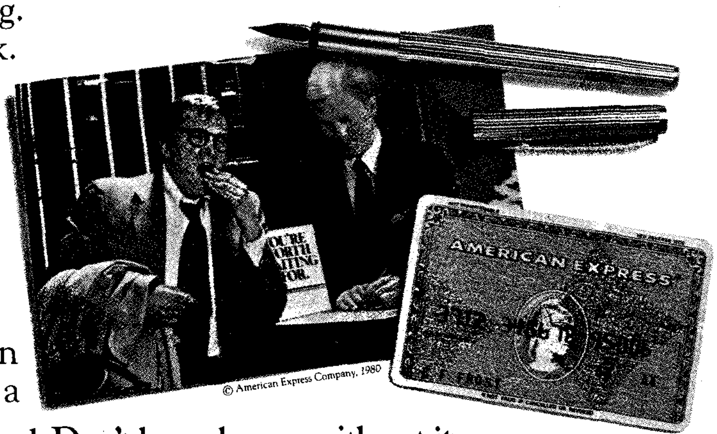

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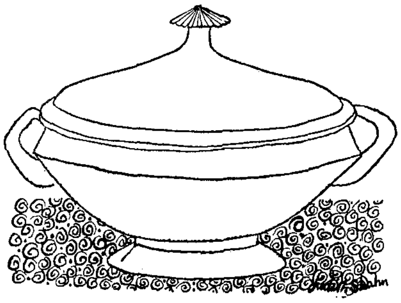
automatic response to changes in the rates in other financial markets rather than a matter of committee discretion. Henceforth, the bank announced, its prime rate would bear a close relationship to the market-determined interest rate for "commercial paper"—that is, the unsecured I.O.U.s of major corporations. If rates on commercial paper moved up or down a certain amount, so would Citibank's prime rate; if not, not. (Several years later, the basis for prime-rate changes at Citibank was itself changed from commercial paper to ninety-day certificates of deposit, but the principle remained intact.) At first, the floating-prime-rate system provoked derisive laughter in segments of the banking world, as any innovation is apt to do in that world, but before long other banks were backhandedly honoring it by assigning employees to calculate when the market figures were such that Citibank was about to change its prime rate and then beating Citibank to the punch.

Obviously, the floating prime rate is a characteristic innovation of Citibank: it represents an attempt to end the soap opera, and the attendant criticism of banks, by making the setting of the prime rate almost as free from human intervention as the operation of a Citicard Banking Center. In practice, though, human intervention and the soap opera are not entirely eliminated, because Citibank sometimes deviates from its own automatic formula, usually under government pressure. It did so, for example, in the autumn of 1979, when the prime rate at all major banks rose above fifteen per cent—a figure that by traditional standards bordered on the usurious. The rate went to twenty per cent early in 1980 and even higher at the end of the year. At the end of October, when Citibank, following its formula, raised its prime rate a quarter of a point, to fifteen and a quarter per cent, Henry Reuss, Democrat of Wisconsin and the chairman of the House Banking Committee, publicly denounced the move, saying that out of concern for the national economy and compassion for borrowers the bank should have held the rate down, even in violation of its formula. Chairman Wriston immediately retorted that political pressure to keep interest rates down might well subvert the government's own efforts to control inflation. The very next day, however, Citibank seemed to capitulate, announcing that it would not raise the rate again that week, no matter what the formula called for; and the following week, when Citibank did raise the rate, to fifteen and a half per cent, it did so at a time when the formula called for a rate of sixteen per cent.

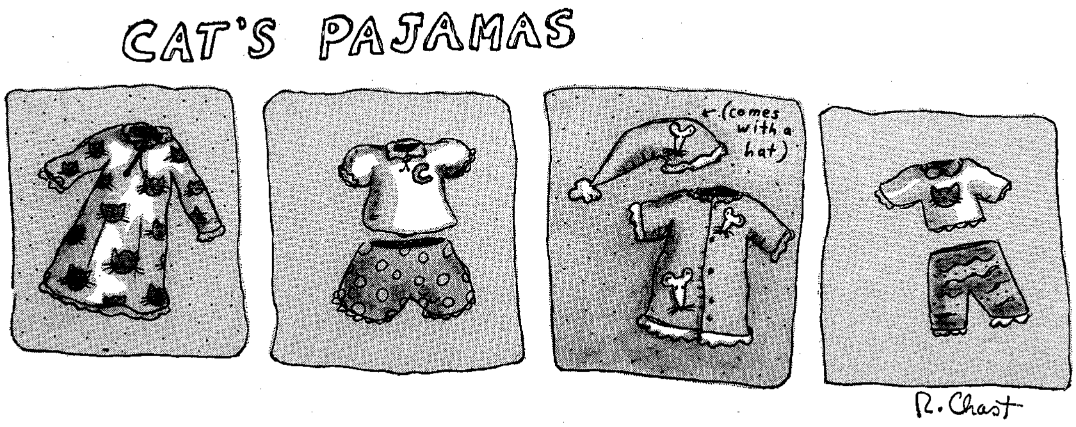
That is to say, automation of the prime rate is a partial failure; from time to time a human hand within Citibank reaches into the machinery and tinkers with it. (Indeed, the prime rate itself, though still flourishing, may be on its last legs. Last June, Edward L. Palmer, chairman of Citibank's executive committee and one of the principal inventors of the floating prime rate, said that as a result of structural change in the banking business the prime rate had become an outdated concept.) To non-bankers, and probably to many non-Citibank bankers, there is something reassuring, even faintly endearing, in seeing Citibank's march toward cold, impersonal perfection thus frustrated, and Reuss made to look like the citizen who kicks the vending machine so hard and effectively that it gives him at least part of his money back. A quite different sort of issue, and one less inclined to make Citibank appear lovable, was involved in a more recent innovation—the introduction, in September of 1979, of an advisory service for customers wishing to invest in fine art or antiques. (One other American bank, the United States Trust Company of New York, had previously begun advising a handful of its clients on investment in art, but as far as the major commercial banks were concerned art collecting was something their top executives could indulge in on their own time and with their own money.) Under the Citibank program, investment clients willing to commit at least half a million dollars, in cash or works of art, or both, may now have that "portfolio" managed by Citibank, with the advice of Sotheby Parke Bernet, the auction house. Purchases and sales are made on a purely commercial basis, just as if the portfolio consisted of stocks, bonds, or real estate. For this service, the investor annually pays Citibank one-half of one per cent of the market value of the portfolio. Until recently, the annual fee was two per cent—a fee that happens to be considerably stiffer than that ordinarily charged on a portfolio of securities or real estate.



As soon as the program was announced, two questions about it arose in the minds of many in the fields of both banking and art. First, wouldn't Sotheby Parke Bernet—which gets no fee for its advisory services to Citibank clients, and profits from the arrangement only through commissions on the transactions it makes on the clients' behalf—be tempted to take advantage of its role as adviser by palming off on the Citibank clients too many works of art out of its own inventory? Second, should works of art in any case be traded like stock certificates, with freely admitted—indeed, obligatory—disregard for artistic values? To the first, Sotheby's replies that it is used to representing both buyers and sellers in transactions, and sees no conflict of interest. To the second, Palmer not long ago gave a Citibank kind of comment. "I find [the art-advisory service] is an effort that has little downside risk," he said, without batting an eye.

OVERSEAS, where the big profits are, Citibank has for years been known not so much for its originality as for its sheer ubiquity. In Abu Dhabi, for example, it has two branches of its own and a share in three branches of Grindlays Bank, Ltd., a London-based Citibank affiliate. In Brunei, it has a branch at Bandar Seri Begawan and another at Kuala Belait. In Guam, it has a branch at Agana; in Gabon, one at Libreville. In Ireland, it has branches at Cork and Dublin; in Panama, four at Panama City and one each at Balboa, Colón, and David; in Peru, two at Lima. In Pakistan, it has branches at Karachi, Lahore, and Rawalpindi, and its affiliate, Grindlays, has branches at Karachi, Lahore, Rawalpindi, Islamabad, Peshawar, and Quetta. To say that the sun never sets on Citibank would be an understatement; in fact, the sun is always at or near the zenith over a branch or an office somewhere, the moon shining on one somewhere else.

The bulk of the overseas business consists of loans to corporations, many of which conduct operations in various nations—the multinationals. The extent to which such corporations ought to be egged on with loans or otherwise has been a topic for heated economic and political debate, but not at



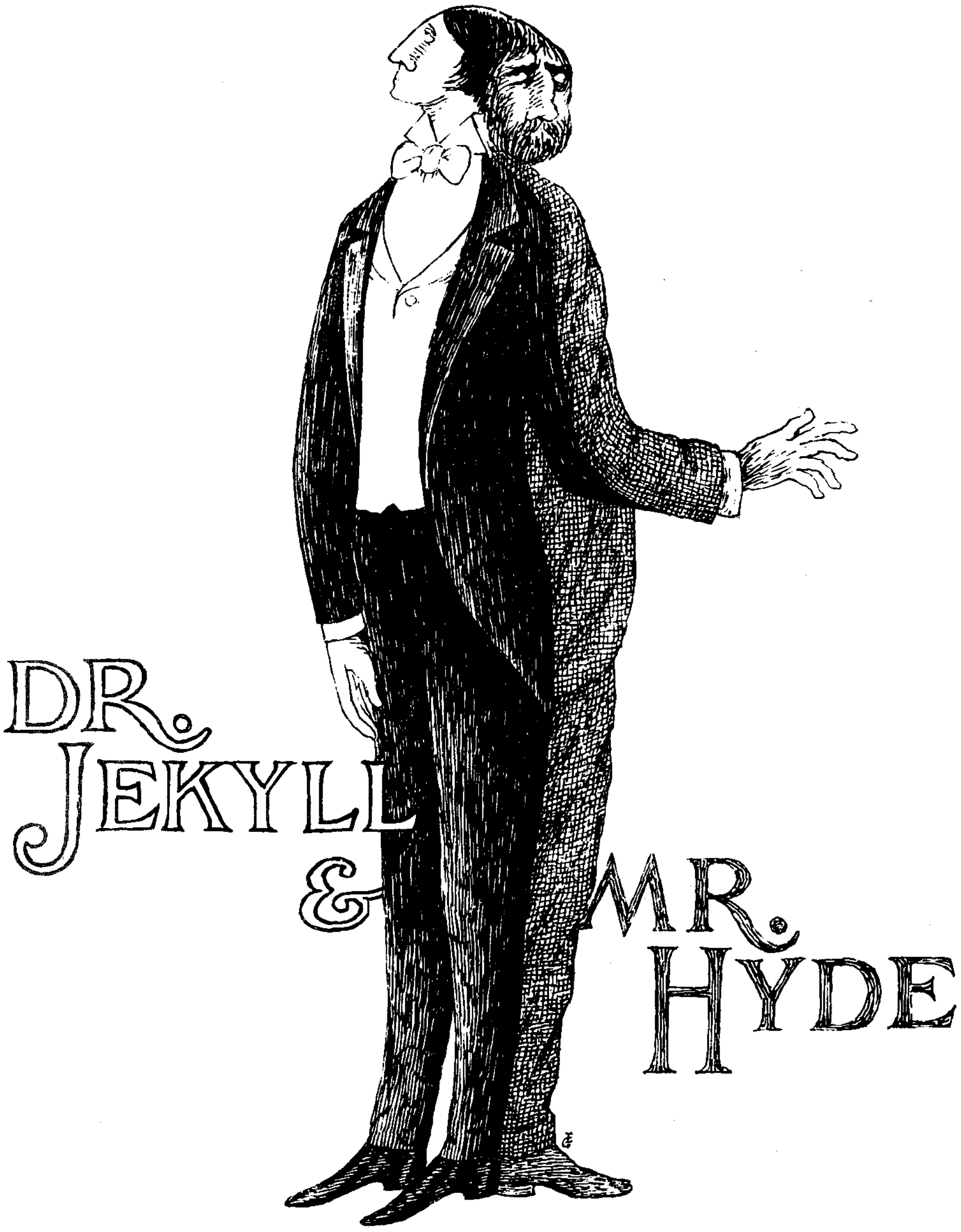
Citibank, where the prevailing view is that the definition of someone worthy of getting a loan is someone likely to meet the interest payments and to repay the principal on time. Multinationals generally measure up to that standard so well that they can get relatively low interest rates, so that it is comparatively hard for a bank to make money lending to them; however, to balance that factor, in multinational lending comparatively few bank officials can handle a comparatively large volume of business, and in addition to loans multinationals rely on banks for a wide range of financial services. The upshot is that Citibank derives about one-fifth of all its profits from multinationals.

In the case of what the banking business refers to as less developed countries, both the risks and the potential profits are greater. In general, a bank can make about one per cent a year more on a loan to such a country than on a loan to a multinational. It is in the expectation of such profits that Citibank is and for years has been deeply involved in what is known as L.D.C. lending; its top executives cheerfully affirm that such lending is strictly business, never philanthropy. (No wonder; Citibank makes about eighty million dollars a year from L.D.C. loans, or about fifteen per cent of all its profits.) Nor, Citibank officials insist, does Citibank finance the deficits of poor countries; rather, its loans often create the deficits, by adding large sums to the debit side of national balance sheets. Actually, the recipients of most of the bank's L.D.C. loans are not so very poor; about eighty per cent of these loans are to countries standing at the upper edge of the category, such as Mexico, Taiwan, Indonesia, and Venezuela, of which some, though industrially backward, are oil-rich, and others are on the verge of being considered industrially developed.

When the loans are to truly poor countries or to politically unfriendly ones, the situation is riskier. Citibank deposits have been nationalized in some countries (for example, in Argentina in 1973); in others, Citibank has been forced to withdraw from some of its operations because of restrictions imposed by the local government (for example, in Nigeria in 1976); and in a few cases it has made loans on which interest or principal hasn't been paid on schedule. A much-cited example of the last situation is Zaire, which in the past few years, as a result of political turmoil and economic instability, has come to the brink of national bankruptcy. Citibank officials insist that the bank has never lost a cent as a result of default on a loan to a poor country, but in the case of Zaire, for one, they can make this claim only because Citibank has been willing to renegotiate payment schedules rather than declare its loans to be in default. The bank's officials are quick to emphasize that its loan exposure of twenty million dollars or so in Zaire is a mere drop in its eighteen-billion-dollar bucket of overseas loans, or even in its eight-billion-dollar bucket of loans to less developed countries; as Wriston pointed out a couple of years ago, even if Citibank lost all of its unguaranteed-loan position in Zaire it would be out only a third of what it had to write off as a result of the failure of the Penn Central in 1970, when Citibank was caught with more than sixty million dollars' worth of Penn Central paper on its hands.

By the nature of its undertakings, Citibank has a business interest in just about everything that happens, militarily, politically, and economically, almost everywhere in the world. At its headquarters, at 399 Park Avenue, and at various other offices around the world, teams of experts daily ponder each item of international news for its immediate or longer-term effect on Citibank operations; every three months, such teams systematically analyze all the nearly one hundred countries where the bank does business and make recommendations on whether commitments should be expanded or reduced in each of them. Wriston has said that Citibank likes to have some chips in every game in town. Recently, with the hostage crisis in Iran, there has arisen the question of whether Citibank and other huge United States banks are tending to move beyond banking into foreign-policy-making—or, to put it another way, to move beyond participating in all the games to tampering with the rules. In November of 1979, President Carter, faced with an Iranian threat to withdraw Iran's deposits from all United States banks throughout the world, suddenly froze those deposits, both in the United States and elsewhere, whereupon some United States banks, led by Citibank and quickly followed by Chase, Bankers Trust, and Manufacturers Hanover, immediately took over enough of the frozen deposits to offset their outstanding syndicated loans to Iran, which ran into billions of dollars. In the case of a half-billion-dollar loan for which Chase was the agent, the Iranians actually tried to pay the current interest due on their loans but were unable to do so because of the United States freeze. In the view of *Business Week*, Citibank, in seizing the Iranian deposits—and in doing so without majority approval of its partner banks, both domestic and foreign, in the lending syndicate of which it was the head—"completely tore to shreds all conventional methods of lending common throughout the international banking system . . . the legal foundation for all worldwide lending." Citibank, of course, sees the matter differently, contending that the freeze of Iranian assets put Iran technically, although involuntarily, in default on the loans. Citibank, and Chase as well, contends that, given the default, it had not just the right but an obligation to its stockholders to take over the deposits in order to protect the loans. The issue is now being tested in the courts of various nations, and, of

MYSTERY!
PRESENTS



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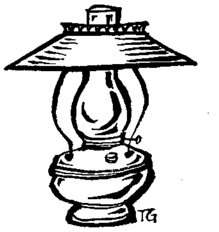
course, has recently been a crucial part of the negotiations over the American hostages.

Predictably, it is Citibank's official position that in its overseas operations it is responsive only to economic considerations. "If we behaved like a government instead of a bank, we couldn't operate overseas," says its vice-chairman, G. A. Costanzo. The principle is extended beyond political considerations to moral ones, which, to a large extent, Citibank similarly insists are not its affair. It has, for example, been criticized (along with other United States banks) for making loans in South Africa and thereby helping support the South African government's racial policies. In answering this criticism, Citibank disdains to rely on the familiar argument that withdrawing its investments in South Africa would not necessarily advance the cause of racial equality. Rather, it takes its stand on the basis of pure professionalism. As a bank, Citibank says, its sole concern is the borrower's credit-worthiness; meanwhile, as a corporate citizen of the world, with a citizen's conscience, it does everything it can in South Africa to oppose apartheid, up to but never beyond the limit of that nation's law. Needless to say, this reply does not silence the critics, and last March American church groups, led by the National Council of Churches, announced that they were withdrawing sixty-four million dollars in payroll and checking accounts from Citibank on the ground that the bank's policies made it "a full-fledged partner of South African apartheid."

Similarly, in Chile, where Citibank has operated for years—in 1972, it was forced by the government of Salvador Allende Gossens to sell its assets, but it resumed operations there in 1975, following Allende's fall—it has been accused of supporting, through loans, the current rightist regime, which has repeatedly been shown to have resorted to political imprisonment and torture. Again, the bank stands on economic criteria, insisting that if loans to Chile are to be cut off, it must be by the decision of the United States government rather than that of any privately owned bank; and, to show its consistency, it points out that it did business with the leftist Allende government.

To laymen with humanistic leanings, such icy professionalism is apt to seem callous and arrogant, even though principled in a narrow way. But then, Citibank can reply, banks by their nature *ought* to adhere to icy professionalism—an innate characteristic of theirs, by the way, that is surely part of the reason affection-craving Americans since the days of Andrew Jackson have tended to regard them with a particular hostility, reflected in the fact that this country's system of government bank regulation is by far the most complex and stringent imposed by any country. At the very least, it must be acknowledged that Citibank is faced with a modern paradox: in a time when unprecedented world trade and unprecedented business across national borders have done much to increase world affluence and, many authorities believe, to alleviate world poverty, surely a persuasive case can be made that bankers ought to push on with their banking and leave the political and moral questions to their government; there is a kind of chilly rectitude to be discerned in a huge bank's refusal to court public popularity by deviating from its determination to be, insofar as is possible, an amoral world money machine.



Even in the past few years, when the value of the dollar and the level of United States economic influence around the world have both been declining, Citibank has been able to increase its profits abroad. In the fifties and early sixties, the years of the American economic imperium, an American bank abroad was in the comfortable position of having on hand what everyone wanted and no foreign bank had enough of—dollars. Now the reverse is true; almost everyone has dollars and many would rather have something else. This feat of trend bucking by Citibank has been possible partly because of its forehandedness in having so many overseas branches already in place (and being well prepared to lend not just in dollars but in almost any currency that might be wanted) and partly, Citibank officials maintain, because their people around the world are so smart. Even the recent mad gyrations in the gold market had little effect on Citibank operations. As almost everyone knows, the price of gold—traditionally the basis of money in many parts of the world, and for roughly a century before 1970 the formal backing of the United States dollar—has been fluctuating wildly on the international markets, going from below two hundred dollars an ounce in 1978 to a high of around eight hundred and seventy-five dollars a year ago, and sometimes fluctuating as much as a hundred dollars in a single day. These gyrations caused economic prophets to see portents of disastrous world inflation, of world depression, and of the collapse of the existing international monetary order. Meanwhile, Citibank's overseas deposit levels and interest rates were not discernibly affected, and Costanzo, who is its policy chief for overseas activities, was able not long ago to refer loftily to the gold market as "irrelevant—a small commodity market that doesn't affect the basics." If the economic seers should turn out to be right, of course, Citibank's attitude would change.

In the existing situation, however, Citibank simply applied its spirit of innovation to the gold market by cashing in on increased public interest in it, and in the process chalking up one more banking first. In April of 1979, it became the first major commercial bank in the United States to offer gold certificates—with a minimum denomination of a thousand dollars, for an initial plunge—for sale to investors. When an investor buys a certificate, Citibank buys the amount of gold necessary to cover the certificate, and stores it, in London, Zurich, or Wilmington, Delaware; storage is free for the first year, and thereafter a fee is charged. In November of 1980, Citibank became the first major bank to offer investors certificates representing silver.

IF Citicorp does get many of the smartest people on its payroll, it does so by offering them the possibility of interesting assignments and rapid promotion and by using recruitment and evaluation methods that are practical to the point of harshness. Its hiring and promotion policies, like its banking operations, are based on a fanatical belief in free competition, with all its efficiency and all its cruelty. Citicorp claims, on persuasive evidence, to be a strict meritocracy in the matter of promotions, in contrast to the long-established American banking tradition of promotions heavily influenced by family and old-school connections. In this matter, its chief exhibit is the fact that of its four top officers—Chairman Wriston, President William I. Spencer, Executive Committee Chairman Palmer, and

Vice-Chairman Costanzo—two have certifiably pulled themselves up by their bootstraps. Costanzo, the son of an illiterate immigrant coal miner in Alabama, worked his way through Birmingham-Southern College and won a scholarship to the University of Virginia for graduate work in economics. Spencer, in Wriston's words, "came off a dirt farm in Colorado driving race cars and breaking horses; he came here and became president of the bank." Of himself, Wriston says, "I came out of a little town in Wisconsin, came in here stone-cold dead with nothing going for me." It may be that Wriston, who has a flair for the dramatic, pushes the point a bit hard here. The little town in Wisconsin was Appleton, where his father, the historian and educator Henry M. Wriston, was president of Lawrence College—he later became president of Brown University and a leader of the Eastern establishment—and Walter Wriston, after graduation from Wesleyan, in 1941, went almost immediately into a job with the State Department. He made his stone-cold-dead approach to National City Bank, as it then was, in 1946.

In 1980, Citicorp recruiters interviewed about fifteen thousand college and business-school graduates around the world and hired more than a thousand of them. (The interviewers were not all full-time recruiters; every year, each of the company's business groups has at least one high-potential young executive drop his regular duties and spend that year exclusively in recruiting for his particular phase of the business.) Among the institution's alluring aspects for talented officer candidates are its almost unequalled opportunities for assignment overseas—over half of all Citicorp employees work abroad at any given time—and its reputation for granting rapid promotions. One of every four officer-level employees is promoted every year, and the average age of the Policy Committee, consisting of twenty-nine of the company's top officers, hovers around fifty. Chief among the deterrents to applicants is Citicorp's well-deserved reputation for firing a significant percentage of new officer-candidate employees within their first few years of service.

Once hired, such an employee is trained in a particular aspect of the business—lending and account management, say, or systems and data processing, or money markets. The length of the training period varies according to the job and the employee's aptitude. In the corporate banking group—right up to the vice-presidential level—there is an evaluation procedure twice a year, in which both the employee and his or her supervisor fill out a sort of report card on the employee's progress in acquiring skills. Employee and supervisor do their reporting separately, and then meet to compare results, in what must often be a rather chilling session. To top that off, at least once a year each rising executive—in this case, without his participation—receives from his supervisor a performance appraisal, calculated to let him know as categorically as possible whether or not he is valued by Citicorp, and, if so, how much.

At the higher levels, appraisals are more baroque and more secret. Until a few years ago, top management maintained a color-coded list of the two or three hundred people considered the best prospects for top-management jobs. Those on the list whose names were underlined in gold were the ones most favored of all, like Abou ben Adhem in the angel's book of gold. People on the list, and especially those marked with gold, were not supposed to know it, but they usually managed to find out. (Ben Adhem learned through a vision; at Citibank, there are presumably surer means.) The color-coded list was superseded a while back by a new list of potential replacements for the holder of each of Citicorp's hundred or so top jobs; those on this list were roundly referred to as "corporate property." Again, people who were "corporate property" were not supposed to know but often did; none of them seem to have asked when or how the corporation had acquired title to them, or for what consideration. Citicorp officers say that the term "corporate property" has been officially dropped but is still used informally from time to time, and that there is a board on the wall between Wriston's and Palmer's offices, discreetly covered at any time when it might be scanned by prying eyes, that is supposed to be inscribed with the current list.

Hiring standards at Citicorp are so stringent, and promotion is such a badge of merit, that holding an important post there is ample cause for pride, or even for complacency. People in the banking world outside Citibank sometimes say that self-doubt has a small place in the typical Citibanker's makeup, and arrogance a large one. Consequently, there are those who search with unusual zest for flaws in Citibank and Citibankers, and, when they find them, seize upon them with perhaps unseemly glee. Some of the accusations are provably false, and others appear to contain truth. In neither case do Citibank and Citibankers ever lack for an answer.

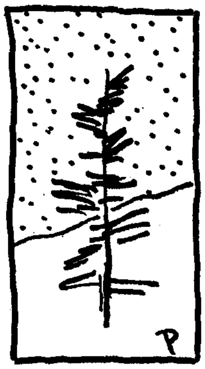
Chairman Wriston, as the bank's living symbol, is a favorite target. His economic predictions—usually made in press interviews, which he freely grants and clearly relishes—are, like those of anyone else in the world of economics, often wildly wrong; for example, in 1975 he said, "I am convinced inflation is going to moderate very, very substantially" and "I don't think there is any question that the price of oil will come down. The question is how much and when." (In 1980, inflation and record-high, wildly rising oil prices are, along with unemployment, the nation's chief economic headaches, but, of course, Wriston can hold that the returns are not all in yet, and that, moreover, he never said he was infallible.) In 1974, a wave of *Schadenfreude* swept the New York financial community when Wriston's name, along with a number of names prominent in business or entertainment, appeared on the investor list of the Home-Stake Production Company, of Tulsa—an oil-drilling promotion that had turned out to be a particularly blatant fraud and had ignominiously gone bankrupt the previous autumn. The rumor was that Wriston had been so unwary as to invest over two hundred thousand dollars of his own money in Home-Stake and had lost it all, thereby putting himself, in the matter of investment judgment, in a category with Andy Williams, Liza Minnelli, and Jack Benny. (Wriston admits that he invested in Home-Stake but says he avoided losing any money, presumably by selling out in time.) Citicorp and Citibank are accused at intervals of various shortcomings—for example, of having played Shylock to their home city, New York, in the city's periodic financial crises over the past decade, particularly by "dumping" the city's notes during the crisis of 1974-75. (Citibank contends that it has done its best to help the city avoid bankruptcy; concerning the 1974-75 crisis, its contention is partly borne out by a 1977 staff report of the Securities and Exchange Commission which shows Citibank to have been one of the less disloyal local citizens among major New York banks at that time.) Again, in January of 1976 the Washington *Post* caused a shudder in financial circles when it reported that Citibank, along with Chase, was on a secret list of "problem" banks kept by the United States Comptroller of the Currency, as a result of "'inadequate' capital at both banks and sharp increases in assets of questionable value." (The day the *Post's* report was published, the Comptroller himself, James E. Smith, stated that the *Post* had misinterpreted some "routine bank-examiner's reports," denied "emphatically and unequivocally" that his office looked upon Citibank and Chase as "problem" banks, and added that, in fact, he considered both of them "healthy and prosperous." So Citibank apparently won that round hands down.) Yet again, in 1978 David Edwards, a former Citibank employee whose job had been that of a foreign-exchange trader in Europe, sued Citibank for fourteen million dollars on the ground that he had been wrongfully discharged, and accused Citibank of habitually conducting its foreign-exchange trading transactions in violation of the exchange-control and tax laws of several European countries. After an investigation of the matter had been conducted, Wriston noted in a memorandum to all Citibank officers, "Laws and regulations are now so prolix that arguments can be made pro and con about almost every action taken in our society. In such circumstances, it requires only a handful of cases where questions can be raised to sully a deserved reputation for integrity. . . . There is just no way an organization as big and as diverse as Citibank can do business around the world without occasionally failing to comply inadvertently with one or another law, rule, regulation, or official interpretation." The New York State courts rejected Edward's claims against Citibank, but meanwhile the Justice Department began an investigation of the foreign-exchange trading operations of the major United States banks, apparently as a result of Edwards' complaint—an investigation that it has since dropped.

The biggest broadside against Citibank in recent years was a report by a Ralph Nader study group, part of which was issued in 1971 and the whole of which was published in 1974 as a book entitled "Citibank," by David Leinsdorf and Donald Etra. The Nader task force, headed by Leinsdorf and Etra, two young lawyers, and otherwise composed of law students, college graduates who were not law students, and college undergraduates, approached Citibank in June of 1970. After consideration, Citibank decided to grant them interviews and access to some bank documents. Wriston explained the matter later by saying, "Nader . . . brought us the happy news that he had selected Citibank for a study. Now, what do you do about something like that? We perceived that [Nader] had a lot of credibility with the young men and women in this organization, that if we told him to go peddle his papers, these young people would say that the management of the bank didn't in fact have enough confidence in the way we were trying to treat people. So we invited him in. We coöperated." Over the next few months, the task force conducted more than four hundred interviews, fifty-three with Citibank people and the rest with others, and also sent questionnaires to bank customers and examined all sorts of published materials. Wriston said later that he had been widely criticized for coöperating with the group. "I took an enormous amount of flak from every corporate officer that I know, and I know quite a few," he told Gilbert Kaplan, of the magazine *Institutional Investor*, in 1975. "I'd go to a cocktail party and hear that I'd betrayed American industry." Wriston having survived both the interviews and the accusations of betrayal for having granted them, the Nader group in June of 1971 released a preliminary report in mimeograph form. Among its many accusations were that Citibank was niggardly about lending in support of residential housing and to minority-group organizations; that it routinely won most of its lawsuits by default, by arranging things so that the defendants didn't know they were being sued; that it had few women and few blacks in high positions; that it paid low salaries to low-level employees; that customer service at its branches was poor; and that its coöperation with the task force had been "very limited." Within a few days of the report's appearance, Citibank replied in a statement calling it "a painstakingly detailed and wide-ranging study which is unfortunately based on serious misconceptions about the banking system's proper role and a frightening cynicism about other people's ethics" and then making a point-by-point refutation. To an interviewer from *Newsday*, Wriston said that the task-force members "were very bright and worked like the devil" but that the report was an inferior product, showing that Nader was spreading himself too thin: "Nader is sort of a franchise operation, like fried chicken. He's got the same quality-control problem that anyone else has." Despite his air of paternal benevolence, Wriston hardened his heart. That October, when the Nader group said that it now wanted to conduct a major study of Citibank's trust activities, which had been ignored in the preliminary report, he rescinded the open-door policy, sending a memo to every one of Citibank's thirty-seven thousand employees around the world notifying them that Citibank was turning down the Nader group's request for further interviews. The Nader people went ahead with the study, mostly on the basis of outside sources. When the book "Citibank" came out in 1974, it was found to include, along with the 1971 preliminary report, a long section accusing Citibank of being involved in a variety of highly improper conflicts of interest in its administration of trust and pension funds. Once again, Citibank reacted quickly and strongly. A few months later, it brought out a ninety-two-page paperbound book of its own—"Citibank, Nader, and the Facts"—with a preface in which a high Citibank official called the Leinsdorf-Etra book "a sustained march from prejudicial assumptions to predetermined conclusions," and declared, in an unmistakably aggrieved tone, "Our dominant feeling is that we were ill-used." There followed a chapter-by-chapter response to the book, along with supporting documentation.

To the Nader group's credit, it included Citibank's 1971 response to the preliminary report as an appendix to "Citibank." To Citibank's credit, throughout the encounter Wriston reacted humanly—with exasperation and at times with patronizing superiority, to be sure, but not with cold impersonality or disdainful silence. In retrospect, the whole episode seems to add up more to drama than to enlightenment—the characteristic drama of the early nineteen-seventies, with youth pitted against maturity, enthusiasm against experience, idealism against pragmatism, and, symbolically, children against parents. As for substantive matters, whether the Nader-group charges were true or false, they seem now—as is so often the case in intergenerational debates—to have been mostly the wrong charges.

A RECENT accomplishment for which Citicorp has won virtually universal acclaim—and the one that is now the company's second most visible manifestation in New York City (after the Citicard banking machines)—is Citicorp Center, the fifty-nine-story office tower, begun in 1975 and dedicated in October of 1977, that stands on the block bounded by Lexington and Third Avenues and Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth Streets. Citicorp Center immediately became not only one of the most striking features of the city's skyline but also one of the most gratifying public facilities in the midtown area.

As Ada Louise Huxtable, of the *Times*, has written, Citibank's record as a "consumer of architecture" is "admirable, if somewhat uneven." Through most of the nineteenth century, Citibank (or, to be precise, the prior institution from which Citibank arose after a series of mergers) occupied a building on the north side of Wall Street. In 1899, it bought the imposing building at 55 Wall—on the south side—whose most striking feature was, and is, its monumental frontal row of twelve Ionic columns. It served as the United States Custom House from 1863 until 1907, when the Bureau of Customs moved to Bowling Green. Citibank engaged McKim, Mead & White, the celebrated architectural firm, to remodel 55 Wall; among the changes that the architects made was to redesign the great ground-floor room along the lines of the Pantheon, in Rome, and to put up another frontal colonnade, this one composed of columns with Corinthian capitals, above the original one. The intimidating result, an epitome of pre-modern American bank architecture, served as Citibank's headquarters from 1908 (an adjacent fifty-five-story office tower was added in 1930) until 1961, when it moved to its present skyscraper headquarters, at 399 Park Avenue. The landmark at 55 Wall has recently been rehabilitated again, after a fashion. In the huge, domed old main banking room, Citibank has installed Citicard banking machines and a shiny lacquered tellers' counter complete with computers—an arrangement giving something of the impression of a Howard Johnson's set up in the Pantheon.



It is perhaps curious that when Citibank made its big move uptown it did not attempt to compete with its traditional rival, Chase, which at that time was putting up Chase Manhattan Plaza, the enormous and architecturally fairly ambitious complex just north of Wall Street that has generally been credited with doing much to keep the financial community from abandoning the Wall Street area. Instead, 399 Park is, as Mrs. Huxtable says, noted chiefly for "a Park Avenue address and speculator-level architectural mediocrity." (Some Citicorp employees say that under energy-shortage conditions it is also less than satisfactory from a practical point of view—too hot in summer and too cold in winter.) It may have been with some thought of recouping its architectural reputation that Citicorp undertook to build Citicorp Center, which from the first was planned not as a headquarters for the company—that remains at 399 Park—but as overflow office space, a real-estate investment, and a showplace.

Citicorp Center, which is entirely devoid of radical architectural innovations, is nevertheless, in a number of respects, unlike any other building in New York City, although some buildings in other North American cities, notably including Kansas City and Montreal, approach it in mood and atmosphere. Its most eye-catching feature is its wedge-shaped addition to the skyline, the building's top hundred and thirty feet having been sliced off diagonally to form a south-facing sloped area of finished metal covering half an acre. Moreover, the skin of the building—its so-called curtain wall, between the various floors' rows of windows—sets it apart sharply from the other trees in the skyscraper forest, for the skin is so reflective as to mirror passing clouds even by moonlight; and, in sunlight, is so luminous at certain hours—particularly when it is seen from the east just after dawn—as to suggest that the building would glow in the dark. At noon on a bright winter day, it floods otherwise shady Lexington Avenue to its immediate south with reflected sunlight so strong that it seems to carry warmth. Moreover, the reflectiveness of the surface is engagingly unpredictable: from some angles Citicorp Center may appear stark white against a mostly blue sky, while from others it matches the sky. The effect of these phenomena on people who are in the habit of raising their eyes above dead level as they walk the city streets has been to call forth such adjectives as "alive" and "companionable" and "dreamlike."

The body of Citicorp Center rests on four huge stiltlike piers, each nearly nine stories high, which are placed at the midpoint of each face; they frame an enclosed central core, containing elevators, fire stairs, and the like. Immediately to the east of the high-rise part of the building is the Market, which is its public area and in some ways its chief glory. Here restaurants and shops selling food, flowers, and books surround an atrium, lined on three sides by ficus trees, where Citicorp mounts free entertainment, ranging from Renaissance brass music to circus acts and magic shows, at a rate of about one event a day. The atrium floor is below street level; at street level, a wide balcony surrounding and overlooking the atrium contains—along with more shops—tables and chairs at which nothing is served. (When no event is in progress in the atrium, there are tables on its floor, too.) Food and drink may be carried to the tables, either from the surrounding facilities or from outside, in paper bags, but there are no waiters to make the table-sitters feel pressed to consume and move along. A second balcony level is occupied entirely by Conran's, the British housewares and home-furnishings store, which is the Market's largest tenant. Above the atrium, seven stories of open space are topped by a skylight. At least to the uninitiated eye, all that space seems to represent a sacrifice of potential office-rental income on the part of Citibank.

In any event, the effect of the entertainments, the parklike space, the greenery, the unthreatening tables, and the shops is to create the feeling of a busy, cheerful, and relaxed place—and, perhaps most remarkable in a nine-to-five business setting, one that remains busy, cheerful, and relaxed virtually around the clock. Many shops and restaurants in the Market are open until midnight and one restaurant, Richoux of London, stays open all night. Coming to the Market of a weekday midevening, when there may be fifty or sixty people sitting at the tables or circulating among them—and many of those at the tables may not be eating or drinking but simply reading or talking—a visitor has the feeling of being in one of the few indoor commercial settings in the city where business hours do not wholly set the rhythm of life, where commercial exigencies are somewhat in abeyance, where relaxation or ordinary human relations may be pursued without the expenditure of money or the display of status. Apparently, Citicorp Center's atrium will be less of an anomaly within a few years than it is now; at present, Citibank's competitor, Chemical Bank, is planning to put up a three-story glass enclosure over the plaza in front of 277 Park Avenue, where Chemical plans to move its headquarters next September, and each of several nearby skyscraper complexes now under construction—new buildings for International Business Machines, American Telephone & Telegraph, and Philip Morris, and the Trump tower building—will incorporate public space in the form of a glass-enclosed park, a public arcade, or an interior sculpture garden. As Citibank has so often started new trends in banking, so Citicorp seems to have started one in East Side Manhattan architecture.

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If Citicorp Center is something of a triumph aesthetically and in human terms—and an anomalous one when considered in the context of Citibank's reputation as a harshly competitive, sometimes arrogant citizen of the banking world who is often thought to be categorically deficient in those qualities—it was a triumph not easily achieved. Merely assembling the land package, which comprises nearly an entire block, required over five years and cost forty million dollars—more than any city block in the nation had ever cost before. The assembling was accomplished, beginning in September of 1968, by the real-estate firm of Julien J. Studley, working on Citicorp's behalf in elaborately preserved secrecy as long as possible, so as not to inflate unnecessarily the prices of the many parcels involved by letting slip the name of the notoriously affluent client. As the key part of the deal, St. Peter's Lutheran Church, which stood at Lexington Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, entered into a condominium agreement with Citicorp, and its old building was razed and replaced, at no net cost to St. Peter's, with a modern structure, made of granite and shaped like a modified cube. The new St. Peter's is a separate building and is built to specifications required by the church authorities, yet it is architecturally integrated with the rest of Citicorp Center; indeed, under the agreement St. Peter's gained considerable influence over the sort of building Citicorp would put up for itself. The new church, which includes a chapel designed by Louise Nevelson, is an appealingly modest yet handsome and self-assured building, standing dignified and at ease beside the huge legs of a giant. The medieval cathedral, of course, towered over the squat places of commerce in its town, and even nineteenth-century Wall Street was more or less dominated by the spire of Trinity Church. Admiring the new St. Peter's, one can't help thinking how our view of the fitness of things has changed now that it seems natural to see a house of God at the feet of a temple of money.

Many other property owners around the block resisted selling their plots—a bachelor who liked his town house, a canny boutique operator, a delicatessen owner, and so on—but the toughest customer of all proved to be Medical Chambers, Inc., then of 138-144 East Fifty-fourth, a stock company owned jointly by forty prosperous doctors who liked their premises, didn't need cash, and, on top of that, learned in the course of the negotiations that the prospective buyer was Citicorp. Eventually, three and a half years after the doctors had first said that they wouldn't sell, the impasse was broken—by a corporate merger between Citicorp and Medical Chambers. The terms of the merger left the doctors little cause for complaint: under it, each of them got—tax-free, unless he chose to sell out—Citicorp stock, worth around thirty dollars a share at the time the doctors moved out, for each dollar's worth of his stock in Medical Chambers.

At length, in July of 1973, Citicorp was able to announce that it would build Citicorp Center. The chosen architect—Hugh Stubbins & Associates, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a firm that had never before designed a Manhattan skyscraper, although Stubbins and his firm were well known for such buildings as the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston and the Countway Library of Medicine, at the Harvard Medical School—came up with a plan that included the anomalous sloping roof. As originally conceived, this was not, as most New Yorkers seem to believe, an accommodation for a solar-energy plant. Rather, behind the slope were to be luxury apartments. This part of the plan was soon abandoned, however, chiefly because it was found that the zoning incentives that would make the apartments economically feasible could not be obtained. Then, with the oil boycott and the energy crisis, came the notion of using the slope as a collector of solar energy. Under the sponsorship of the National Science Foundation, a team consisting of representatives of Citicorp, Consolidated Edison, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was put together to study the matter. After about a year, the team reported that a solar-energy plant using the slope to the fullest extent, and providing about five per cent of the building's energy needs, would yield a poor return on investment. Bankers can seldom countenance that particular outcome, and Citicorp thereupon abandoned—for the moment, at least—the idea of the solar plant. Meanwhile, though, the building design had been changed so that the face of the slope—which had been turned from south to west when the apartments had been abandoned—was turned back to south, where the sun is most of the time; and south, of course, is the way it now faces, ready to soak up energy if solar technology improves in cost-effectiveness and Citicorp changes its mind. Indeed, over the past two years, a new team has restudied the whole question, but with no definite results so far.

Citicorp Center has a couple of

other features that are unique in local office buildings. One is a "tuned mass damper"—a great block of concrete weighing four hundred tons, placed centrally near the top of the building, and mounted on a vast complex of computer-controlled hydraulic lifts—which reduces the tower's sway in high winds by forty per cent. (There are two tuned mass dampers in the Hancock Tower in Boston, installed for the same reason.) Another near-first for New York—not quite a first, since a similar system was used in the Cities Service building, on Pine Street, for a short time some fifty years ago—is double-deck elevators. Each unit consists of two passenger cabs attached in piggyback fashion, one a floor above the other. An obvious disadvantage of this arrangement is that passengers must embark at the concourse level to go to even-numbered floors and at the street level to go to odd-numbered floors (escalators connect the two levels); another is that cabs sometimes stop when no one is getting in or out, because someone is getting in or out of the attached cab above or below. On the other hand, Citicorp engineers insist that the system makes for smoother riding, and also makes possible more trips at peak traffic periods. Not incidentally, it allows forty cabs to run in twenty shafts, thus providing for more rentable space. In any case, regular riders of Citicorp Center elevators seem to have few complaints.

Obviously, the tuned mass damper and the double-deck elevators are innovations fully consonant with Citibank's recognized banking style—futuristic, efficient, a bit coolly intimidating. Yet the over-all building—particularly its exterior and its public area—does not suggest that attitude at all. Rather, its amenities seem to make clear that in the design of Citicorp Center a company well known for its smartness, toughness, and profit orientation has been smart enough to consider human values, too. Whatever the motive, it takes courage to provide free, pleasant indoor sitting space in a huge city where hardly any exists.

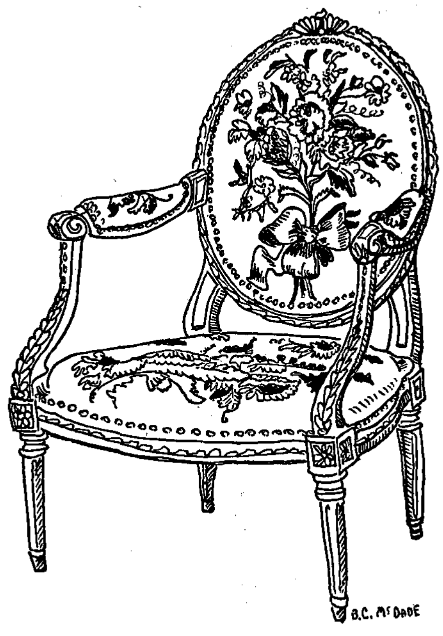
CITIBANK was founded in 1812 as the City Bank of New York, the semiprivate creature of a group of merchants who were and for many years remained not just its directors but also its principal depositors and borrowers. Its dealings with the general public were minimal, not to say disdainful. Its first major leader—Moses Taylor, a nineteenth-century industrialist with large interests in railroads and heavy industry—served as its president from 1856 until his death, in 1882, and in the process succeeded in simultaneously expanding the bank and in using it to finance his personal empire. Following a period of relative stagnation under Percy R. Pyne, Taylor's son-in-law, the National City Bank of New York (as it was called after 1865) rose rapidly to become the biggest bank in the United States during the presidency (1891-1909) of James Stillman, a former cotton merchant, who came to be considered, along with J. Pierpont Morgan and George F. Baker, one of the three leading American bankers of his time. Stillman was named chairman of the board in 1909 and remained in that post until his death, in 1918. (The ultimate boss at Citibank is more often than not the chairman, occasionally the president. Current Chairman Wriston, although universally acknowledged to be the boss, speaks of President Spencer as "my partner.") It was during Stillman's last years that the National City Bank, permitted by the Federal Reserve Act of 1913 to open foreign branches, undertook the aggressive overseas expansion that served it so well half a century later. In 1914, National City opened the first overseas branch of any nationally chartered United States bank, in Buenos Aires. The following year, it opened branches in Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, São Paulo, and Havana; and overseas expansion proceeded so rapidly thereafter that by the end of the nineteen-twenties National City was the proprietor of about nine out of every ten United States bank branches abroad.

In the twenties, National City's aggressive style probably reached its apogee, and its activities during that decade gave rise to subsequent opprobrium so scathing that it might have made a less self-assured institution want to forget about the whole period. Beginning in 1921, the bank's dominant force (first as president, later as chairman) was Charles E. Mitchell, a florid supersalesman known to economic historians as the man who tried hardest to convert big-time American banking from stodgy custodianship to snake-oil selling. National City Bank had an affiliate called the National City Company, which was allowed, as commercial banks per se were not, to sell stocks and bonds. (The Glass-Steagall Banking Act of 1933 forbade commercial banks to sell corporate securities by any means—a prohibition that specifically included selling through affiliates.) Mitchell was the head not only of the National City Bank but also of the National City Company, and he made the latter his special preserve. Through the efforts of a staff of hundreds of high-pressure salesmen stationed in dozens of cities and goaded on to prodigies of salesmanship by a system of prizes and other rewards, the National City Company pushed into the hands of the public all manner of securities, good and bad, including American stocks that the purchasers paid for, at the suggestion of National City Company salesmen, by withdrawing their bank balances from National City Bank, and some issues of foreign bonds that later proved to be totally or nearly worthless. (The National City Company may have made more money during the late nineteen-twenties than the National City Bank itself, even though the bank was continuing to expand vigorously both at home and abroad.) Mitchell was in the habit of calling the securities trade as he and the National City Company practiced it a form of "manufacturing;" the product of the "factory" was, of course, pieces of paper to be sold for money. Although none of these activities were illegal at the time, they were subject to strong public criticism, particularly after the prices of some of Mitchell's manufactured goods dropped to tiny fractions of their former value, often wiping out the purchasers' savings. Indeed, after the 1929 stock-market crash, Mitchell came to be widely thought of as one of the persons who had done most to bring it about. In 1933, he was pilloried by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee's investigation of stock-exchange practices; he resigned under pressure that year as head of the National City Bank and the National City Company (the liquidation of the

latter began the following year); and he was subsequently indicted for personal-income-tax fraud, only to be acquitted of the criminal charge. A few years later, he reached a civil settlement with the tax collectors. Nevertheless, Mitchell's reputation as one who had helped bring on the crash dogged the bank for years afterward.

Having limped through the thirties, surviving both public obloquy and the savage and repeated bank panics of that time, National City entered the postwar period as something of a sleeping giant, its good name sullied but its financial position sound and its world network of branches largely intact and open for business. In 1955, a merger with the staid old First National Bank of New York, once George F. Baker's bank, strengthened both its reputation for respectability and its corporate-lending operations, and resulted in a name change to the First National City Bank of New York. (The title has since been edited twice—to First National City Bank in 1962, and to plain Citibank in 1976.) The man whom students of the banking scene, both inside and outside Citibank, generally credit with having done most to reawaken the sleeping giant is George S. Moore. A product of Mark Twain's town, Hannibal, Missouri, Moore joined the Farmers Loan & Trust Company—soon to become part of National City Bank through a merger—in 1927, immediately after he graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School, at Yale, and only a short time before the Wall Street crash inaugurated the long era when the banking world was anathema to promising young graduates. Curiously, in view of Moore's great influence on Citibank, he never became its undisputed boss. He was chief of its foreign operations from 1957 until 1959, during the chairmanship of Howard Sheperd and the presidency of James Stillman Rockefeller (a grandson of James Stillman and a second cousin of Nelson, David, etc., who liked to call himself "the poor Rockefeller"). Moore was president from 1959 until 1967, under the chairmanship of Rockefeller; and when he became chairman, in 1967, less than three years before he would reach retirement age, he was passed over for the job of chief executive officer, or ultimate boss, in favor of Wriston, who became president at that time. Nevertheless, many hold that Moore—whom Cleveland, Citibank's historian, described as a seemingly impulsive genius with unusual animal energy and a rare, intuitive grasp of situations—did more than anyone else to create the new Citibank: the cold, dazzling, inventive world money machine. It was Moore, along with Wriston, who was chiefly responsible for reactivating the foreign business and launching it on a new wave of expansion, for setting up the feared and admired recruitment-development apparatus, and for taking the perhaps somewhat Mitchell-like leap into domestic non-banking business at the end of the nineteen-sixties. Willard C. Rappleye, Jr., a thoughtful bank-watcher of long standing who is now editor of the magazine *Financier*, says of Citibank's recent and current leaders, "Remarkable as Wriston is, it was the personality of the institution that produced Wriston, not vice versa. And one of those who did most to create the personality was Moore."

An astonishing feature of that personality is the fact that Citibank now seems quite content to include everything in its past as a part of its present. Another bank might smoothly change the subject at the mention of, say, Mitchell's name, but not Citibank. Cleveland told me recently that he considers the standard version of Mitchell's activities to be "rather grotesque," arguing that "the facts as we know them" are that Mitchell was personally honest, and even acted with a certain nobility after the 1929 crash, when he lost a fortune trying to support the bank's sagging stock by buying it with his own money. As Cleveland sees it, Mitchell's "tragedy" lies in the fact that he was "an entrepreneur who was right for a certain period, the nineteen-twenties, and who unfortunately lived into another period, the nineteen-thirties, when things were the exact opposite." Some Citibankers even insist, in good Citibank style, that their institution has always been more fearless, inventive, and aggressive than other banks, more inclined to play the toughest game possible by dint of remaining just within the existing rules; and that, accordingly, the institution in Mitchell's time and the institution now should be thought of not in terms of contrast and self-reformation but, rather, to some extent in terms of continuity.



WANTING to experience one of Wriston's famous interviews, I asked the authorities at Citibank to arrange one for me, and while I was waiting for this to happen I looked at a sheaf of clippings reporting on his previous sessions with representatives of the press, and at transcripts of some of his speeches. Among the themes he had hammered on in the speeches were the effectiveness of the free market, the damage done to it by government interference, the waste caused by the diversion of human resources from "productive work" to "government bureaucracy," and the social benevolence of the multinational corporation, which, speaking in London in 1976, he called "our best instrument for assuring the most efficient, most thrifty use of the world's resources." In Chicago in 1977, he told the American College of Trial Lawyers, "The great bulk of our population has to ignore the law completely in order to survive. . . . It is a fair bet that everyone in this room is presently in violation of some statute." (As a step toward a remedy, he suggested a constitutional amendment limiting the congressional session to six or seven months.) In New York City in 1979, he remarked to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, "The press . . . stands up for the First Amendment. But it often remains silent, or sometimes even greets with approval, the steady infringement of virtually any right that does not involve free speech." Clearly, Wriston is not afraid of bearding lions in their dens.

In the interviews, I found him just as contentious and just as provocative, though much more inclined toward banter. In one of them, conducted in 1975, he was asked for a comment on the remark of another Citibank officer, quoted in a *Fortune* article, that "Wriston walks around with a needle that is six inches long." He said, "I got a letter from a tailor who said he'd read the article, he's got a better needle and could he make my suits?" (For that interview, Wriston wore a Citibank tie: red and blue stripes with the Citibank insignia—a contemporary version of the compass rose—woven in.) "If you regulate an industry long enough and hard enough, its fate is bankruptcy," he pronounced in a 1973 interview. In an interview in 1970, he said, "Every bank has a distinctive personality of its own, different from all the rest;" the following year, he said to another interviewer, "There is a myth of economic power [of banks] that is just a myth, and I don't believe that you will find it a pervasive feeling among the young people of the country." (His later experience with the Nader task force may have somewhat altered his view on that point.) In 1975, he responded to the question "What do you do for fun?" by saying, "I play tennis a couple of times a week, and my wife and I run a tree farm at our place up in the country. I am a carpenter, electrician, plumber, backhoe operator, front-end-loader operator, and chain-saw operator." On more than one occasion, he declared that if he weren't a banker what he would most like to be was a newspaperman.

Eventually, my day came. I found Wriston at a circular desk in his office, at 399 Park Avenue. Now sixty-one and scheduled to remain the boss of Citibank until his retirement date, in 1984, he is a tall man with a slightly pointed face and an easy manner. Seated at the desk along with him was a Citibank public-relations man, and standing on top of it was a portable tape recorder that the public-relations man insisted on having there—because, he explained, Citibank officers' remarks to the press are often useful in the bank's internal training programs. (Because of a personal predilection, I don't use a tape recorder when interviewing people; accordingly, the quotations that follow represent reconstructions from my notes. I don't especially like to *be* taped, either, and it hadn't happened to me often before I began dealing with Citibank.) Although the day of the interview was one of crisis in the banking world—Chase had just raised its prime rate to a record-breaking level, and most of the other major banks, including Citibank, were to follow suit within hours—Wriston talked with me for about an hour and a half without taking any telephone calls or receiving any other visitors. He was not wearing a Citibank tie, and during my visit he made only a few remarks that could be considered wisecracks.

Here is a Wriston sampler, gleaned from our talk, and revealing—whatever else may be said—a most unusual chief executive of a mammoth banking institution.

On electronic banking: "The Citicard Center experience surprises everyone. It was expected that the 'now' generation would like them, and that senior citizens wouldn't. Everybody likes them, and the machines work. The 'down' [out-of-service] rate is less than one per cent. We invested an enormous amount of money in the centers, and we're happy with them. . . . The credit card and electronic banking make regional constraints on banking an anachronism. The whole system of government constraints on banking activity is crumbling at the edges. . . . Storing and transferring funds electronically is as important a historical development as the substitution of paper money for specie, and in hindsight this will be recognized."

On the international political power of banks, or its absence: As evidence that the weakest national government has more power than the strongest international bank, Wriston cited the fact that if he parks his own car illegally outside his apartment he pays a fine, while if a United Nations delegate from the most abjectly powerless of countries commits the same offense he doesn't. Wriston went on, "We bankers have to make our voice heard in the marketplace. As to the Iranian situation, seizing the assets owed to us was a business transaction which, incidentally, furnishes a pension for lawyers for the next hundred years or so. As for Citibank acting like a government, that's a complete myth, although some days you play Walter Mitty and wish it were true."

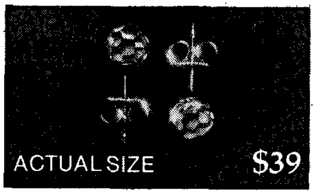
On Citibank management: "We have produced our top management from within our organization, while other banks have gone outside—Morgan for Henry Alexander, Manufacturers Hanover for Gabriel Hauge, and so on. The principal top-management function here is to figure out a strategic direction, in collegial consultation. Then you have to set up some sort of value system, so everyone knows what to expect."

On corporate bureaucracy: "There's no reason you can't have an innovative bureaucracy if you put out the word that fame and fortune come from rocking the boat. . . . Citibank is highly decentralized. New ideas rise up from the market level. We're an open society. This is not the place for the man in the gray flannel suit. I don't say it's easy to sell a new idea around here—I have as hard a time doing it as anyone else—but if you're persistent it can be done."

On his predecessors and Citibank history: "The founders of the bank used it to finance their own enterprises. By today's value system, they would all belong in the slammer." Wriston went on to say that the man who changed the bank's character in the direction of responsibility to depositors was James Stillman—"for his time and place, a remarkable man." Of Charles Mitchell, Wriston said, "He reflected the society in which he lived. He was a promoter and a salesman, and an honest man. You can question his judgment, but he was acquitted of the charge of tax fraud, and he paid back to Morgan's every dime he had borrowed to support National City stock by buying it." Nevertheless, Wriston said, Mitchell left the bank in such a condition that its "integrity" had to be restored, and this was done chiefly by James Perkins, Gordon Rentschler, and Howard Sheperd, during the Depression and in subsequent years, when "people who worked for banks were afraid to say what they did all day."

Of George Moore, Wriston said, "George and I walked a lot of miles together. He has one of the fastest financial minds of his time. His administrative skills are not so great as his financial skills. He also had the sales ability to make a lot of things happen at Citibank. He hired four times as many people as anyone said we'd need—and eventually we needed that many times four. I learned a lot from George, and just possibly it was vice versa, too." Wriston named Lewis B. Cuyler, who was Citibank's director of personnel relations from 1947 until his retirement, in 1965, as the man who in the postwar era "persuaded people on campuses that banks weren't a place to go to die."

On Citicorp Center and maximizing profits: "A place doesn't have to be ugly to be profitable. Hugh Stubbins wanted the top the way it is. As to the atrium, the concept was to integrate



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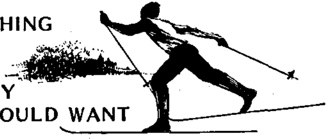

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the building with the street. Could we use this block to enhance the city of New York? That was the concept; all the talk about Citibank wanting to have a building higher than the Chase's is a lot of nonsense. . . . I believe in the urban society. The great ideas have come out of cities." I inquired whether Citicorp had sacrificed potential profit from rentals by devoting so much space to the atrium. Wriston replied, "Check me on this, but I think Citicorp Center has the maximum office space allowed under the zoning laws." I subsequently did check with Arthur E. Driscoll, vice-president for corporate real estate, and he told me that Wriston had been right—and that, moreover, the prestige that the atrium and other features brought the building had enabled Citicorp to charge higher rents than it would have been able to command without them. So in the end Citicorp did *not* sacrifice profitability to other considerations in the building of Citicorp Center. One must conclude that the institution's reputation for faithfulness to the profit motive remains unblemished, and that any rumors that Citicorp Center indicates more than a mere dalliance with other values, such as beauty and humanity, are just gossip.

On economists: One of the decorative features of Wriston's office is a portrait of the sixteenth-century British merchant and financier Sir Thomas Gresham, who is remembered for "Gresham's law" that "bad money drives out good." Commenting on Gresham, Wriston said, "I think it's a good thing for finance ministers to remember his law. It still works."

Among living economists, he singled out as among his favorites the Nobel laureate Milton Friedman; George J. Stigler ("the best on the price of government's hand on the economy"); Nobel laureate Friedrich A. von Hayek ("brilliant"); and George P. Shultz, former Secretary of Labor and of the Treasury and now president of the Bechtel Group ("the finest pragmatic economist around"). By and large, of course, in the world of economics this group represents a conservative pantheon.

On his father, Henry M. Wriston, who died in 1978, at the age of eighty-eight: "Father's interest in educating his children was still strong in his eighties. The week before he died, he was still reading my speeches in advance and explaining my deficiences in grammar and logic."

On whether or not he is an "intel-

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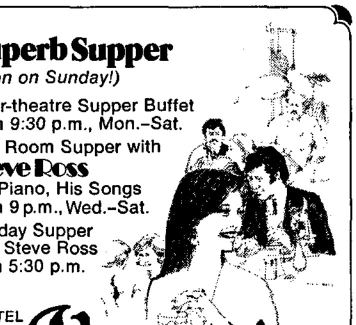

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lectual," as he is often said to be: "I don't know what that means. I know a lot of people who tell me *they* are intellectuals. If it means reading and writing, I can do that."

On whether or not he is a "Tory," which he is sometimes said to be: "I don't accept that description. I'm a liberal—that word has been depreciated, like the United States dollar. I believe that the most important thing in our society is human freedom. That's the core idea that I was brought up on. Individual liberty is the most important thing we have in this country. . . . A controlled economy usually goes with a lack of political freedom." Despite the government controls on free enterprise which Wriston constantly deplores, he feels that "no society in history has ever had the freedom that people in this country enjoy."

On current values: "Values are topsy-turvy. It boggles the mind—the transfer of personal integrity to institutional integrity. Now college students have a mixed dormitory, men live on one floor and women on the next, and they all sit around worrying about whether or not General Motors is being honest. When I was in college, it was different. We were concerned about personal values. I believe that there are no institutional values, only personal ones."

On his greatest failure as chief executive of Citibank: "In hindsight, maybe we should have been unique and realized sooner that New York City was in trouble. Early on, after our economists had told me that the numbers didn't parse, I called the two New York senators. I failed to get their attention, or anyone else's. You can make an argument that that was a failure, and maybe accurately."

On the accomplishment at Citibank that he is proudest of: "We've got a management team, a group of people around the world who work together as a team. I didn't do it, but I had a part in it. At the end of a day, that's what makes a difference." —JOHN BROOKS

•

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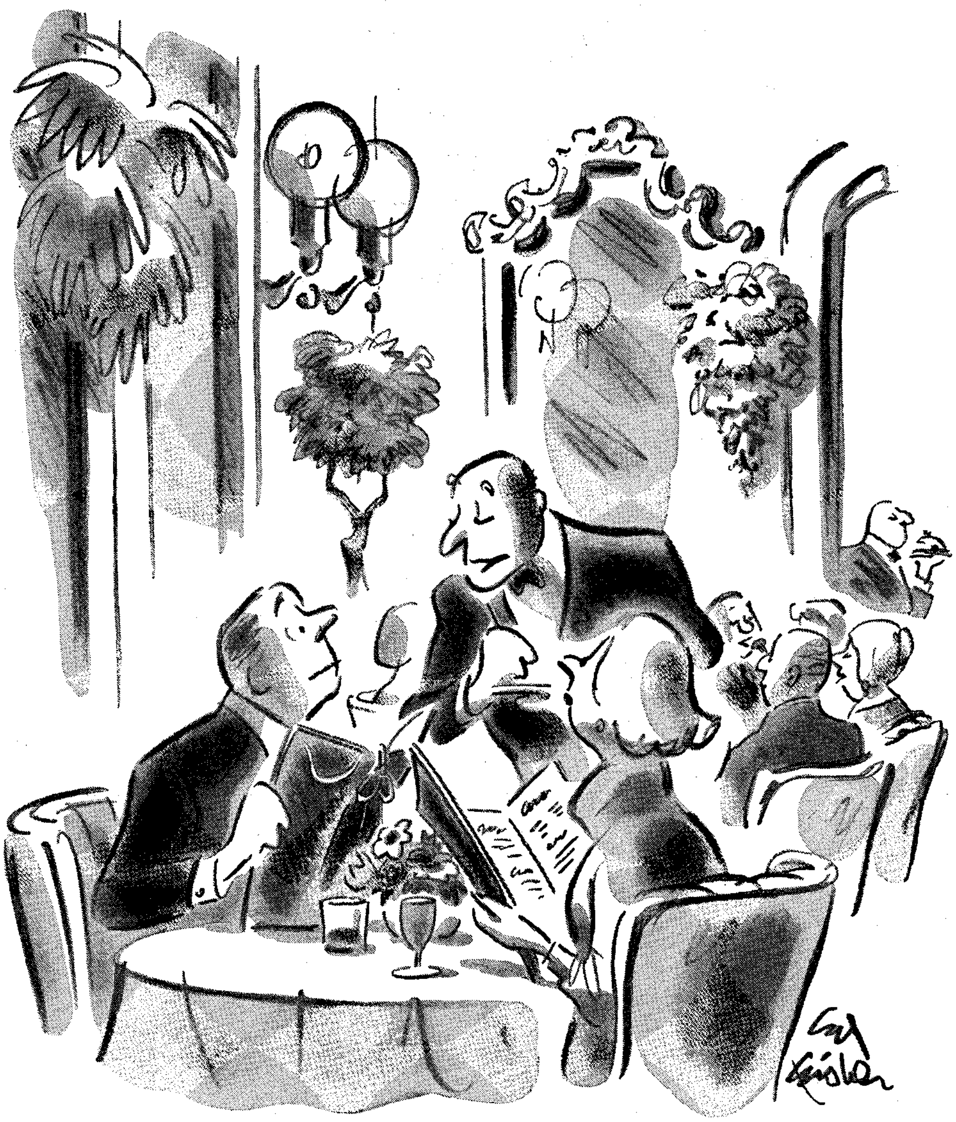
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

“Hijinks!,” an engaging little musical at the Chelsea, takes off (takes wing is more like it) from Clyde Fitch’s “Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,” in which Ethel Barrymore made her first appearance as a star, in February, 1901. The play is about a star, for that matter—an opera star of twenty-two, who calls herself Madame Trentoni (because she was born in Trenton, New Jersey), and who is courted by a well-to-do young Virginian named Robert Jinks and is eventually won, after a serious misunderstanding over a hasty and then repudiated bet. (Requisite tears at second-act curtain, requisite smiles at finale.) The show opens at a party to celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. The company is gathered around the piano of a small orchestra at stage right, champagne glasses in hand, singing “Love’s Old Sweet Song.” (The lyrics appear on the back wall of the set, in case the audience wishes to join in.) Among the guests at the party is Clyde Fitch himself, who encourages the couple to tell the whole story of their love affair, because he sees possibilities for a play in it. Thus we have “Captain Jinks” performed as an attenuated flashback, with songs from the nineteenth century—some, but not all, familiar—and with appropriate dances to go with them. There is amusing doubling of characters: three actresses who first appear as sailors unloading Madame Trentoni’s trunks from the ship on which she arrives in New York later come on as three bitchy ballerinas rehearsing for the gambling scene in “La Traviata,” in which Madame is about to make her American début. (Verdi’s “Traviata” waltzes are among the familiar songs), and Michael Connolly, the actor who plays Fitch, doubles as Madame T.’s maestro and a reporter from the *Times*.

According to a program note, “Hijinks!” is intended “solely as a nostalgic American confection,” which, while accurate, sounds terrible but is actually delightful. The show, by Robert Kalfin (the producing director of the Chelsea), Steve Brown, and John McKinney, is a merry celebration of nineteenth-century popular music, with a few selections (“Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?” and “Wait till the Sun Shines, Nellie” among them) from the twentieth. The script, much of it swatches of Fitch, is more than serviceable, but in an enterprise such as this, performance is what matters. The performance, under Mr. Kalfin’s deft direction, is spirited and inventive, with just enough irony to temper the nostalgia. (That William Bolcom’s name is listed as one of the show’s begetters is an indication of its quality.) The songs are well sung by everybody, especially so by Joseph Kolinski, in the title role, and by Jeannine Taylor, as Madame Trentoni, who makes us believe that she could be an opera star and the toast of any town. The dances, by Larry Hayden, are lively and original, and seem to erupt spontaneously. One, done by Randall Easterbrook and Scott Ellis on their knees, as rejected suitors, to “Goodbye, My Lady Love,” is the high point of the evening. Sandro La Ferla’s charming scenery—a dock, and then a parlor at the Brevoort—is a matter of screens with drawings on them, which, along with furniture and props, are carried on by the cast. Mr. McKinney is responsible for the ingenious musical arrangements, the lovely costumes are by Elizabeth Palmer, and the good lighting is by Paul Everett.

—Edith Oliver



“The items with the little asterisks pencilled alongside them are the ones I personally think are great.”

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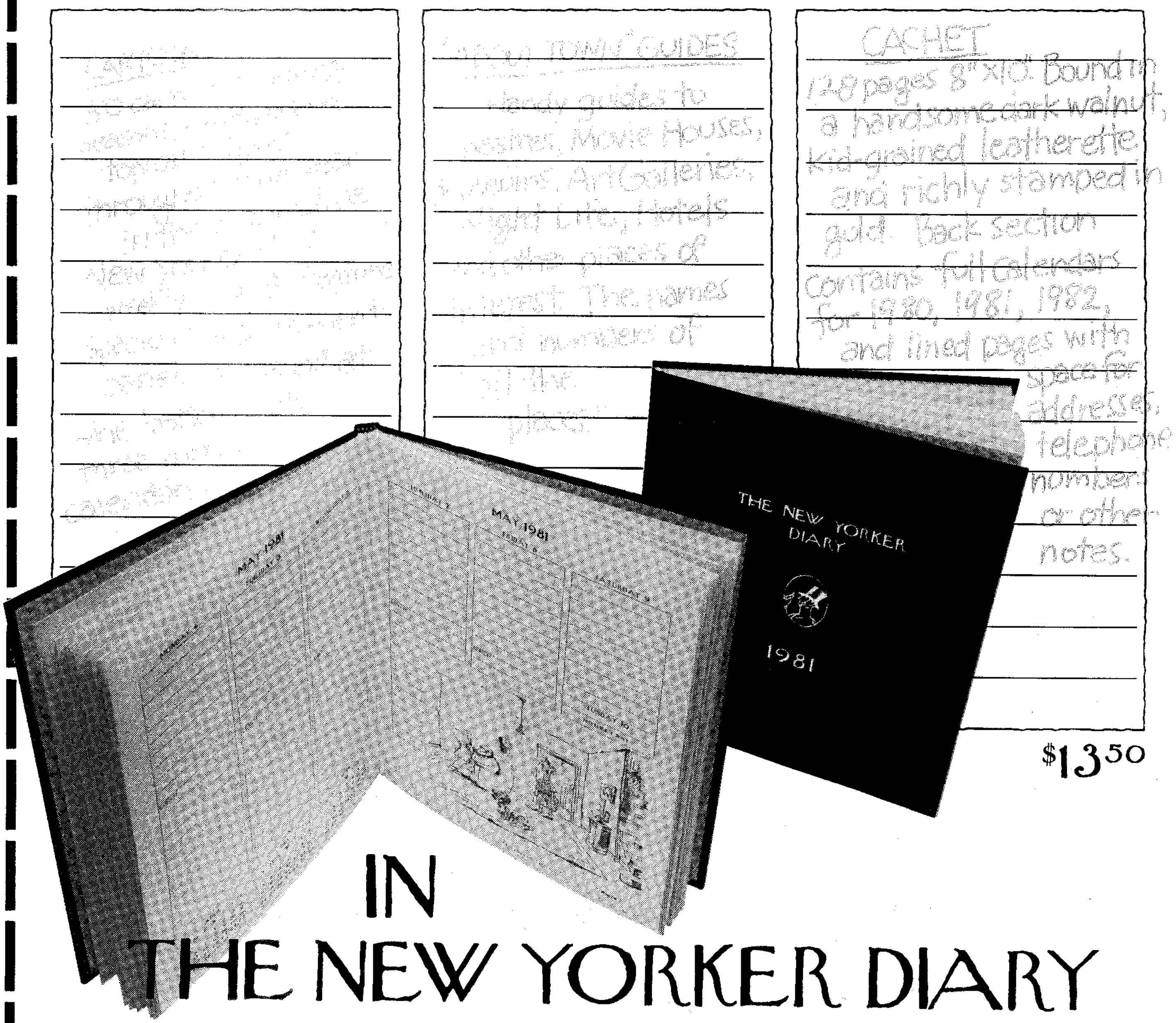

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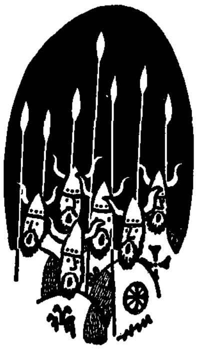
MUSICAL EVENTS

True Reflection

THE production of the three-act "Lulu" is one of the Metropolitan Opera's high achievements. By all concerned it is executed with rare intensity, accuracy, and passion, and it is the most faithful presentation of Berg's opera I have seen. James Levine conducts it with a long, broad line, a vivid feeling for passing dramatic incident, and the ability to find and express the sense of each particular sound—rhythm, chord, or instrumental color. To this staggering great score Berg brought a mastery of just about all devices known to opera. (Well, *not* massed choruses, though in the ensembles of Act III his refined variant of the device is used.) He reconciled rigorous formal structures with music that moves flexibly in response to the pressures of the plot, and freely expressive lyrical melody—character or emotion manifest in the curve of a vocal line—with consistent serialism. Mr. Levine's conducting, authentically Bergian, combines the instinctive theatrical eloquence of such a "Lulu" interpreter as Karl Böhm and the intellectual precision of such a one as Pierre Boulez. Erich Kleiber used to conduct "Wozzeck" in this way, but I never heard him do so with as secure and responsive an orchestra as Mr. Levine commands. The solo violin should have had his name in the cast list; he has an important role in the drama, and Raymond Gniewek played it luminously. The contributions of the solo viola (Michael Ouzounian) and of, unidentified in the program, the saxophone (Vincent Abato) and the piano (Warren Jones) were also outstanding. On the first night, the horns pushed too hard at climaxes; by the third their melodies were warm and urgent without glare.



If "Lulu" had somehow no words, no libretto, it could still be acclaimed as a musical masterpiece—and as a musical drama with a "plot" apprehensible through the forms alone. Berg's pupil Philipp Herşcovici suggested, in a contribution to the Berg Society's seventh newsletter, that in "Lulu" the *Formgestalt* of Wagner's music-dramas (as descried by Alfred Lorenz) came to full fruition; if Schoenberg's D-Minor Quartet and Chamber Symphony had already pointed a way to juxtaposition and "interpenetration" of forms, Berg's new achievement was to give such intercutting a specific function, as "the organic bearer of the dramatic events." Berg's own introductory lecture to his "Wozzeck" was concerned mainly with matters of formal organization, but at the end of it he said, in effect, "Forget all I've told you when you attend the performance." Listening now to "Wozzeck" and to the even more elaborately constructed "Lulu," we don't forget such things, however. The form is part of the drama. When the first subject of a heroic symphony returns, or when Wagner ends "Tristan" by recapitulating a stretch of Act II, more than another hearing of a good tune is involved: a fuller sense, extending now over both passages, is revealed; a structure is completed. And as the third act of "Lulu," withheld from the world until last year, becomes familiar, and Berg's intended restatements and new conjunctions are heard, the fuller sense of music long admired in the truncated version—the tense Sonata for Lulu and Dr. Schön, Lulu's self-revelatory Lied, Alwa's intoxicated Hymn to Lulu's beauty—is revealed at last. Some strange things have been written about the third act; for example, "Nothing particularly new is offered, nor is any new light thrown on the characters" (a critic in *Opera* after the Frankfurt production). One could as sensibly—and more accurately—observe that the Liebestod adds nothing particularly new to the rest of "Tristan." Yet I must own that it was only after the Met production—the first, with the partial exception of Santa Fe's, in which Berg's opera has not been "recomposed" by a stage director—that I *felt* as true what George Perle's writings and my own perusal of the score had made me want to believe.

A distinction made between "musical" and stage drama recalls remarks in Tovey's essay on the overtures Beethoven wrote for "Fidelio": "The trouble with 'Leonora No. 3' is that . . . it is about ten times as dramatic as anything that could possibly be put on the stage;" and, more generally, "We shall never understand the aesthetics of opera (nor even of instrumental music) until we realize that dramatic expression on the stage is merely more immediately effective [than dramatic expression in instrumental music]." Herşcovici also mentions "Fidelio," as a work that "exists entirely independent of its libretto." Both men simplify and overstate the case, in reaction to what used to be said of the "Fidelio" libretto: that it is dramaturgically clumsy, and that the subject matter—the rescue of a prisoner from a provincial jail—is too small for Beethoven's sublime music. Similar charges have been brought against "Lulu": that the abrupt, cartoon-strip style of the Wedekind plays on which it is based, their deliberately violent mingling of farce with tragedy, jars with Berg's lovingly romantic music; and that in any case the subject matter is revolting. I confess that after the Paris and Santa Fe productions I voiced some doubts along those lines. Ernst Krenek, in the course of his careful, sensitive "Marginal Remarks re 'Lulu,' " in the latest Berg newsletter, says:

> It is astonishing that Alban Berg could live for years in intimate mental contact with this repulsive crew of shady derelicts and desperate clowns and crooks and care with unflagging dedication for their musical well-being.

But he concludes:

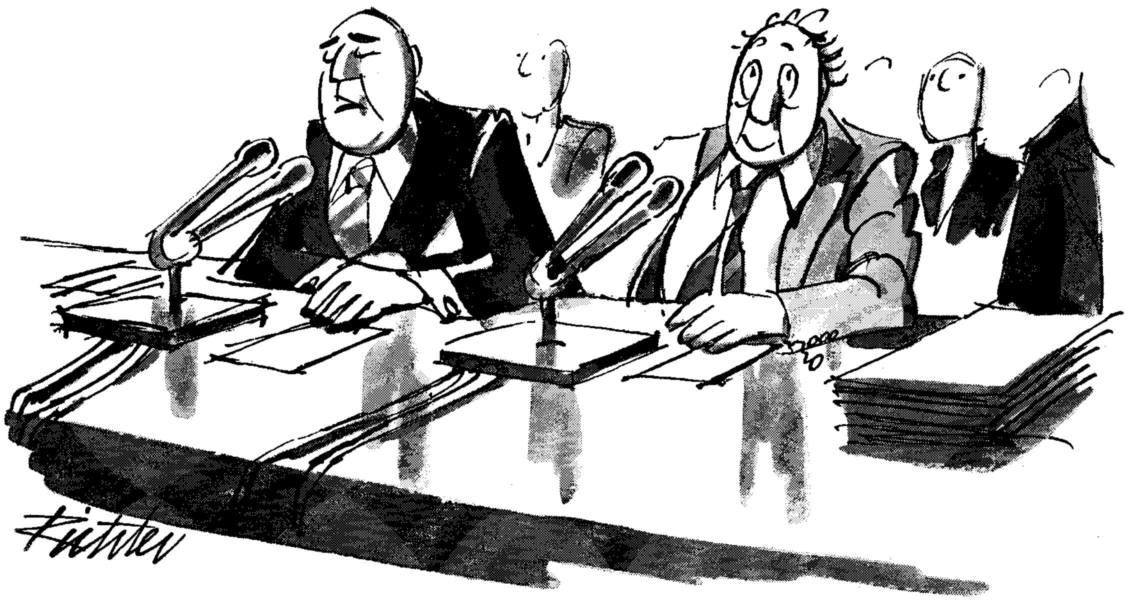
> In "Lulu" we are transported by the magic charm of its nostalgic beauty, full of admiration for a work so passionately conceived and lovingly completed by its maker, notwithstanding the flaws it has inevitably inherited from the unwieldy model to which it was inextricably wedded from its inception.

Krenek's observations were prompted by the Santa Fe production. Twenty-six years ago, Donald Mitchell published in *The Music Review* a perceptive appreciation of the opera "as it stands" (the score of Act III had been seen by very few people), in which he concluded reluctantly that "what goes on in the orchestra pit and on the stage fail to match," since Berg had altered the character of Wedekind's heroine without sufficiently altering Wedekind's text. Ten years later, in the same magazine, Perle came to Berg's and to the operatic Lulu's defense, partly by citing what happens in Act III, partly by claiming that Berg had by his music both more effectively conveyed the mythic aspect of Lulu (suggested in Wedekind's titles, "Earth Spirit" and "Pandora's Box") and "realized, far more consistently and convincingly than does the spoken drama, the character of Lulu in her human incarnation." For "Berg's humanization of Lulu makes far more dramatic sense than Wedekind's ambiguous and inconsistent characterization."

Another line of defense can be added. In all the "Lulu" productions, two-act or three-act, that I've seen except the Met's (by Günther Rennert, Wieland Wagner, Patrice Chéreau) and in those I've read about (by Sarah Caldwell, Frank Corsaro, and, recently, Götz Friedrich and Joachim Herz), it *has* been true that "what goes on in the orchestra pit and on the stage fail to match." (Even in Santa Fe, in Colin Graham's generally scrupulous staging, Lulu died onstage; for Harry Kupfer, in Frankfurt, she dies in Schigolch's arms.) That's not Berg's fault. What goes on in the orchestra pit dictates in detail what should happen on the stage. Actions are "notated" almost like a musical line; arrows indicate exactly where they should occur. (Schön is required to pen a letter word by word in tempo.) Displacing the moves or inventing different actions has an effect comparable to displacing Berg's instrumental entries by a few bars or writing in new musical lines. Not all composers were also stage directors who composed the stage action as a part of their scores, but Wagner was, and Verdi was, and perhaps most of all Berg was—not all the time (Berg's production notes for "Wozzeck" indicate "scenes in which the fantasy of the producer is given much greater leeway") but often enough to make the stage directors who miss these points seem crude and unmusical.

The critic's plea for theatrical as well as musical accuracy is often misunderstood. Following a composer's wishes doesn't mean that productions all over the world will be stereotypes, any more than all performances of, say, "Otello" are musically identical because musicians try to sing and play the notes Verdi wrote. (The "Otello" production book says, in effect, "Learn the right notes and the right moves—and then the real business of interpretation can begin.") Mr. Chéreau's staging of "Lulu," in Paris, was a striking, imaginative, effective, and very personal interpretation of the Wedekind plays; it had little to do with Berg's opera. At the Met, John Dexter's production of "Lulu," subtle, sensitive, and unassuming, is concerned with "what's there" and with making that as vivid as possible. When it does go wrong and strike a false or feeble note, the reason is infidelity to Berg. In Lulu's Lied, Teresa Stratas, instead of "lowering the revolver," kept it pointed at Schön and sang at him menacingly; a key passage was wrongly characterized. A little earlier, Schön's Othello-like attempt to strangle Lulu was gratuitous. Miss Stratas's calm, cool demeanor in the Arietta at the end of the scene contradicted Berg's "*appassionato*" and "*eindringlich*," and the music took the wrong expression. (Julia Migenes-Johnson, who took over at the second and third performances, when Miss Stratas was ill, got it right.) In the final scene, Lulu and Jack were late on their exit, still moving during the quiet bars that introduce the Nocturne, when all that should happen (but at the Met didn't) is a change from lamplight to glaring moonlight. Jack's casual murder of Geschwitz took too long. (Other, small points: Lulu's remark about liking best to walk barefoot on her rich carpets makes less sense if she is barefoot already; odd of the Schoolboy to keep his cap on in Lulu's drawing room.) One noticed these things because they were exceptions. The Lied—as one discovered from a rehearsal sequence shown in an intermission of the televised "Lulu"—was in fact directed by Miss Stratas herself, along the lines of the Paris production.

Working for once with, not against, the music, the performers became vivid. No more than any other soprano around could Miss Stratas compass the full vocal demands of the title role. (Has there been a singer since Margarethe Siems—Strauss's first Chrysothemis, Marschallin, and Zerbinetta, a Queen of the Night, Aida, and even Isolde—who commanded the necessary registers, coloratura, power, steadiness, and vocal charm?) On the first night, Miss Stratas was strident and squealy at the top, but as an actress and an artist she is electric. One believed in the fifteen-year-old girl who made men lose all self-control. As the draggled whore of Act III she seemed still beautiful: makeup and wig were realistic, but by some illusion one beheld her through Alwa's and Geschwitz's and Berg's adoring, infatuated eyes. (The elegiac Portrait Quartet of Act III, in which Alwa's Hymn to Lulu's beauty is recapitulated, was somewhat too strenuously sung.) The opera is less "about" Lulu than about the behavior and the emotions of the men—and the woman—who degrade and ruin themselves for her. By men she is, in turn, ruined and destroyed. Lulu's character, Krenek suggests, "is not so much mysterious as it seems vague." Miss Stratas was not too specific but direct, unaffected, honest—true as a bright steel mirror remains true while reflecting a diversity of images. At the second performance, Miss Migenes-



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Johnson stepped in as understudy, without a full rehearsal, and gave a remarkable performance. She was secure, even more accurate than Miss Stratas, and happier in the high reaches. In the middle ranges, her voice proved a little small for the monster house. Some touches of American-girl sexiness were inappropriate, but by her second performance (which I saw on television) they were already fewer.

Franz Mazura was a strong, credible Dr. Schön, a rounded and complete character. Kenneth Riegel sang Alwa's music beautifully. He acted clumsily; eyes that should have been on Lulu were ever slewing round to catch Mr. Levine's beat. Evelyn Lear, once a famous Lulu, played a dignified and moving Geschwitz, but the long high notes at the end were not pure, tender, or beautiful. Andrew Foldi's Schigolch is a virtuoso performance. Lenus Carlson (Animal Tamer and Acrobat), Hilda Harris (Schoolboy—but with a touch of tomboy sparkiness she must subdue), Frank Little (the Painter) were admirable. Nico Castel's Marquis was neither well nor tellingly sung, and so the big duet with Lulu lost the importance it should have. Otherwise, the large cast was without weakness.

The Met chooses to shield its audience—those members of it not fluent in German—from the full impact of "Lulu" by performing it in a foreign tongue. It is being needlessly protective. The subject matter is sordid; in this Pandora's box, no Hope is left behind. Berg's music, his widow said, has a beauty and truthfulness that efface everything hateful and repulsive in the text, leaving only an unquestionably great masterpiece. It's not quite true about the effacing. But this Met production—free of gratuitous sensationalism; adopting no more of Wedekind's shock effects than Berg himself chose to adopt, but not shirking the crude or the comic episodes; drawing its drama as much from the score as from the stage; and holding all in careful balance—proves that from passion, morbid obsessions, healing and wholesome sympathy, and musical genius Berg did indeed distill a masterpiece. —ANDREW PORTER

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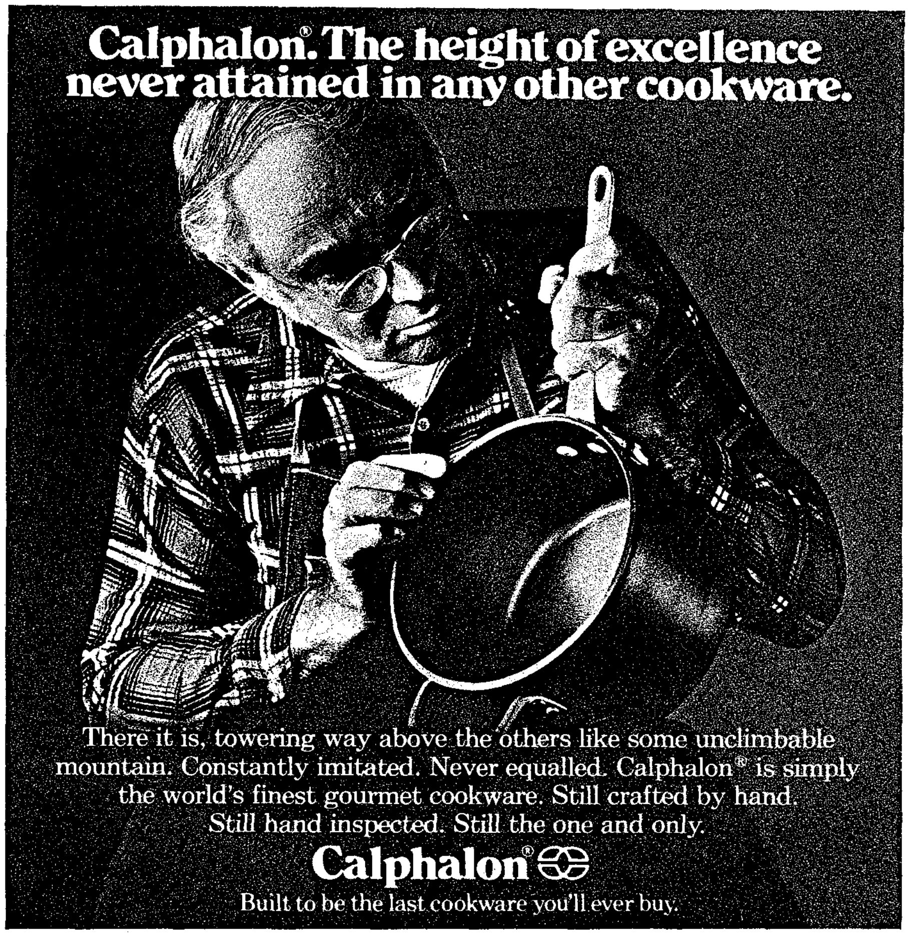

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THE ART WORLD

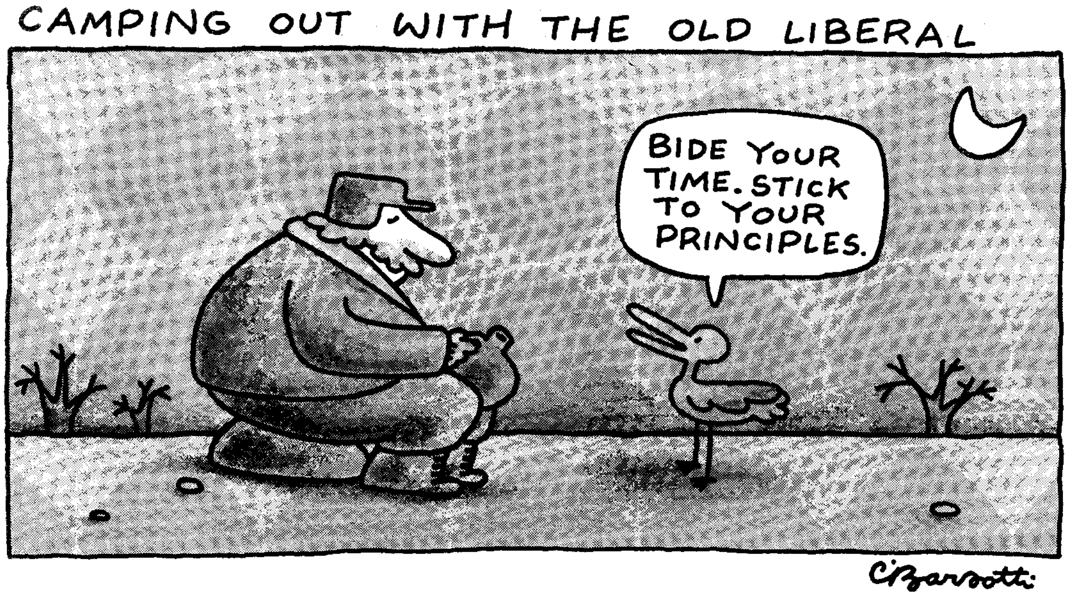
Communications from Within

Expressionism is back. Apollo has gone into temporary eclipse, and Dionysus, the heavy-handed, is loose once more. This appears to be the message of half a dozen recent exhibitions in which German art of the period immediately preceding and following the First World War has been the focus, and it is certainly the message of "Expressionism—A German Intuition 1905-1920," the large and important show that opened in November at the Guggenheim Museum. (The show is there until January 18th, when it moves on to the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.) It had not occurred to me that Dionysus was German. Greek mythology gives him a Thracian origin, but the Greeks were notoriously vague about origins, and I suspect he grew up somewhere in the Rhineland, eating heavy foodstuffs and feeling gloomy about the state of things.

A tilt toward Expressionism in art usually implies a tilt away from France. This is not to say that French art cannot be Expressionist. Matisse, Derain, and the other Fauves exerted a powerful influence on the painters of Die Brücke, whose founding, in 1905, marks the beginning of what we now call German Expressionism. There were obvious correlations in the efforts of the two groups—the Fauves in Paris; Die Brücke first in Dresden, then in Berlin—to free color of its representational function, so it could serve other ends. Fauve painting never lost the traditional French regard for balance and harmony, though, nor did the Fauves share the revolutionary fervor of Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Erich Heckel, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, and the other Die Brücke artists. These young Germans were in self-conscious revolt against bourgeois society, against the stifling pressures of industrial civilization, and against man's alienation from himself. For them, art was a tool and a weapon, a means to establish a bridge (*Brücke*) to others of their generation—"whether . . . creative contributors or recipients," as Kirchner put it—who would join them in the effort of revolt and social regeneration. "Everyone who with directness and authenticity conveys that which drives him to create belongs to us," Kirchner wrote. The artists of Die Brücke rejected the world of appearances. They wished to depict the inner world of the self, the world as a reflection of the individual ego. What they were after was the "communication from within," the sacred utterance of the romantic, Dionysian self, that in some undetermined way was supposed to change the existing order.

The precursors of Expressionist painting were Vincent van Gogh, the Norwegian Edvard Munch, and the Belgian James Ensor. The greatest artist to be associated with the Expressionist movement, Vasily Kandinsky, was Russian. All the same, the movement's deep roots in German idealism and its aggressive emotionalism justify the subtitle of the Guggenheim exhibition—"A German Intuition." In anyone accustomed to looking at predominantly French or French-influenced art, which is to say most of us, the works at the Guggenheim—a hundred and forty paintings, seventy watercolors and gouaches, and a hundred and twenty prints—will provoke varying degrees of visual indigestion. Emil Nolde, the North German peasant's son who joined the Brücke group briefly in 1906, was an aesthetic Luddite. He loathed modern technology, yearned for "primal" nature and the truth of the instincts, and believed he could unlock that truth through what Schmidt-Rottluff once called his "color tempests" on canvas. A few of his pictures do generate immense power, but many of them disintegrate into a morass of garish or murky color, melodramatic gesture, and the sort of deliberate primitivism that depicts pumpkin-headed figures with impossibly wide mouths. Kirchner, Die Brücke's house intellectual, was a much more fastidious and skillful artist than his colleagues. Kirchner's portraits and his urban scenes have a nervous, disquieting intensity; even the summer landscapes with nude figures—a favorite Expressionist theme—communicate a sense of dislocation and unease. Schmidt-Rottluff, Max Pechstein, and Otto Mueller painted the same general subjects—portraits, landscapes, and hallucinated city or village scenes—and it is not always easy to tell their pictures apart. The fact that Die Brücke was an important event in modern art but none of its members achieved major status as artists is significant. A powerful idea does not necessarily produce great art.

German Expressionism also claims Kandinsky, of course, but the Guggenheim exhibition does not make it any easier to see why. This supremely intelligent man, who had been a successful lawyer, an economist, an ethnographer, and the artistic director of a printing plant in Moscow, came to Munich in 1896, at the age of twenty-nine, to study painting. In 1901, he was a co-founder of an art collective and school called the Phalanx. In 1904, he prophesied, "If destiny will grant me enough time, I shall discover a new international language which will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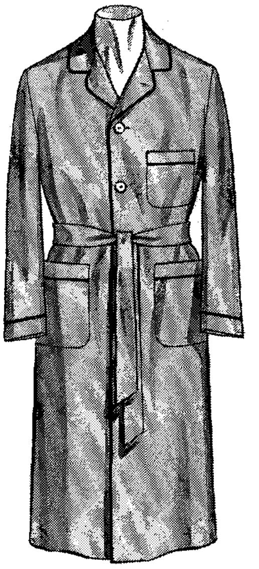

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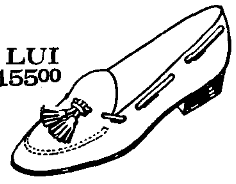

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continually enrich itself." The language turned out to be abstract painting, which he had arrived at by 1910. Other artists, in other countries, were preparing at the same time to make the same total break with representation, but there can be no question that Kandinsky was the true originator. In making paintings that were in no sense reflections or imitations of something "real," Kandinsky saw the means to release the spiritual quality inherent in art.

Like the Die Brücke artists, Kandinsky turned from the external world to the world within. He saw aesthetic form as "the external expression of the internal content," but for him that content was spiritual. Although his own paintings during the prewar period were somewhat Expressionistic in their strong color and their dynamic, simplified forms, Kandinsky had no sympathy for the violent distortions and self-obsessed emotionalism of Die Brücke. In fact, he refused to reproduce any paintings by the group in the famous first *Blaue Reiter* (Blue Rider) almanac, of 1912, the publication whose name was subsequently applied to the circle of artists around Kandinsky. And when he returned to Germany in 1921, having spent the war years in Russia and then taken an active part in the doomed cultural program of the revolutionary avant-garde there, his work no longer showed any links to Expressionism. The geometric abstractions of Kandinsky's postwar career were as carefully constructed as the paintings of Mondrian, and a good deal more mysterious. Kandinsky had a Russian soul. What could be more hermetic, and less Expressionist, than his dictum "The communication of what is secret by what is secret: is not that the content?"

German Expressionism produced a second generation of artists, most of whom were profoundly affected by the war. George Grosz and Otto Dix channelled their battlefield traumas into savagely satiric, corrosive pictures of postwar German society; both men also took part in the Dada movement, which assumed a more overtly political form in Berlin than it did in Paris. Max Beckmann developed a disciplined, figurative style and painted a number of powerful symbolic works on religious themes. But by 1920 the Expressionist movement was defunct. German art found its new center in the Bauhaus, in Weimar, where Walter Gropius, Kandinsky, and other teachers imparted a reverence for severe, geometrical design, which had little to do with personal soul-searching.

The objective-subjective pendulum was bound to swing back, of course. Dionysus' next major emergence took place in the late forties in New York, where he presided over the rise of Abstract Expressionism. His reign was spectacular but brief, as usual. By the middle fifties, the reaction against the Abstract Expressionists' personal "encounters" with paint was already gathering momentum, and the sixties saw the triumph of super-cool Pop and Minimal styles. Today, there is evidence of another swing back to subjectivity. Much of the so-called New Image painting draws its subject matter from autobiographical or oneiric sources. There is a lot of deliberately "bad" painting going on—crude drawing, repellent colors, "primitive" or childish figurations used to evoke primitive or non-aesthetic responses. The aggressive anti-style called "punk," which spills over from rock music into vanguard fashion, has recently invaded the art world as well: several young New York artists are also musicians, and others draw inspiration from the energy of "new wave" rock. The patron saint of our newest aesthetic Luddites is the late Philip Guston, who abandoned Abstract Expressionism to paint cryptic, semi-figurative canvases with crude, comic-strip overtones. (A Guston retrospective is touring the country.) The current hero is Neil Jenney. Jenney has raised aggressively crude painting to major-income status, and he has added to his aura by rarely permitting his work to be shown.

Today's Expressionism comes without ideals. None of its contemporary avatars want to change the existing order or win back our souls for us, but we can hardly hold that against them. Works of art topple no governments, nor do they improve the environment. The problem—one of the problems—is that the Expressionist sensibility so often seems to wear itself out prematurely, leaving little behind but evidence of the struggle. The world reflected by the self is rarely as interesting as the self imagines. "Bad" painting, whether deliberate or accidental, is not always distinguishable from bad art.

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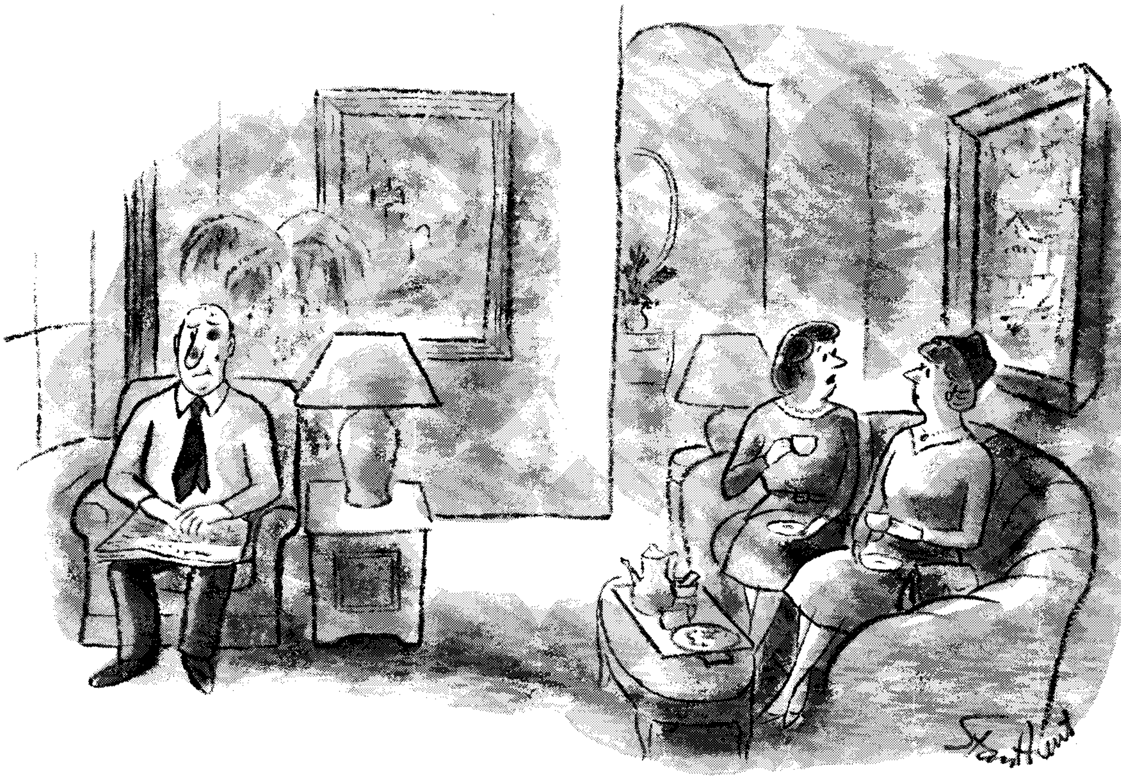
Good reputation, lousy idea.

AROUND CITY HALL

OUT FROM THE SHADOWS

New York's Governor, Hugh Carey, sent a congratulatory telegram last May 24th that some of his constituents soon let him know was a mistake. The New York Islanders, whose home base is the Nassau Coliseum, in Uniondale, Long Island, had won the Stanley Cup—the National Hockey League's equivalent of baseball's World Series trophy—for the first time in their eight-year history. In congratulating the team members for having beaten the Philadelphia Flyers, the Governor's message said they had "proved once again that New York is unbeatable." A number of the Islanders and their fans explained to reporters that they resented the Governor's judgment that it had been a New York victory: what it had proved was that *Long Island* was unbeatable. Similarly presumptuous, in their view, had been a *Daily News* editorial two days earlier which had declared that "all of New York—you, too, Ranger fans" would be cheering the Islanders on. "Whether one lives in the five boroughs or on Long Island, New Yorkers are New Yorkers. And we can't afford to be parochial," said the *News*, pointing out that an Islanders victory would bring the Stanley Cup back to New York for the first time in forty years. "The Stanley Cup is not in New York. It's on Long Island," said Billy Smith, the Islanders' goalie, after the big win. A year earlier, in a result that another member of the Long Island team had described as being "like a death in the family," the New York Rangers, whose home base is Madison Square Garden, had eliminated the Islanders in the Stanley Cup semifinals. The Rangers were founded in 1926, when New York City was the unchallenged center of professional sports in the metropolitan area and Long Island was largely given over to potato farms and millionaires' estates. (By a decree of unknown origin, the term "Long Island," often shortened to just "the Island," means only the two counties of Nassau and Suffolk, which lie east of the city's Borough of Queens, even though Queens and Brooklyn are also geographically part of Long Island, making up its wide western third.) In 1926, all the Rangers were Canadians. The owners decided that the new group would never be accepted as a New York City team unless it included at least one Jewish and one Italian player, and two of the Canadians with no such ethnic roots arbitrarily had their names altered in the local lineup to Chabotsky and Rocco. The Rangers, who last won the Stanley Cup in 1940, lost it in the 1979 finals to the Montreal Canadiens. The Islanders considered their 1980 triumph particularly sweet because the Rangers had been eliminated from the race in the quarter-finals. After this year's final game, there was a wild celebration, including a mile-long parade from the edge of the town of Garden City to Uniondale—a route chosen because, as one official pointed out, "we have no Fifth Avenue." Other officials struck a further aggrieved note, mentioning that the uproar over the victory was understandable, since Long Island had no other major-league team. (Long Islanders aren't an entirely deprived people, however; according to the Bureau of the Census, the per-capita income in Nassau County is the third-highest in the state, after those of Manhattan and of Westchester County.) Just the news that the home team had made it as far as the Stanley Cup final had moved the devout Islanders fan Alfonse D'Amato, the presiding supervisor of the Nassau town of Hempstead, to declare that, like other Long Islanders, he was "awed and still in shock." On the floor of the House of Representatives, Thomas Downey, whose congressional district is in eastern Suffolk County, said that the "almost three million" Long Island residents lived "in the shadows" of New York City, and told his colleagues that "in Long Island history there has been perhaps no finer moment" than the Stanley Cup victory. *Newsday*, which is published in Melville, Long Island, and, with a circulation of half a million, is the nation's largest suburban paper, said in an editorial that the hockey triumph had made all Long Islanders feel like winners instead of losers, and added, obviously feeling that it could afford to be parochial, "Remember how the Rangers crumpled in last year's final?" *Newsday* also said, "If John F. Ken-

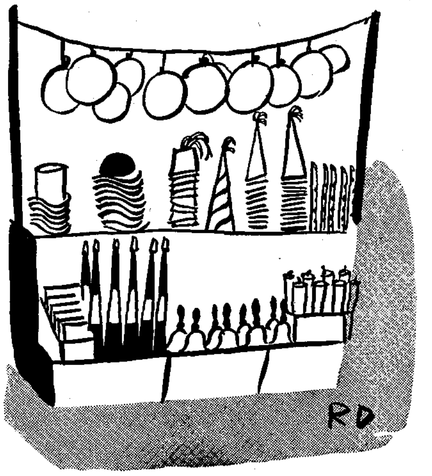


"Winthrop had the soft answer that turneth away wrath all ready on the tip of his tongue and then he forgot it."

nedy were alive to visit Long Island today, he would surely be tempted to shout, 'Ich bin ein Islander!' "

Demonstrating once again that some New Yorkers will find ethnic implications in almost any event, Jimmy Breslin, a Queens resident, reported in his *News* column that not everyone in the New York area was concerned about the contest for the Stanley Cup; in Harlem, he said, most residents had never heard of it. "Hockey is the only major sport that has a championship game between teams that are all white," Breslin wrote. He noted, however, that "this is comforting to some people who have just finished watching the professional basketball championships." (Breslin did not mention the ethnic aspects of an earlier 1980 event: the fact that America's dropping out of the Moscow Olympics had deprived many black athletes of a chance to achieve international recognition—and the fame and fortune that often go with it—and that, as it happened, the only really significant American Olympic victory had been the defeat of the Russians in hockey at Lake Placid by the all-white American team, one of whose members now plays with the Islanders.) Breslin did concede that the Stanley Cup final might have had some followers within the city limits, but he insisted that "in little pockets of the city—like sixty per cent of Brooklyn, over half of Manhattan, and almost the entire Bronx—people were not interested." The deciding hockey game was "more like a caucus of Koch voters," Breslin wrote, taking a swipe at Mayor Edward Koch, whose bitter confrontations with some leaders of minority groups in the city have caused his critics to charge him with concentrating his mayoral attention on matters of concern to New Yorkers who are white and middle class—and more likely than local blacks and Hispanics to go to the polls. The racial makeup of the Islanders has not led to wide criticism in Nassau and Suffolk, where blacks and Hispanics account for less than ten per cent of the population. A complaint about the hockey team expressed in a letter that was sent to *Newsday* soon after the Stanley Cup victory had to do not with race but, again, with regional presumption. Joni D'Attilo, of the Suffolk town of Centereach, wrote that, as a non-resident of the five boroughs and a longtime fan of the Islanders, she was "disturbed that they have 'New York' in their name," and asked, "Why must we Long Islanders be burdened with the New York label we do not want?" She suggested that "the Long Island Islanders" would be an appropriate change. "Let's get together and be our own," she wrote. "Isn't it enough the city takes our taxes?"

NINETEEN-EIGHTY was not only the year in which Long Islanders took the Stanley Cup but also the year in which Islander fan D'Amato won a seat in the United States Senate. Running on the Republican, Conservative, and Right-to-Life tickets, he defeated the Democratic candidate, Brooklyn Representative Elizabeth Holtzman, by eighty-one thousand votes, or less than two per cent of those cast. The incumbent senator, seventy-six-year-old Jacob Javits, running on the Liberal Party line, took only eleven per cent of the vote. However, by remaining in the race after he had lost the Republican primary to D'Amato—in large degree as a result of D'Amato's charges that the veteran Senator's age and poor health would prevent him from serving out his term—Javits almost certainly cost Miss Holtzman the election, appealing, as he did, to many of the liberal Jewish voters who might otherwise have supported the Brooklyn Representative. During his final weeks in office, Javits, having thus made it possible for his party to have a six-vote rather than a four-vote margin in the Senate, was publicly treated by his fellow Republican senators with a warm fraternal regard that had generally been withheld from the liberal-minded city politician during his twenty-four-year service in the Senate. Javits' continued presence in the senatorial contest was not D'Amato's only lucky break. Another was the absence from the race of the popular young Republican Jack Kemp, a former quarterback for the Buffalo Bills, who for the past decade has been a member of the House of Representatives from upstate Erie County. When D'Amato announced his candidacy, last January, he had the support of Joseph Margiotta, the Republican boss of his home county, whose support was worth having. The Nassau Republican organization is the richest in the state and regularly turns out a larger number of voters than any other county—more, even, than Brooklyn, although that borough, according to the 1970 census figures (those for Brooklyn in 1980 are not yet complete), has over a million more residents. But if Kemp had entered the Republican senatorial primary, as he was being urged to do, the predictions were that Margiotta would back him rather than D'Amato, who was then almost unknown outside his home county. Not until after Kemp announced, in March, that he would skip the Senate race in order to play an active role in Ronald Reagan's Presidential campaign did D'Amato's chances begin to be taken with some seriousness.



Besides being the first United States senator from Long Island, D'Amato is the first man to be elected to the Senate from this city's outlying districts since the rise of the suburbs became a recognized phenomenon, in the years after the Second World War. The traditional geographic division in New York State has been upstate versus downstate, with the term "upstate" used to describe any area outside the five boroughs. No political history of the city has been complete without a long account of the legislative outrages inflicted on the state's most populous area by rural apple knockers, as downstaters derisively called them, who maintained their power in the Legislature through shrewd gerrymandering. For New York State, as for many states, the Supreme Court's 1962 one-man-one-vote decision, which was hailed as a remedy for historic political discrimination against urban areas, came too late: by the time the prescribed redistricting took place, the suburbs had grown to the point where their elected representatives, if they voted as a bloc, held the balance of power. For a long time, this circumstance was not widely noticed, however, even by some of the suburban legislators, and in this state, at any rate, many of the old upstate-downstate hostilities continue undiminished. Among the reasons given for the defeat of Republican Assemblyman

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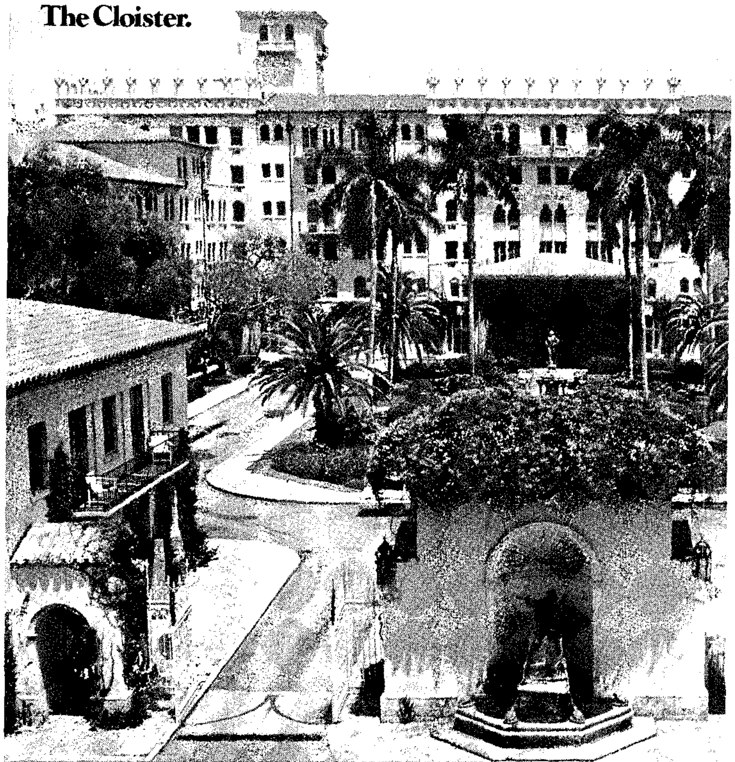

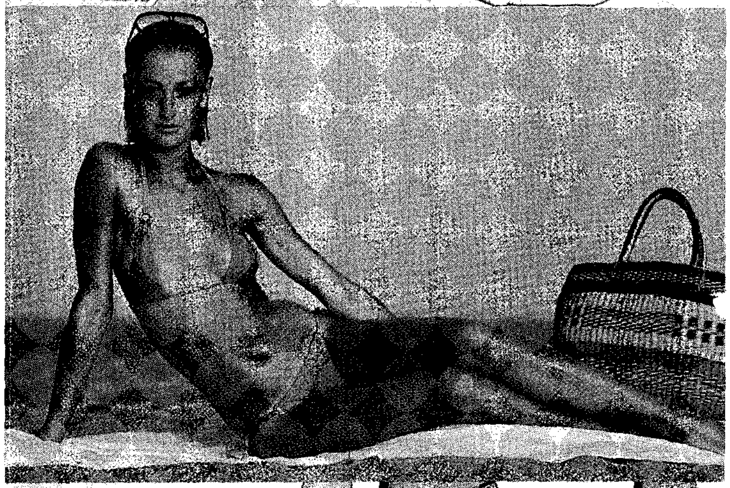

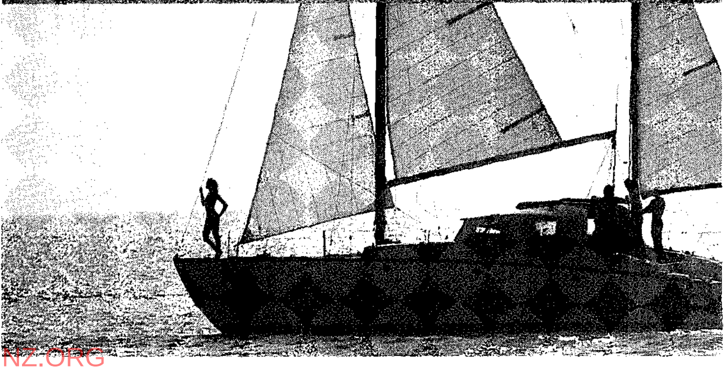

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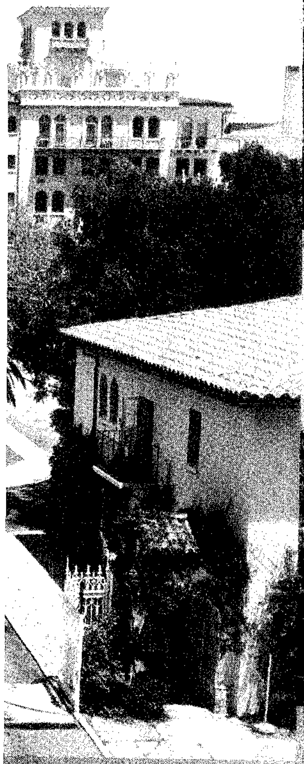

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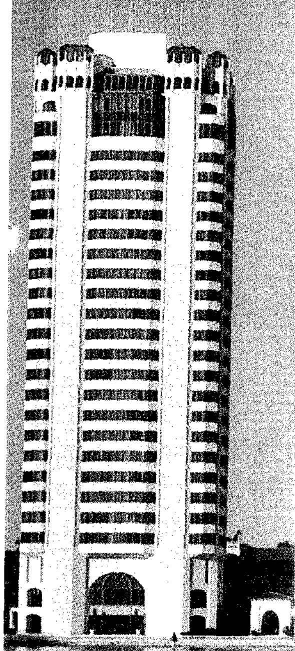

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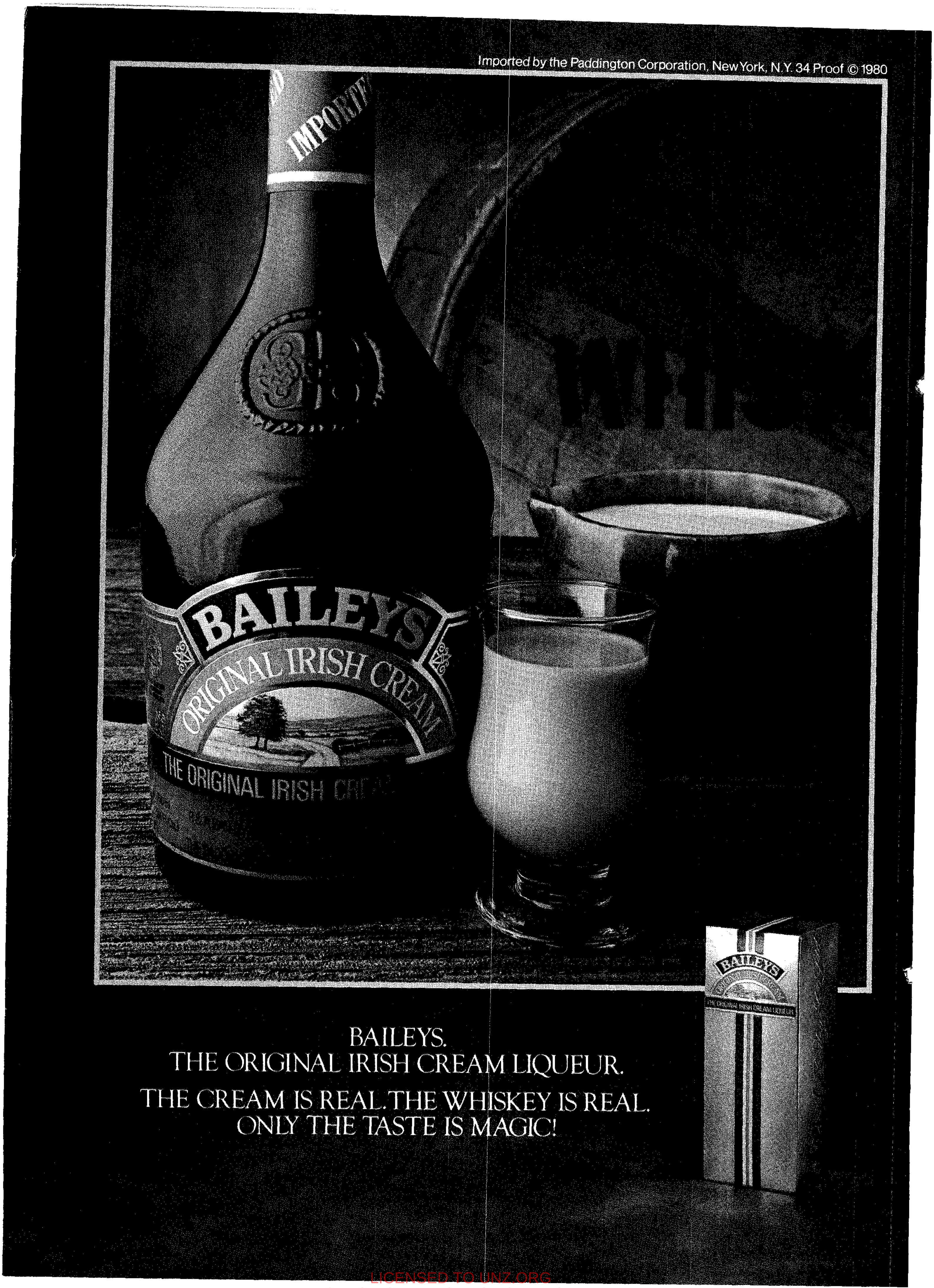
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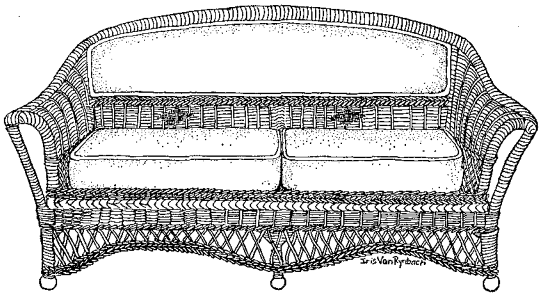
ONLY THE TASTE IS MAGIC!

Perry Duryea, of Suffolk County, in the 1978 gubernatorial race was the fact that upstaters considered him a downstater, while in the city he was looked on as an upstate figure. When D'Amato appeared in Onondaga County, in central New York, last January, the chairman of the county's Conservative Party informed him of the danger of being considered a downstater. "Upstaters can't stand downstate people," she explained. "We feel we do all the work in the state and you get all the money." At home in Hempstead, D'Amato had been known for his colorful, combative manner and his imitations of another Italian-American, Arthur Fonzarelli; indeed, he sometimes asked friends to refer to him as The Fonz. Banishing downstate flashiness for the statewide campaign, he invested in a wardrobe of three-piece suits, a flattened-out hairstyle, a pair of notably conservative-looking eyeglasses, and some elocution lessons. On Election Day, he carried all but two of the upstate counties. He lost in the city, but not as badly as he might have, thanks to unexpected help from Mayor Koch. Although Koch is a Democrat, he built up the Javits candidacy (thus reducing Miss Holtzman's chances) by urging former financial supporters of Javits to be generous and by inviting the Senator to lunch at City Hall, where the two men posed for pictures as the Mayor praised Javits' "twenty-four glorious years" in the Senate. Although D'Amato didn't get a City Hall meal, he joined the popular Mayor there for a public handshaking session, during which the Long Islander announced that "on most issues" he and Koch were in "apparently close agreement," and then attacked the liberal philosophy of his opponent, Koch's fellow-Democrat. In his campaign against Miss Holtzman, D'Amato portrayed her as overbearing (not thought of as an excellent thing in woman) and, on one occasion, as "an absolute witch." Koch, who had served with her in the city's congressional delegation (which is notorious for its intramural quarrelling), reinforced the image of her that D'Amato was trying to establish: the Mayor announced that he would not "flinch" from his "obligation" as a Democrat to endorse her. D'Amato carried all of New York's suburban counties. In Nassau, however, he did not receive the overwhelming victory that he and Margiotta had expected a homegrown candidate to receive in a county that has three registered Republicans for every two registered Democrats. D'Amato supporters attributed this outcome to Nassau's large number of Jewish residents, who voted along ethnic lines, for either Javits or Miss Holtzman. Even so, D'Amato got fifty per cent of the Nassau vote. He received fifty-five per cent in Suffolk County, where Italian-Americans are the largest voting bloc. The Suffolk Republican chairman is Anthony Prudenti, and the Democratic chairman there is Dominic Baranello, who is also the Democratic state boss.

Historically, Jewish New Yorkers have been much quicker than their Italian neighbors to see politics as a way to get ahead in the world. The first Jewish governor of New York, Herbert Lehman, was elected in 1932. In 1950, Lehman became the first Jewish senator from the state, and Javits succeeded him. No Italian-American has been elected governor, and, before D'Amato, no Italian-American had represented New York in the Senate. D'Amato often referred to this latter circumstance, and to its implications of ethnic discrimination, during campaign appearances—particularly those on Long Island. For the families of the millions of Italians and Jews who were part of the huge tide of European immigrants which reached this country at the beginning of the century, the route to a better life started on the lower East Side and, for those who remained in this area, led a generation or two later to the Bronx or East Harlem or Brooklyn (where D'Amato was born, in 1937). Many such families moved on to Queens or Staten Island, the most suburb-like of the city's boroughs, and in the nineteen-forties Jewish and Italian-American New Yorkers began in large numbers to follow the example of the descendants of Irish-American immigrant families and head out to the Island. Today, residents of Italian and Jewish background probably account for close to half the population of Nassau and Suffolk Counties. The Nassau town of Massapequa, named in the seventeenth century for a local Indian tribe, is now jokingly referred to as Matzopizza. The new settlers pushed farther and farther east. In 1960, Long Island's population was a million nine hundred and sixty-seven thousand, and only a third of it was in the more easterly Suffolk County. The 1980 census figures for Nassau and Suffolk, which have just been released, show Suffolk's total to be only about forty thousand below that of Nassau. A generation ago, there were predictions that by the next century the Island's population would reach four million or more. As is true of many other areas in the Northeast, however, the dream of ever-increasing growth has remained only a dream. Despite Representative Downey's proud reference to "almost three million" Long Islanders, the area's population, of two million six hundred thousand, is less than fifty thousand higher than it was in 1970. While Suffolk's population is up about thirteen and a half per cent, Nassau's is down almost eight per cent. Even so, Nassau's loss is not as great as that of the city, which the Census Bureau has put unofficially at thirteen and eight-tenths per cent. In an example of the kind of regional squaring off that will undoubtedly increase in the future, Suffolk filed a suit last October that pitted Suffolk residents' interests against those of their city neighbors. New York City, joined by the state, has gone to court to require that the 1980 federal census totals for the five boroughs be adjusted upward to account for eight hundred thousand residents, mostly blacks and Hispanics, whom it claims the census enumerators failed to reach. If the census figures hold, the city could lose as many as four congressional seats. Suffolk sued to prevent such an adjustment, since it would affect the county's chances of greater representation in the House and the State Legislature, which its higher census numbers entitle it to. The Suffolk suit was dismissed. The city won its suit at the district-court level. Suburbanites are also beginning to assert themselves in Washington. Three years ago, a Suburban Caucus of House members was founded by Nassau Representative John Wydler, a Republican, and Democratic Representative Ronald Mottl, of Ohio, who believed that the Carter Administration was too pro-urban—an impression that ran counter to that of such New



Yorkers as Carey, Koch, and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who have consistently charged the President with not doing enough for big cities, particularly this one. The fifty or so members of the Suburban Caucus see their role as one of lobbying to persuade the White House and their fellow-members of Congress to be more sensitive to suburbanites' special interests, much as members of the Black Caucus try to draw attention to the special concerns of blacks. (There are *no* blacks in the Suburban Caucus.) They have received assurances that Ronald Reagan will be especially receptive to their appeals. The Senate does not have a Suburban Caucus, and some House members have expressed the hope that D'Amato will organize one. Much of the House group's energies have been devoted to fighting a General Services Administration rule that, in accordance with a policy of trying to help the economies of declining cities, requires any government agency situated in the suburbs whose lease has run out to move to an inner-city area. There will no doubt be efforts in the incoming Congress to limit or ban this regulation, and officials at City Hall will be watching to see how their new friend D'Amato votes on the question of suburban versus city interests.

CURRENTLY, the Islanders are in first place in their division, and the Rangers are dead last. Mostly, it has been a dismal year for the local teams. The football Giants (who in fact play in New Jersey but have not yet gone so far as to change their name to the New Jersey Giants) were last in their division, and so were the Jets. In basketball, the Knicks are doing somewhat better, holding third place in a division of five teams. The only bright spots in local sports results this year were in soccer, where the Cosmos took the North American championship, and in tennis, where young John McEnroe, of Douglaston, Queens, took the U.S. Open championship from Björn Borg. The Open is played at the Flushing Meadow Park National Tennis Center, in Queens, to which it moved in 1978 after more than half a century at the private West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, which is also in Queens. In the nineteen-twenties, the site of the new arena was a huge dump, or "valley of ashes—a fantastic farm where ashes grow like wheat," as Scott Fitzgerald, in "The Great Gatsby," described the area that Nick Carraway used to pass on his way to the city from Gatsby's and other estates farther east on the Island. In baseball this year, the Mets managed to avoid the ignominy of finishing in the cellar four years in a row: they ended up next to last. The Yankees won in their division but then lost the playoffs in three straight games. ("Remember how the Yankees crumpled in the final?") It seems that it will be a long time before New Yorkers can again speak with any seriousness of the possibility of a Subway Series. And perhaps it's just as well. Not only were New York teams represented twenty-eight times in the last thirty-three World Series but from 1947 through 1956 seven of the ten Series were local events, in which the players could conceivably travel between the stadiums by way of the city's mass-transportation system. Although the last Subway Series was in 1956, nationwide resentment of one city's domination of the national game and the memory of home teams demolished before their fans' eyes may be one of the many reasons that the news of New York's near-bankruptcy was received so gleefully by some Americans in other parts of the country and that the first instinct of most of their congressional representatives was to vote against any federal rescue. This is no time for New Yorkers, on or off the field, to make other Americans mad at them. Although the city is now on a far sounder financial basis than it was in 1975, things are not going so well that the private bond markets will lend New York all the money it needs to keep afloat. Sometime next summer or fall, it will have to go back to Congress and request permission to make use of six hundred million dollars more in federal loan guarantees. And this time, as a result of the November election, the chairman of the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee whom the city must deal with will be not William Proxmire, the crusty Democrat from Wisconsin, but the Utah Republican Jake Garn, who has taken an even harsher stand against urban improvidence.

In another result of the election, the thirty-nine-member New York State delegation in the incoming House of Representatives will have twenty-two Democrats to seventeen Republicans—three more Republicans than it had this year. Suffolk Representative Downey survived as the only Democratic member of the House from Long Island. The losing state Democrats included Representative John Murphy, whose district covered Staten Island and part of lower Manhattan, and who was the last Irish-American in a city House delegation that was once routinely caricatured as a company of red-faced Irishmen. The defeat of the politically conservative Murphy probably had less to do with changing philosophical trends or ethnic roots, however, than with his indictment in the Abscam scandal, which resulted in his conviction a few weeks after the election. As part of what some consider a pattern, he was succeeded by Guy Molinari, an Italian-American state assemblyman from Staten Island. On the other hand, Jerome Ambro, a Democratic Representative from a district that is partly in Nassau and partly in Suffolk, who is of Italian descent, was defeated by a Republican Irish-American, Gregory Carman. (Ambro had tried to protect himself in his conservative district by never formally endorsing Jimmy Carter. "This question of survival is finely honed, as Darwin tells us, in all of us," he said at one point.) Curiously, all the Democratic State Assembly members from Long Island, whatever their ethnic background, were reëlected. Indeed, despite an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar Republican effort to defeat incumbent Democrats in the Assembly, which the Democrats controlled, and a similar half-million-dollar Democratic effort to defeat incumbent Republicans in the State Senate, which the Republicans controlled, the final returns left the legislative lineups exactly where they had been before the election: the Republicans have thirty-five seats in the Senate and the Democrats twenty-five, while the Democrats have eighty-six in the Assembly and the Republicans sixty-four.

"THE chances are that the American people will choose Reagan, being a sporting people," James Reston wrote in the *Times* last August, "on the ground that if Jimmy

Carter or Billy Martin ends up in the second division, you get yourself a new manager, even if he's worse than the one before, because this will give at least the appearance of a new beginning." However the new President and this city end up feeling about each other, the manner of Ronald Reagan's victory deprived the city of its cherished sense of being the center of things. When New York officials called the White House for favors after the 1976 Presidential election, they could—and frequently did—mention, subliminally or otherwise, the fact that Carter would never have been elected without this state's forty-one electoral votes and that it was the six hundred and ninety-six thousand votes in the city that balanced off his losses upstate and gave him a two-hundred-and-eighty-nine-thousand-vote state margin. This year, Reagan's loss in the city was balanced off upstate, and it was the suburbs that provided his hundred-and-sixty-five-thousand vote winning margin, with Nassau alone contributing a plurality of a hundred and fourteen thousand votes, compared to the twenty-seven-thousand-vote margin it gave Gerald Ford four years ago. (In a mid-October appearance in Nassau, Carter said, "I got briefed . . . to find out what is most important to the people of Long Island, and the answer I got was that they want to keep the Stanley Cup." But clearly they wanted Reagan, too.) Moreover, Carter's loss in New York state had no effect at all on the verdict of the Electoral College.

Some Carter aides are known to believe that one New Yorker, Mayor Koch, was not irrelevant to the Reagan victory. They regard Koch as being somewhat to blame for Carter's having taken only about forty-five per cent of the Jewish vote nationwide, compared to the sixty-nine per cent he won in 1976—a loss that they consider to have been critical in some of the big industrial states. Koch had endorsed the President more than a year before the election, and the Carter forces had relied on the nation's most prominent Jewish mayor to shore up their cause with Jewish voters. Last spring, however, he began charging that in matters involving Israel the Carter Administration was controlled by "Arabists" in the State Department, led by a "Gang of Five," which included Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. In the New York Democratic primary, the Jewish vote went nearly four to one against Carter. There-

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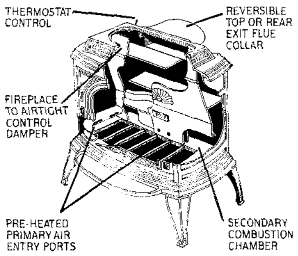
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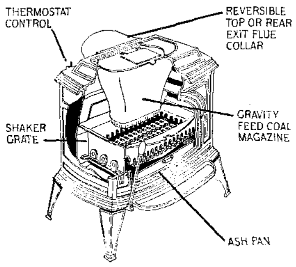
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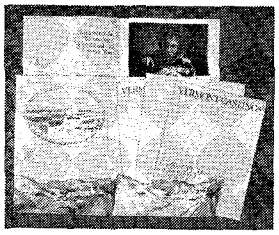

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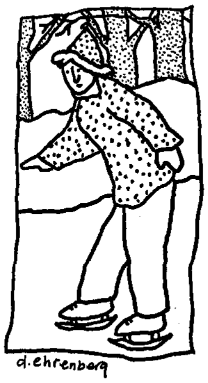
after, Koch's support for the President on most issues was an on-again-off-again affair. Ten days before the election, another Republican got a free meal on the city. In a widely publicized meeting, Reagan had breakfast with Koch at Gracie Mansion, and afterward the Mayor announced that, of the two major-party Presidential candidates, Reagan was the more pro-Israel. A week later, he said he was satisfied that Carter was more pro-Israel, and the Carter campaign sent him to southern Florida to reassure Jewish voters there. Yet news accounts of his Florida appearances said that he had made a point of speaking well of Reagan. When he was asked if Carter would live up to his promises to support Israel, the Mayor's reply was that he could not say but that if Carter did not “he'll rot in Hell.” Michael Oreskes reported in the *News* that “during much of his campaign swing through West Palm Beach and Miami Beach it was often hard to tell if Koch was plugging the President's reëlection or simply running for reëlection himself among the expatriate New Yorkers who have moved to these warmer climes.”



The first wave of Reagan Cabinet nominations did not suggest that some of those New Yorkers who will read an ethnic meaning into almost any event—in this case, the leaders of the large national Jewish organizations, most of which have their headquarters in this city—would soon have a chance to say of a new Reagan Cabinet appointment, “That makes three,” as one of them did last fall after Carter nominated Philip Klutznick his Secretary of Commerce. That remark signified that Klutznick was the third Jewish member of the Carter Cabinet, the others being Secretary of Defense Harold Brown and Secretary of Transportation Neil Goldschmidt. The President-elect may have noticed that a record of appointing Jewish Cabinet members had not protected Carter from losing a critical share of the Jewish vote on November 4th. Nor, for that matter, had Carter's choice for Attorney General—Benjamin Civiletti, the first descendant of Italian immigrants to hold that post—apparently won him many Italian-American votes. Yet he had put at the head of the legal processes of the nation's executive branch of government a member of an ethnic group whose frequent complaint against law-enforcement agencies is that they tend to impute crimes to Italian-Americans on no other evidence than the vowel at the end of their names. During the New York senatorial campaign, when Miss Holtzman kept referring to a grand-jury investigation of political strong-arming in Nassau County, in which D'Amato had been called as a witness, D'Amato kept mentioning that being unfairly suspected of unlawful behavior was one of the burdens traditionally laid on Italian-Americans. This view has also been popular among some Nassau County politicians since late November, when Margiotta was indicted by a federal grand jury on extortion and mail-fraud charges. Although there were complaints from many Reagan followers in the Sun Belt that Reagan's first ten Cabinet appointments heavily represented the hated Eastern establishment, the New York connection was in evidence in only two cases. Donald Regan, nominated for Secretary of the Treasury, works in this city as chairman of Merrill Lynch & Company, though he lives in New Jersey. Reagan's former campaign director, William Casey, who will be head of the Central Intelligence Agency, was brought up in Queens and now lives in Roslyn Harbor, in Nassau County. That influential political observer Johnny Carson observed that there had been a question as to whether Reagan would name Cabinet members from minority groups, and that his first appointments showed he had done so: the minority was called “old millionaires.” Apparently on the theory that the President-elect owed him a few, Mayor Koch urged Reagan to appoint a Republican he admired, Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman, as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. Reagan did name a New Yorker to that job, but his choice was Samuel R. Pierce, Jr., the first black partner in a major New York law firm. Koch's attitude toward Pierce has not always been as polite as it may need to be if Pierce is put in charge of all federal housing programs. In the 1978 contract negotiations with the Transport Workers Union, whose members run the city's buses and subways, Pierce was chairman of the independent mediating panel. When a comment of his irritated the Mayor, Koch—who is not himself famous for reticence—called a press conference and publicly told Pierce to "shut up" and to "quit mouthing off."

Apparently on the theory that he owes the Mayor a few, D'Amato has announced that he will support the city's request for additional loan guarantees, and has praised Koch's "magnificent" fiscal performance, increasing the chances that, as Koch hopes, he will have the convenience of Republican endorsement in his 1981 reëlection campaign. At a Washington party given by Tennessee Senator Howard Baker for new Republican senators, D'Amato went around introducing himself with the words "I'm Alfonse D'Amato, the poor son of Italian immigrants," suggesting he was under the impression that the campaign was still going on. In early December, he travelled to Ireland, which he was visiting for the first time, on a trip arranged by a militant Irish lobbying group. At that critical juncture, when I.R.A. prisoners were near death from their hunger strike in protest against their treatment in Maze, the British prison, the government of Northern Ireland declined to allow the as yet not seated Italian-American Senator to visit the prison, which he had called "a symbol to the Catholic minority of British misrule." From Ireland, D'Amato went to the earthquake-devastated area of southern Italy. On a stopoff in Naples, according to a *Newsday* correspondent on the scene, D'Amato "was mobbed by earthquake victims seeking entry to the United States, and he worked the crowd as if he were at a campaign stop, shaking hands and clapping people on the shoulder."

In November of 1979, when Reagan announced his Presidential candidacy, the former California Governor surprised everyone by deciding to hold the ceremony in this city. "We're calling the announcement 'the New York Idea,' because this has been a desolate area for Reagan until now," one of his campaign aides explained. Though the New York State vote made no difference in the Electoral College result, it is fortunate that New York was not one of the handful of states that stuck with Carter, and so proved itself to be a desolate Reagan area once again, since this would have made it particularly unlikely that the new Administration would go out of its way to help the city. The hope here now is that New York may be treated as a demonstration project to prove that Reagan is not, as rumored, against all cities. Evidence that the new Republican Administration loves New York would also be helpful to Jack Kemp, a Reagan favorite, who is considering challenging Carey in 1982, when the Governor is up for reëlection. Long before Reagan's November, 1979, announcement, New York was receiving far more than what would have been its census-apportioned share of visits from candidates of both parties, seeking the state's supposedly crucial forty-one electoral votes as well as national television coverage, which is often especially available here, and the campaign money with which New Yorkers are known to be especially generous. Through the seemingly endless primary season and general-election campaign, the symbols of the political visitors who were in and out of town every few days in pursuit of the ultimate American dream were the omnipresent Secret Service agents, with the challenge they posed to New Yorkers never to give reason for suspicion, on pain of being seized and wrestled to the ground as they went on unoffending errands past the fund-raisers, the huge rallies, and the blaring sound trucks.

When the long, expensive, exhausting, and often hysteria-ridden campaign was finally over, here and everywhere, it was inevitable that responsible citizens around the country would set up formal and informal committees in the interest of changing the whole system: surely there must be a better way to choose the leader of a great country. Whatever scheme they come up with, though, it is certain that the nation will never go back to the way things were done the first time an American President was eligible for reëlection. In 1789, Washington had been sworn in as President in Federal Hall in this city, which was then the nation's capital. At the end of his first term, there was no campaign at all. James Flexner writes in his biography of the first President, "Since Washington had made no announcement to the contrary, on February 13, 1793, the Electoral College unanimously elected him to a second term."

—Andy Logan

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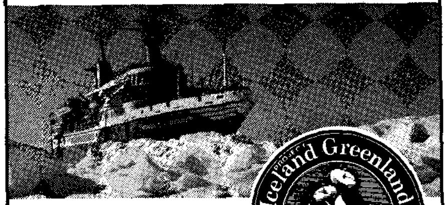

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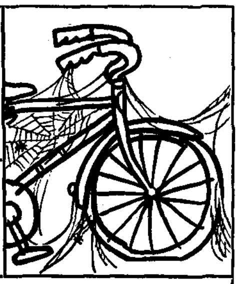

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The Funnies

THERE are no forebears or influences that would help to explain Shelley Duvall's acting; she doesn't seem to owe anything to anyone. She's an original who has her own limpid way of doing things—a simplicity that isn't marred by conventional acting technique, but that by now she has adapted to a wide range of characters. In the new Robert Altman film, "Popeye," from Jules Feiffer's screenplay, in which she plays Olive Oyl, she sings in a small, wavering voice, and she hits tones that are so flat yet so true that they are transcendently comic. Her dancing has the grave gentleness of the Laurel & Hardy soft-shoe numbers, though she doesn't move anything like either of them. She's Olive Oyl of the long neck and stringbean body and the clodhoppers, and at the same time she has a high-fashion beauty. The screwed-tight hair twisted into a cruller at the neck seems just what Olive needs to set off her smooth, rounded forehead. She curls her long legs around each other—entwining them in the rubber-legged positions of the cartoon figure—and it seems the most natural thing for her to do.

Olive lives in Sweethaven, a tumbledown seacoast Dogpatch, and she's the local belle. When she's teased about getting engaged to the domineering, wide-as-a-barn Captain Bluto, the most hated and feared man in town, she gets the desperate, trapped expression of a girl who knows that she has made a terrible mistake, and, trying to find a virtue in Bluto (who snorts like a bull and looks as if he'd be more comfortable on all fours), she answers, "He's large." And the plaintive defensiveness—the sense of hopelessness—she brings to those words is so pure that you may feel a catch in your throat while you're smiling. When Popeye, the squinting sailor, searching the seven seas for the pappy who ditched him when he was an infant, arrives at Sweethaven, he moves into the boarding house run by the Oyl family. Olive is very uppity to Popeye and to everyone else; she holds her head high on her tube of a neck and sniffs like a duchess. "Persnickety" is the word for Olive, but there are delicate shades of stubbornness and confusion in her face, and sometimes a frightened look in her eyes. Shelley Duvall takes the funny-page drawing of Olive Oyl and breathes her own spirit into it. Possibly she can do this so simply because she accepts herself as a cartoon to start with, and, working from that, goes way past it. So far past it that we begin to find chic in her soft, floppy white collars and her droopy, elongated skirts.

Robin Williams, who plays Popeye, has been given Popeye's bulging forearms, and he has mastered the cartoon figure: the one-eyed squint that comes from talking with a corncob pipe in the mouth; the gruff, raspy voice; the personal patois, with "t" and "k" transposed; the shoulder-first swagger walk; the dancing acrobatics; the speedy round-the-world punch that requires winding up the wrist. He's wonderful at all this mimicry. His cropped carrot-colored hair makes him look like a little kid, and his one blue eye is startlingly bright. He does prodigious work. But he never gets beyond the cartoon, never gives it anything of himself. And so he recedes, is swallowed up in the crowded background. Popeye is always muttering to himself, and these asides—second thoughts and cranky qualifications—become a buzzing in our ears. When he finally gets to sing "I Yam What I Yam," it's in a betting casino, and he has to dart among the customers, dodging traffic. He's always doing something, but it doesn't come to much. He seems locked in those arms.

Part of the reason Shelley Duvall takes over is that she's an oasis of stillness (until the end, when she adds to the commotion). At times, when she stands at a tilt, or just listens, she has the preternatural quiet of Buster Keaton. And it may be an homage or it may be just an accident that she has been given a scene of trying on hats that recalls Keaton's great headgear scene in "Steamboat Bill, Jr." Duvall may be the closest we've ever come to a female Buster Keaton; her eccentric grace is like his—it seems to come from the inside out. And the exaggerated sensitivity in her face might be called an equivalent of his mask of isolation. But "Popeye" is far from a silent movie.

Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye." But it comes off a little like some of the Jacques Tati comedies, where you can see the intelligence and skill that went into the gags yet you don't hear yourself laughing. Altman may have been trying too hard, taking the task of creating a live-action musical version of a comic strip (the screenplay is based on Elzie Segar's "Thimble Theatre") too literally. He was probably reaching for something beyond the written scenes—trying to create a whole comic environment. Altman has to introduce an element of risk on top of the risks that all directors take. Whether this is interpreted as a form of hubris or as part of what makes him an artist or as what keeps him from falling asleep on the set (and it's probably all three), it's Altman's way of directing. Most of the commercially successful movies with actors in roles based on comic-strip characters (such as "Skippy" in 1931, "Blondie" in 1938, and "Superman" in 1978) have been content to deliver the simple catch phrases and repetitive situations that the strips were famous for. Altman tries for much more: the two-dimensional look and the jumbled, congested Krazy Kat feeling of some of the early strips.

Nobody has ever brought this off in a talking picture—not with the degree of stylization that Altman attempts—and when you look at "Popeye" some of the reasons suggest themselves. There used to be animated cartoons in which birds and animals would spoof movie stars—a chicken might be Mae West. Cartoon figures playing movie stars have it all over movie stars playing cartoon figures. In cartoons, the creatures can do anything; their bodies don't get in the way and can't be hurt. But when you watch the actors in "Popeye" doing cartoon stunts, you're aware of gravity and how difficult what they're doing is. When you see an actor lifted up and put on a hot stove, the literalness is dumb and oddly unpleasant. Maybe certain kinds of jokes—especially the ones involving transformations and mayhem, and the ones that derive from the absence of gravity—need the shift in imagination that we make at a cartoon. Some of the most complicated feats of reproducing comic-strip effects in "Popeye"—such as Olive's brother, Castor Oyl, being slammed so hard in the boxing ring that he flies out above the crowd, like a missile, and Popeye, when hit by Bluto, spinning like a corkscrew down through the boardwalk—are eerily unfunny.

Sweethaven (which was constructed on the island of Malta) is a funky cuckoo-land whose people, all crabby obsessives, are as warped as its architecture and its economy. The light that bounces off the grayish buildings has an odd, enamelled quality, and the houses all seem to have been built crookbacked or to have buckled. It's a ramshackle, depressed town, with catwalks and chimneys and ladders and a red-light district—everything weather-beaten and tottering. Sweethaven is so flimsy it seems booby-trapped; you expect it to fly apart or come tumbling down. (Yet when Bluto, in a rage, smashes the Oyls' house, it isn't nearly as funny as the Big Bad Wolf blowing a house down.) Popeye, the outsider, arrives, and even before he finds lodging he's stung a couple of times by the roving tax collector, who demands money in the name of Bluto's boss, the Commodore, the town's unseen tyrant. No one makes Popeye feel welcome—the local citizens scurry away from him. The people of Sweethaven are living quirks; they might have bought their peculiarities at a novelty shop. A long, skinny man keeps hiding behind a pole; there's a man chasing his hat who keeps kicking it ahead of him, and another whose head, when pressed down, sinks into his shoulders like a turtle's. The film has virtuoso bits of business, such as four men moving a piano over a rotting rope bridge. (This gag, which does work, isn't from cartoons; it's out of Laurel & Hardy.) But there are also glimpses of sometimes indecipherable activity at the side of the frame, and there are a lot of dissociated voice-overs—a constant squawking. Some of the remarks we catch are classic griping (Olive's "Not since I was a child have we had a sharp knife in this house"); others seem to be commenting on the action—they're like wisecracks overheard from the row behind you, and with expletives that would never have been allowed in the funny pages. At first, we anticipate that we'll get to know the grouchy people of Sweethaven, especially the Oyls and Wimpy the moocher (Paul Dooley), but they have no real roles—they just keep the background busy—and the looseness of all this activity is so distracting that the foreground gags don't come off. Sometimes the foreground gags don't come off even when there isn't anything going on around them. There is a painful scene when Olive first shows Popeye his room and the bed collapses, the picture falls from the wall, and the doorknob falls off. You don't laugh, you just stare. It may be that Altman, despite the complex, random-looking incidents he is famous for, doesn't know how to shape and pace basic slapstick. He never does anything stale, and it may be that he can't stomach the thought of clicking out a scene like this one, which has been done a million times. And possibly he thinks he'll get something more exciting by just tossing it off. But slapstick done imperfectly may come across as laborious, and that's what happens in a lot of "Popeye."

Altman's attempt to reproduce a full comic-strip lowlife environment seems to work against him in all sorts of ways. When Popeye first climbs through the streets of Sweethaven, singing a song, the editing seems peculiarly bad; his song is broken up by shifts in the camera position. Altman must be trying for the jostling, patchwork mood of comics—perhaps even for the slap impact of comic-strip frames—but the patchwork jumble doesn't develop its own rhythm, and we can't find our way into the film. The editing throws us in and pulls us out; we feel as if we're being dunked in cold water. Sweethaven is just a small fishing village, yet when the man-mountain Bluto (Paul L. Smith, who was the head guard in "Midnight Express") goes to see the Commodore we have no idea where the Commodore's boat is. The boxing ring features a big plaster statue of the champ, Oxblood Oxheart, and when Popeye defeats him the statue falls; it's an abrasive, overpowering shot. I could never get the hang of the editors' thought processes. There's a dinner scene at the Oyls' when they and their boarders are sitting around the table and all their tics seem to intermesh and they've finished the food before Popeye can get a bite. Or is it that there was so little food that nobody got to eat more than a morsel? The double-time movements suggest something funny, but we can't quite tell what's going on.

The picture seems overcomplicated, cluttered, and the familiar Popeye phrases and situations barely emerge. Adults lose the fun of recognition of the ritual lines—they're just throwaways here. And kids aren't likely to come out chanting Wimpy's semi-immortal "I'd gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today;" they may barely register it. With all the muttering and the wordplay and the tricky mispronunciations, to kids the film may seem to be in a foreign language. It's hard to know what Feiffer and Altman intended it to mean to modern children (or adults), because the story doesn't build, or even follow through. Popeye doesn't look for his pappy; he just seems to kill time. And he doesn't punch out the oppressors and become accepted by the people of Sweethaven. (That would give his "I Yam What I Yam" a kick it doesn't have.) Somehow, the oppressed-people theme gets mislaid, and we wind up with boats chasing each other and the principal characters wading around in a cove fighting an octopus and doing a lot of yelling and screaming. This Popeye doesn't even like spinach, which seems sheer perversity on the moviemakers' part—it was the huge cans of spinach that swelled those bulging forearms. (Sometimes they were even shaped like cans.) Now we don't know what the source of Popeye's superhuman strength is. The audience isn't allowed the gratification of the climactic moments in the Fleischers' "Popeye" animated cartoon series; Altman seems almost embarrassed by the conventions. He's trying to do this literal version of the "Popeye" comic strip and at the same time he doesn't want it to add up to

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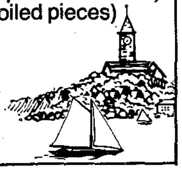

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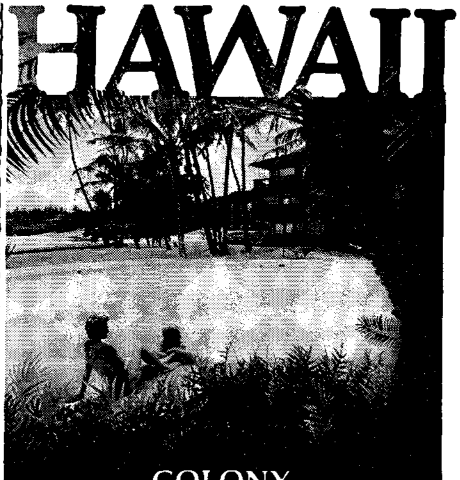
"Popeye." He'd rather it didn't add up.

The picture has lovely moments in the middle section, though. Running away from her engagement party, Olive Oyl meets Popeye on the dock, staring out to sea. They both have their guard down, and they begin to talk. Then they discover the foundling, Swee'Pea, and, enchanted at having a child, they instantly become a loving couple. The movie seems to calm down. The cartoon limits are relaxed, and the audience gets a chance to laugh and show its approval, because the infant (Altman's grandson, Wesley Ivan Hurt) is a blissfully quiet charmer with a faintly lopsided smile that seems in readiness for a corncob pipe. And Olive, proudly infatuated with Popeye, twirling herself around a lamppost as she sings "He Needs Me," seems to be wafted to Heaven. Her goofy duckling-swan lyricism has its own form of weightlessness. If the remainder of the film had concentrated on these three and the shades of feeling that develop when she sings "Stay with Me" and he sings "Sail with Me," it might have been a moonshine classic, even with the deadly slapstick and the ragged editing and the spatial jumble. But when Ray Walston shows up, as Popeye's pappy, and Swee'Pea is kidnapped, the freshness goes out.

There have been oddly tentative songs (by Harry Nilsson) all along, and they've been tolerable, because at least they're not slick. And then, suddenly, there's Walston. Physically, he matches up with Robin Williams; with his muscles and squint and pipe, he's almost a mirror image—that has aged. But Walston's dry rasping is much louder than Robin Williams', and when he sings he bawls out the songs with a rambunctious Broadway pizzazz that cheapens everything. There's no innocence in his performance; it's the Broadway curse—unfelt rhythms, and everything for effect. It's bad enough when he sings "It's Not Easy Being Me;" when he goes on and on with a gravelly, tantrummy number called "Children," the picture begins to hurt your head. Olive Oyl, abducted by Bluto and trapped in a ship's funnel, keeps shrieking for Popeye—and if ever there was a scene that called for perfect timing and cutting, this is it. But her shrieks aren't modulated in terms of the shots that precede them; they're just noise—it could be *any* director's movie. And Altman commits a grandfatherly crime. In the middle of the movie, the



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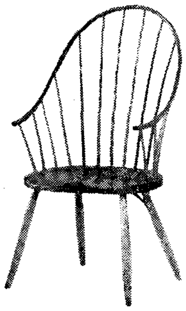

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audience can't get enough of Swee'Pea—his every expression is greeted with a happy "Aah." But then after he's kidnapped, when Popeye is thinking about him longingly and singing a song, there's Vaseline on the lens and we get a doting reprise of all Swee'Pea's wonderful expressions. This time nobody "Aah"s.

"Popeye" is a *thing*, though. You don't get much pleasure from it, but you can't quite dismiss it. It rattles in your memory. Would the film have come together better if it had been simpler—without so much "environment"? Maybe—if Robin Williams had broken through, if he had felt free enough to make the role his own. But how could he feel free, starring in his first film with his face all screwed up and using only one eye? Even if the picture had been more quiet and simple, there might still be a sizable part of the public that wouldn't be too crazy about the stylized format. It's my impression that girls weren't waiting at the newsstands to buy the latest issues of comic books, the way boys were. Whether it's something about the comic-strip form itself or whether it was just the subject matter, girls didn't seem to get as hooked as boys did. And you don't hear women talking about what comic books meant to them, either—not to anything like the degree that men do. Women might be happier if Robin Williams had used both eyes and just squinted a little now and then. And this isn't a putdown of women as romantic fools: An actor's face can give us more than an impersonation of a cartoon. Two-dimensionality is tiresome.

"FLASH GORDON" is like a fairy tale set in a discothèque in the clouds. Up there, the arch-fiend—Emperor Ming the Merciless (Max von Sydow), the Ruler of the Universe—is costumed as if for a space-age presentation of "The Mikado." His clothes are stiff, like the shell of a crustacean. All that is visible of him is his bald, gaunt death's-head and his spidery fingers, working, working. Ming is jaded, though, and so he takes "power pills" to feel more potent and amuses himself by toying with Earth. He sends us quakes and zigzagging streaks of lightning, and when he wearies of such childish sport he pokes our moon out of orbit, so it will hit us and blow us up. On Earth, only Dr. Zarkov (Topol), a scientist with a fevered brain, perceives the danger, and he's so overwrought that no one believes him. Determined to save Earth, he kidnaps Flash Gordon (Sam J. Jones), quarterback for the New York Jets, and Dale Arden (Melody Anderson), a travel agent, to help him work the controls of his rocket ship, and blasts off. The three Earthlings have barely crash-landed at Ming's palace in Mongo (their arrival is reminiscent of the tacky enchantment of the landing in Méliès' "A Trip to the Moon") when Ming decides that Dale Arden has the freshness to restore him. He's probably right. Melody Anderson's Dale recalls Jean Rogers, who played the role in the 1936 and 1938 serials, and was considered the sexiest heroine of the genre. Melody Anderson has been made a brunette, and, with eyes like the painted eyes of a doll and a mouth that's slightly askew, she's all the cuddly Miss Rheingolds rolled into one.

There are no hidden themes in this comedy fantasy; everything is on the luscious surface. In order to save Earth, the good-hearted herculean hunk Flash Gordon and the ebullient Dr. Zarkov must stir up the oppressed people of Mongo to overthrow Ming. And they wouldn't be heroes if they didn't save Dale Arden from Ming's spidery clutches. Ming's daughter, Princess Aura (Ornella Muti), has a yen for Flash, but that's not a problem: Flash isn't such a block that he's averse to a little dallying with Aura before he's reunited with Dale. Directed by Mike Hodges (the Englishman who did "Get Carter," "Pulp," and the dismal "Terminal Man"), and produced by Dino De Laurentiis, this film is a piece of comic-strip bravura. The script, by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., from Michael Allin's adaptation of the funny-page characters created by Alex Raymond, uses the basic plot of the 1936 serial, starring Buster Crabbe, and is clearly inspired by that serial, which is considered the most expensive one ever made and was possibly also the most popular. Danilo Donati, the Italian designer long associated with Federico Fellini, takes those posh old effects to Halloween haute couture. He did the production designs, the sets, and the costumes, and Donati is not known as an ascetic. "Flash Gordon" doesn't look like other space fantasies; the hardware is closer to Méliès than to "2001." The music of the rock group Queen is on the track, and the shots are like the comic-strip frames enlarged by Lichtenstein, with the addition of crude, bright skyscrapers. The whole movie is

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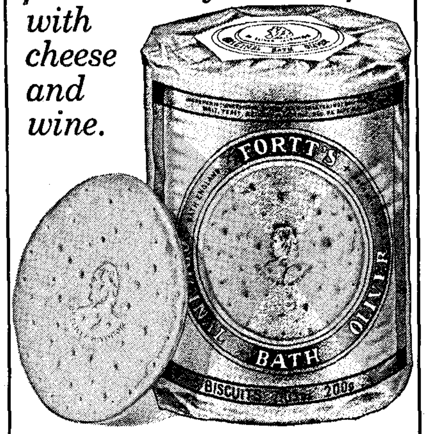

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painterly; it's flooded with the primary colors of comic strips—blue, and especially red at its most blazing. Donati and the cinematographer, Gil Taylor, make the colors so ripely intense that they're near-psychedelic. When Flash and Dale are dozing in Zarkov's rocket, on their way to Mongo, the burning-red trim on their clothes binds them together. The tiny, voluptuous Princess Aura wiggles and slinks through her father's palace wearing a shimmering scarlet jump suit; she's a flaming nympho. This goddess of lust is the apotheosis of Cobra Woman herself—Maria Montez. When Princess Aura pledges her love to her handsome fiancé, Prince Barin (Timothy Dalton), he says, "Lying bitch," admiringly, in tribute to her polymorphous perversity. No woman with such hot-tomato lip gloss could be faithful. (At times, when she slithered by, I thought I heard moans of distress: she has a figure that could make men suffer.)

Mongo is inhabited by many variations on the human species, and they're all on dress parade—slimy reptile men in the swamps, pet dwarfs on leashes, Gilbert and Sullivan mock-Oriental robots, mask-faced Storm Troopers who are reminiscent of Darth Vader, a row of androids monitoring Mongo's computers. (When one android collapses, the others fall like dominoes.) And one of the moons of Mongo is inhabited by hawk men, whose leader, Prince Vultan (Brian Blessed, grinning to show all his teeth, and hairy as a bear), is enlisted in the revolt against Ming. When Vultan and his fliers are winging through the air, they suggest the flying monkeys in "The Wizard of Oz." There are also villains who deliquesce like the Wicked Witch, and other reminders that Mongo is like Oz in space. But Timothy Dalton's dashing, enthusiastic Prince Barin of Arboria wears the green tunic of Robin Hood, and his woodland moon, where his men are a companionable band, suggests Sherwood Forest. Arboria has a dark macho rite, though. Prince Barin and Flash are pitted against each other in a fairy-tale form of Russian roulette. They take turns putting a hand into the crevices of a gnarled tree trunk, risking the fatal bite of the resident monster. This sequence, which evokes the illustrations in old books of children's stories, is much scarier than the futuristic torments.

Max von Sydow's Ming has such crazy eyes and he flexes his fingers so fiendishly that he deserves funnier lines and dirtier deeds. He has a fine funny-page moment when he's impaled on the spike end of a little snub-nosed rocket, but he doesn't get enough opportunity to show off his soft, deep voice. Von Sydow brings a playful metallic sheen to everything he does; he has the Fu Manchu look of Charles Middleton in the serials, but with more hauteur. Middleton wore high, stiff collars that framed his shaved head; von Sydow's collars have circular, standup backs so high that his head seems to be resting against a gigantic gong. (Somehow, the effect of this performance is to make von Sydow seem more human: even he wants to have fun sometimes.) Ornella Muti manages to make Princess Aura teasingly funny throughout; this actress doesn't seem any more concerned about what people think of her than a cat would be; she's tickled by the good luck of looking completely carnal. She's a perfect little emblem of camp. The playwright John Osborne (who was the villain in Hodges' "Get Carter") appears as an Arborian priest, and Mariangela Melato turns up—a brunette here, like the other women—as the wicked Kala, of Ming's secret police. Jones' Flash has blondness enough for the movie, and though his eyes aren't exactly soulful (they seem innocently empty), he's physically entertaining. There's bulk to this fellow —there's so much of him that it's surprising how fast he moves in a series of football skirmishes with Ming's guards. (With Dale Arden as cheerleader whipping him up to glory, this is the film's most all-out-parody sequence.) In the thirties, when Buster Crabbe played the role, Flash was a Yale man, a fencing champion, and a celebrated polo player—i.e., a gent. That would get too close to James Bond terrain, though, and it's more fun to have him a wide-eyed jock, with huge hands, and hair on his chest and in his armpits. It's golden, of course.

"Flash Gordon" is simply out to give you a good time. It has some of the knowing, pleasurable giddiness of the fast-moving Bonds, and the same sort of saving-the-world plot, though with less emphasis on it. (There are sequences when the moviemakers are so caught up in the round-the-clock adventures on the moons of Mongo that they seem to forget about the timetable for the destruction of Earth.) The director gets right into comic-strip sensibility and pacing. Mike Hodges' work is very assured and clean; he puts the actors where they'll have the most immediate dramatic impact, and he has a flair for the constant shifts of angle in the comics. There wasn't a single slow scene that I wanted to be done with; there was always design to take in. The moviemakers might have paid more attention to tidiness; a fantasy is more satisfying if it all fits together, and this one has dangling ends. When Flash is lowered in a cage into the swamp, there's somebody with him whom he seems to know but who's a stranger to us. And when Ming orders Zarkov's dangerously active brain emptied, we watch on a small screen as his education and experiences are removed, right back to his birth. A few minutes later, Zarkov, as intellectually frenzied as ever, explains that he fended off the emptying techniques by reciting Shakespeare and the Beatles to himself. But we *saw* him emptied. Goofs like these (the result of cuts in the footage, I assume, or of changes in the script) destroy some of the childish pleasure to be had from a Pop fairy tale. And, maybe because not enough seems at stake—it isn't just that the timetable for blowing up Earth seems vague but that saving it doesn't seem such a big deal—the ending lacks punch. Happily, the actors revel in the Pop mindlessness—who wouldn't? When Ming has had Flash drugged and entombed, Princess Aura looks at the sleeping beauty and gives him his awakening kiss. When Dale Arden and Princess Aura are sore at each other, they have a pillow fight—with delicate satin pillows on a harem-sized bed. When Ming tries to win Flash over to his side, he offers him a moon of his own. —PAULINE KAEL

•

CART BEFORE THE HORSE DEPT.

[*From the Times*]

The chief burden will be borne by the industrialized nations—France, Italy and Spain—which are the major polluters. The protocol soft-pedals the application of stringent standards to developing nations until they are sufficiently industrialized to become major polluters and cope with the problem.

•

McClintock Laboratory is used for studies on neurobiology and is named in honor of Barbara McClintock, one of the great dames in this world-famous center for research work on chromosomes, cells and DNA.—*Photo caption in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

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BOOKS

Making the Jump

Eudora Welty published her first short story, "Death of a Traveling Salesman," in an Athens, Ohio, magazine called *Manuscript* in 1936 and her most recent, "The Demonstrators," in *The New Yorker* in 1966. In between, she published thirty-nine stories in more than a dozen magazines, and every so often she collected them. "A Curtain of Green" came out in 1941, "The Wide Net" in 1943, "The Golden Apples" in 1949, and "The Bride of the Innisfallen" in 1955. Her short stories have alternated with her longer work—the three novellas ("The Robber Bridegroom," "The Ponder Heart," "The Optimist's Daughter") and the two novels ("Delta Wedding" and "Losing Battles")—and now she has brought all the stories together, along with two that were previously uncollected, in "The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $17.50). She told an interviewer recently that she would like to have left out some of the stories "but was persuaded not to." A streamlined collection would have foreshortened our view of her. Eudora Welty is, particularly in her short stories, an experimenter. "First Love," "A Still Moment," and "The Burning" are historical fiction, and "A Still Moment," which has to do with Audubon, is also a fable. "Circe" recasts the myth. "Flowers for Marjorie," "Moon Lake," "Clytie," and "The Whistle" are melodramas, and so are "The Hitch-Hikers" and "Death of a Traveling Salesman." They turn on murder and suicide and near-death. "The Winds" is a prose rhapsody that attempts to make a wild thunderstorm monumental. "Asphodel," which has overtones of Greek tragedy, and "The Wide Net'' are folk tales. "Powerhouse" and "Music from Spain" are expressionistic and full of exaggeration and tilting planes and high colors. "Lily Daw and the Three Ladies," "Petrified Man," "Why I Live at the P.O.," "A Visit of Charity," "June Recital," "The Wanderers," "Ladies in Spring," and "Kin" are farces and genre paintings. "The Bride of the Innisfallen" and "Going to Naples" rework that most ancient of all fictional forms, the voyage. "Where Is the Voice Coming From?" is fictional sleight-of-hand of a high order, and deals with the murder of Medgar Evers, the civil-rights leader. Eudora Welty describes in her introduction to the collection how the story came about:

> That hot August night when Medgar Evers . . . was shot down from behind in Jackson, I thought, with overwhelming directness: Whoever the murderer is, I know him: not his identity, but his coming about, in this time and place. That is, I ought to have learned by now, from here, what such a man, intent on such a deed, had going on in his mind. I wrote his story—my fiction—in the first person: about that character's point of view. I felt, through my shock and revolt, I could make no mistake. The story pushed its way up through a long novel I was in the middle of writing, and was finished on the same night the shooting had taken place.

"Powerhouse" is no less adroit, for in it she works her way right into Fats Waller's complex soul. Both stories are handsome instances of her credo "What I do in writing of any character is to try to enter into the mind, heart, and skin of a human being who is not myself. Whether this happens to be a man or a woman, old or young, with skin black or white, the primary challenge lies in making the jump itself."

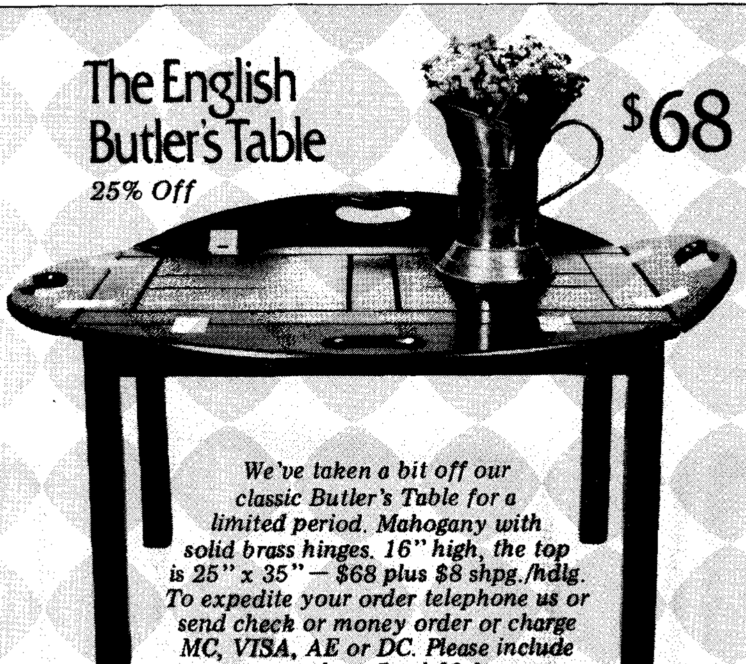
BRIAN SAVAGE

"Look, if I'm not happy I can't make anyone else happy, right? Tell your mother I'll be home in about half an hour."

Yet a streamlined collection of Welty stories would have had classic proportions. A good number of the stories that have been retained are exercises, and reading them is like watching calisthenics: the industry and coördination and muscle are admirable but tiring. Such stories as "The Key," "Old Mr. Marblehall," "The Burning," "Music from Spain," "Circe," "The Purple Hat," "First Love," "A Still Moment," "At the Landing," "Going to Naples," "The Whole World Knows," "Sir Rabbit," and "A Memory" get in the way of her genre stories, her reports on small-town Southern life that have been so brilliantly rearranged and lit by her imagination. Of these, "Kin" (published in somewhat shorter form in this magazine) and "June Recital," which is almost a novella, are indelible. In "Kin," two young female cousins, one still local and one visiting from New York, pay an unannounced visit on their Great Uncle Felix at his country house nine miles from town. Uncle Felix is old and infirm and in the care of Sister Anne, a remote and unpopular cousin. The girls find the house crowded with strangers, and fear that Uncle Felix has died and his wake is in progress. Sister Anne, it turns out, has loaned the house for the day to an itinerant Yankee photographer in return for having her picture taken free. To make room for the crowd, Uncle Felix has been shunted into a "nigger bed" in a back storeroom, where he mumbles and rages unintelligibly at the western sun pouring in the single window. The girls visit him, and one of them remembers how much she loved to come to the house for Sunday dinner when she was little. She remembers Uncle Felix's size and energy and kindness, and how they would share the stereopticon after dinner. When the girls leave, the New York cousin tells Sister Anne that the family can't abide her. But Sister Anne is armored with the brocade of self-love, and it is not clear whether or not she hears. The girls drive home in the soft, lyrical evening:

> We . . . turned back down the dark blue country road. We neither talked, confided, nor sang. Only once, in a practical voice, Kate spoke.
>
> "I hate going out there without Mama. Mama's too nice to say it about Sister Anne, but I will. You know what it is: it's in there somewhere."
>
> Our lips moved together. "She's common."

"June Recital" is heavier on its feet than "Kin." The reader, though, has no choice but to follow the twists and turns Eudora Welty takes to get where she is going. The story moves in what we have come to recognize as Welty time. It is a kind of slow motion in which everything ambles at Southern small-town speed, and it takes the place of narrative power. The reader slows to the same walk, as if he, too, were in the story. Like "Kin," "June Recital" slides around between the present and the past and the future. It



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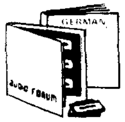

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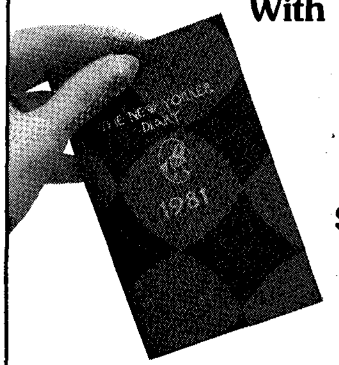

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is centered on Miss Eckhart, a formidable piano teacher of mysterious German origins who settles with her mother in Morgana. (All the stories in "The Golden Apples" are set in Morgana—Eudora Welty's Winesburg.) Miss Eckhart is lonely, benighted, and disoriented, her considerable fires damped but burning: she falls silently in love with a shoe salesman in town, and after he drowns she almost throws herself into his grave after him. Late every spring, she holds an elaborate, crinolined recital for her students and their parents in the parlor of the house where she boards, and it is a celebration and a torture. Her pupils slowly disappear after the start of the Second World War, and she moves away. One day, she reappears at her old house, now unoccupied, and prepares the parlor for a recital by decorating it with newspapers, which she sets fire to. The town marshal puts out the fire and takes her in hand, and as they leave they pass Virgie Rainey, once her star pupil and delight.

Sometimes Eudora Welty's prose has a diffused quality, a hazy, bee-ridden inexactness, but she is startling when everything falls into place. Her stories are heavily furnished with weather:

> A whole tree of lightning stood in the sky.
>
> The strange drugged fall of snow.

Her beautifully observed images ring like those of Jules Renard:

> A stronghold of a face.
>
> Young girls are outlandish little birds that talk.
>
> [A dog] moved over the square brown rug, stiffly, like a table walking.
>
> The worn loneliness that the furniture of [the hotel] room seemed built of.
>
> She has spent her life trying to escape from the parlor-like jaws of self-consciousness.

She has a fine comic ear:

> "My ma, she was the one for ballats. Little in the waist as a dirt-dauber, but her voice carried. Had her a whole lot of tunes. Long ago dead an' gone. Pa'd come home from the courthouse drunk as a wheelbarrow, and she'd just pick up an' go sit on the front step facin' the hill an' sing. Ever'thing she knowed, she'd sing. Dead an' gone, an' the house burned down."
>
> "You staying on in Morgana, Virgie?" came Miss Nell's undertone. She talked on—the same in a moving car as she was in a parlor.
>
> "Going away. In the morning," Virgie was saying.
>
> "Auction off everything?"
>
> Virgie said nothing more; she had de-

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cided to leave when she heard herself say so—decided by ear.

She writes of an old black man who has taken to his bed to die:

> Solomon had a lightish face, with eyebrows scattered but rugged, the way privet grows, strong eyes, with second sight, a strict mouth, and a little gold smile. This was the way he looked in his clothes, but in bed in the daytime he looked a different and smaller man, even when he was wide awake, and holding the Bible. He looked like somebody kin to himself. And then sometimes when he lay in sleep and she stood fanning the flies away, and the light came in, his face was like new, so smooth and clear that it was like a glass of jelly held to the window, and she could almost look through his forehead and see what he thought.

You could wear that and it wouldn't wrinkle. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GRANDMOTHER, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Jean Stewart (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95). The welcome flood of hitherto untranslated psychological studies that Simenon produced with such seeming ease in the years just before and after the Second World War continues unabated. This late-period novel (1959) brings into confrontation two women of almost equal headstrong vigor—a threadbare eighty-year-old widow, who has been evicted from her ancient Paris apartment, and her granddaughter, a young bisexual parachutist and auto racer, known to her grandmother only as a child, who reluctantly takes the old lady in. As is usual with Simenon, it is the psychic violence—the submerged hates and guilts—that counts, that leads slowly but inexorably to the real thing. And, as always, there is a resolution both pleasurable and painful.

GENERAL

THE ALCOTTS: BIOGRAPHY OF A FAMILY, by Madelon Bedell (Potter; $15.95). This remarkable work describes the careers and personalities of Bronson and Abby Alcott and the childhoods of their four daughters, including Louisa May. Bronson Alcott, part genius, part madman, was born on an unprofitable Connecticut farm in 1799. By the age of twenty-eight, when he met his future wife, he had contrived to owe more money than he had ever earned and to think more original thoughts about education than anybody else in the United States. Abby (née May) was the intelligent daughter of solid Massachusetts folk, and nothing but love prepared her for marriage to the self-absorbed philosopher. His worldly failures, the author thinks, were due partly to defects in his personality and partly to his intellectual superiority, which was not matched by an ability to express his ideas—his prose was incomprehensible. To support their family, Abby became Boston's first professional social worker; her endurance was a measure of her emotional and physical stamina. Their daughters seem to have suffered less from their peripatetic, uncertain upbringing than one might expect, possibly because they were supported by a network of friends and relatives. Besides realizing the leading characters, the author has brought to life a large supporting cast—the men and women of New England's cultural flowering.

OFF THE RECORD: THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HARRY S. TRUMAN, edited by Robert H. Ferrell (Harper & Row; $15). This collection of diaries, memoranda, and personal letters begins with Truman's succession to the Presidency, in 1945, and closes in 1971, shortly before his death. The range of subjects is wide, for the global concerns of the Presidency did not efface this President's affectionate interest in hometown friends, old Army buddies, spinster cousins, and the daily doings of random correspondents. The emotional range is wide, too, for Truman was a man of intense feeling. (Quite a few wrathful letters are marked as having remained unsent.) The political gossip includes a rueful recollection of the Potsdam Conference, in which he refers to himself as an "innocent idealist" about postwar planning. One sees why Harry Truman has become a legend: his confidence, or cockiness, arose not from vanity but from a conviction that the principles he had learned early in life were correct.

PURITANS AND ADVENTURERS: CHANGE AND PERSISTENCE IN EARLY AMERICA, by T. H. Breen (Oxford; $17.50). A collection of lucid and fascinating essays. Mr. Breen addresses himself to such questions as why the immigrating Englishmen formed such different societies up and down the Atlantic Coast—for example, Massachusetts

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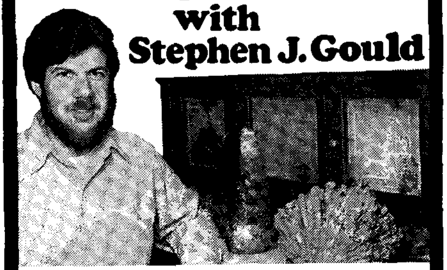

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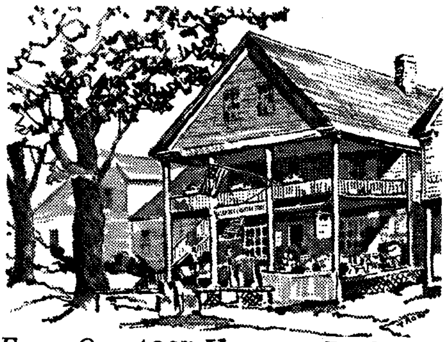

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and Virginia, the two colonies that would one day lead the Revolution but otherwise had little in common. One answer was geography—climate and soil—and another was happenstance: the Massachusetts Indians had been almost exterminated by smallpox shortly before the Pilgrims landed, and therefore were fewer and less aggressive than those of Virginia. But more important, Mr. Breen thinks, was a difference in kind: the Massachusetts Puritans migrated in order to re-create traditional English communities, whereas the Virginia immigrants, who thought little of community, crossed the ocean simply to get rich quick. Mr. Breen's explorations sometimes suggest that the "persistence" of his title endures to the present: one topic he discusses is the early Virginians' worship of the horse—a cult still thriving in the Old Dominion.

The Days of the French Revolution, by Christopher Hibbert (Morrow; $12.95). The French Revolution had a cast of thousands, most of them guillotined and many of them still the subject of intense partisanship among Frenchmen. The author, a well-known and competent English historian, permits the English-speaking reader to follow history without the interference of polemic. The story begins with the convoking of the Estates General at Versailles in 1789 and closes with Napoleon's seizure of power from the Directory in 1799. Though Mr. Hibbert cannot make room for all the events of the intervening decade, he does get in the most important ones, as well as an overview of everyday life among the Parisians who managed to survive one tumult after another; he also depicts the mechanism of Robespierre's Terror in a way that helps explain Stalin's.

An Uneasy Victorian: Thackeray the Man, 1811-63, by Ann Monsarrat (Dodd, Mead; $15). Having gambled away much of his inheritance by his early twenties, Thackeray began supporting himself as a free-lance journalist and cartoonist, and succeeded in such diverse fields as art criticism, political reporting, travel writing, and humor. Once he began to write fiction, however, he had to cope with the difficulty of knowing more about life than Victorian propriety would let him tell. The same propriety also compound-

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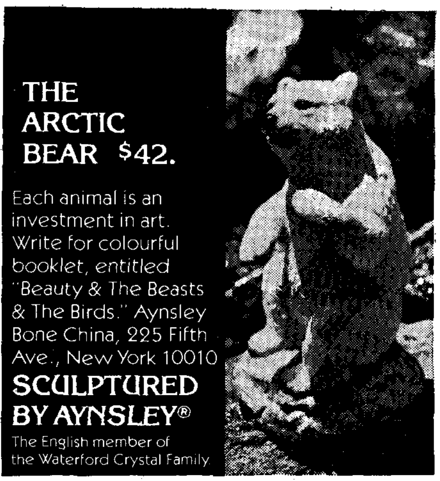

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ed his personal troubles: when his young wife became hopelessly insane and he fell in love with an unhappily married woman, neither divorce nor adultery was socially (or emotionally) permissible. Mrs. Monsarrat, who writes very well, has conjured up Thackeray's lively world, crowded with relatives, colleagues, and rivals, and wherever she takes him, from Grub Street to Belgravia, he shines as a remarkably engaging character.

NOTE: "Jefferson Davis Gets His Citizenship Back," an essay by Robert Penn Warren that first appeared in this magazine, has been published by the University Press of Kentucky ($8.75).

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE OXFORD GAMBIT, by Joseph Hone (Random House; $11.95). Mr. Hone is a superior writer of superior espionage novels, and also something more. He is a novelist in a tradition now largely scorned by "serious" novelists: he deals in character, rational motivation, and an unpitying acceptance of the human condition, and he understands that actions have consequences. His new novel has to do with the unlikely disappearance (in the midst of a routine beekeeping chore at his estate in Scotland) of a recently retired British intelligence executive; with the disconcerting ambivalence of his former colleagues regarding the matter; and with the consequent efforts of his wife, his adoring (fortyish) daughter, and her childhood friend and former lover, a onetime intelligence officer, to find him. There is a vivid realization of the "prewar Continental darkness . . . in the violent thirties" that gives substance to the story and endows it with the fourteen-karat quality that marked Mr. Hone's earlier "The Private Sector" and "The Sixth Directorate."

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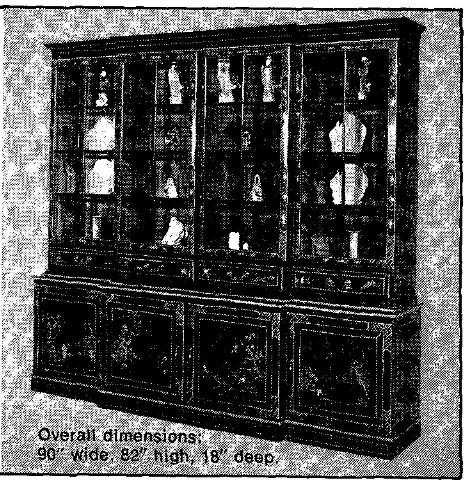

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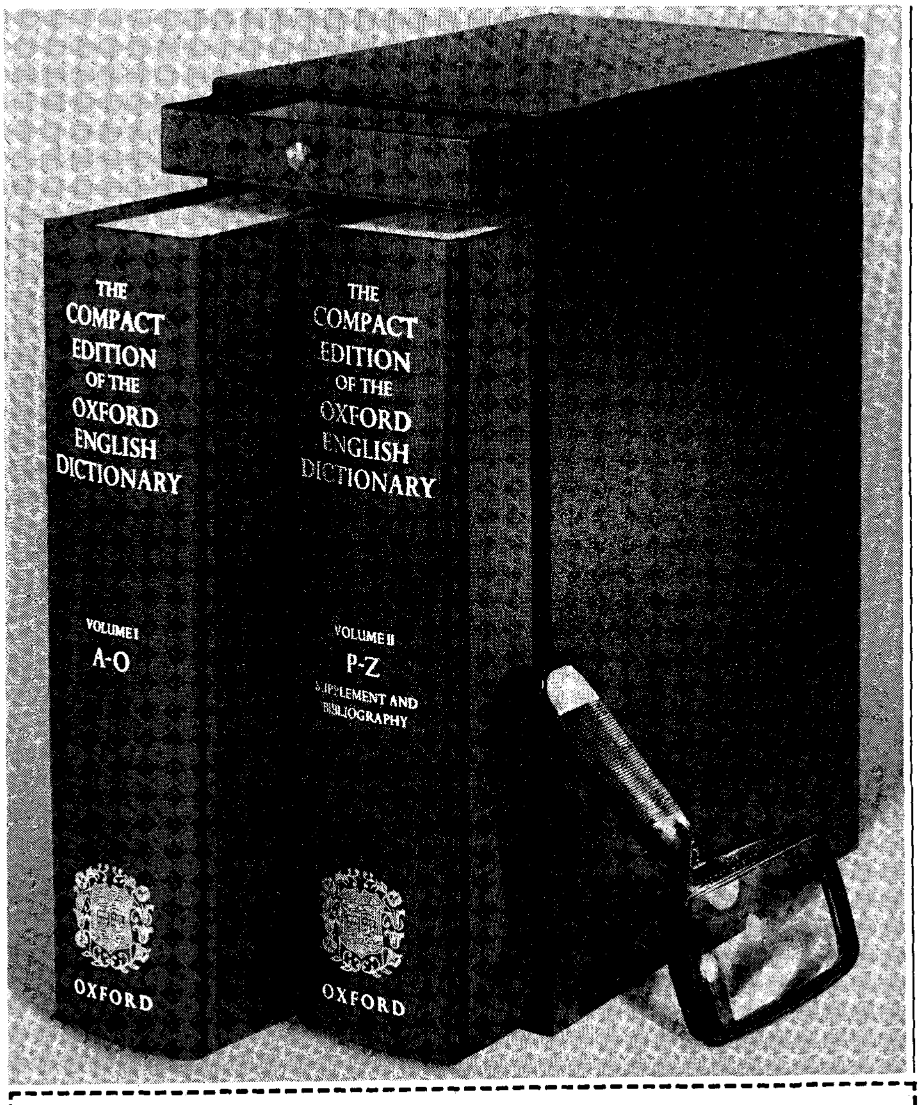
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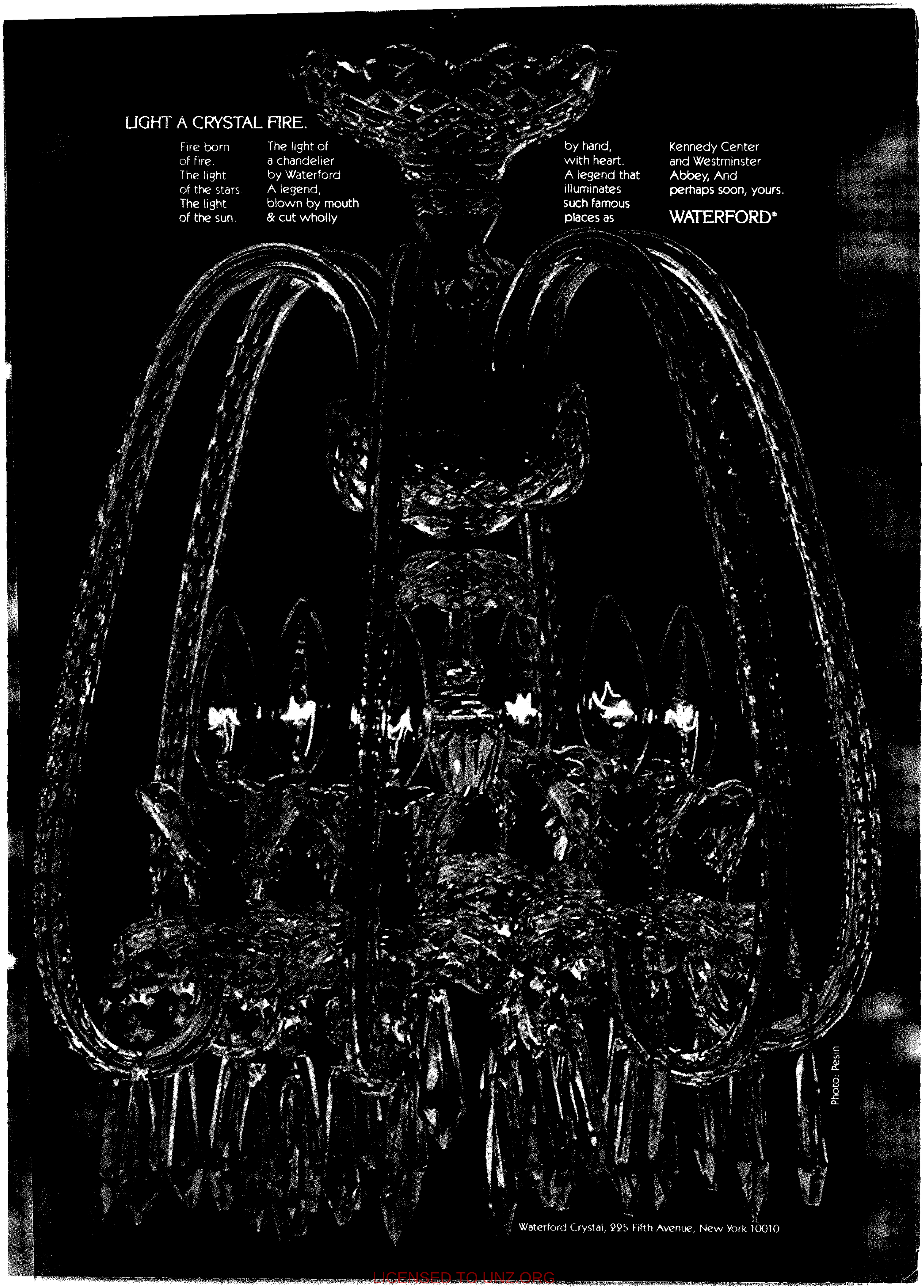

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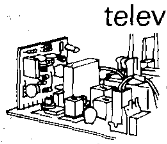

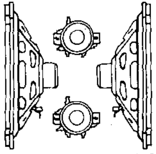

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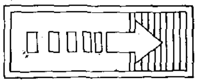

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